THE BOOKMAN

AN EXCURSION INTO CANADIAN HISTORY

BY MAJOR CHARLES W. GORDON
(Ralph Connor)

No subject in my school curriculum was made so repulsive to me as Canadian history. Those responsible for this outrage I hope have by this time reaped their reward in full and complete punishment. The crime committed by the historians of our country is all the more unpardonable because of the splendor of the material which lay to their hands.

The early history of Canada is fairly shot through with iridescence attaching to names that gleam down through the years—names of sailors and soldiers daring and gallant, of explorers and colonizers indefatigable, of fierce zealots. What splendid hours the Canadian youth might have spent in the study of the early history of their own country, we can imagine after our experience with Parkman. Among those great and shining names three stand out like stars in a dark sky—Cabot, Cartier and Champlain.

In a recent rereading of Canadian history I had the good fortune in my wanderings to fall in with the Professor. As I was full of my reading, the matter of Canadian history came naturally enough into our conversation. The memory of the outrage perpetrated upon my youthful mind burning hot within me, I exclaimed:

"Why, in the name of all that is sane and reasonable, was not Canadian history made to us youngsters what it should have been made? Canadian history is really fine stuff when, for instance, a man like Parkman gets hold of it."

"Parkman!" The Professor's left eyebrow went up. This trick of the eyebrow I afterwards discovered to mean mild criticism.

"Yes, Parkman", I declared. "Awfully interesting."

"Interesting? Yes. But I believe we were speaking of history."

"Of course", he continued, "to us today, in the light of recent events, the really interesting thing in Canadian history is the extraordinary persistence of the historic *motif*. The present trouble in Quebec, for instance, was inevitable."

"And why, in the name of all the greater deities?" I gasped. "The

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thing is against every known law of history and heredity. The old motherland, France, is with her back to the wall and the hounds at her throat, the Empire is in peril, the whole civilized world fighting for liberty."

The Professor's left eyebrow began to ascend.

"As a matter of fact", he continued, "it began in 1625."

"But why 1625 especially?" inquired a Commercial Traveler sitting across the aisle, who had been intently listening to our conversation.

"Because", said the Professor, "the root of all this trouble is religious."

"I have always said so", remarked the Commercial Traveler in a tone of profound satisfaction.

"You will find the whole thing very well put", continued the Professor, turning to me, "in Dr. Walter Alexander Riddell's essay, 'The Rise of Ecclesiastical Control in Quebec'. A fine bit of work that."

"But", persisted the Commercial Traveler, "why mention that particular date in connection with this present deplorable situation in Canada?"

"Deplorable is the word", said the Professor, starting from his musing, "deplorable, indeed. For, so long as the present situation continues, Canada can never achieve her destiny. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand'. It is the voice of history as well as of holy writ. It is a serious problem."

"Now, just what is the Quebec problem?" inquired the Commercial Traveler.

"Pardon me", said the Professor, "not the Quebec problem. Get rid of that notion. It is the Canadian problem. The problem is for both the English and the French Canadian."

"Well, what is the problem exactly? Can it be put into English that the plain man-on-the-street like me can understand?"

The Professor opened his eyes.

"Why, surely. The thing is extremely simple. The problem of Canada is how to unify in her national life two elements historically differentiated by the essential qualities that make for nationality."

"That is to say", I commented, "how to get the English and French to mix."

"Not at all," said the Professor promptly, "if by mixing you mean amalgamating. The problem is how to unify these races in Canadian national life while they remain English Canadian and French Canadian.

"Historically you see in Canada a phenomenon quite unique. Suddenly there are flung into one political entity two peoples differing from each other in three major and fundamental characteristics, namely—race, language and religion; and in three other minor and accidental characteristics, namely—political tradition, status, and relative strength. Never in history have all these differing factors been found together in peoples of whom political unity is demanded. Have Canadians considered this? Visualize in two groups these two sets of characteristics, and the difficulties of the problem before Canada will be more truly appreciated. Here they are:

"As to race you have Gaul, Saxon; language, French, English; religion, Catholic, Protestant.

"These are the major and fundamental characteristics that go to make nationality. Add the three minor and accidental characteristics, namely:

"As to political tradition you have autocracy, democracy; as to status, conquered, conqueror; and as to rela-

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tive strength, majority, minority.

"These two groups represent an impressive array of facts, stubborn, unyielding facts, that can neither be ignored nor juggled with except to the injury of the state. The question is, can these two peoples, retaining their different characteristics be united in one national, harmonious whole? The voice of history is not encouraging. The world's historical pathway is strewn with the ruins of states that have been wrecked upon one or the other of these bed-rock national divergences.

"Tell me," continued the Professor, with growing enthusiasm, "what self-determining states there are among the first or second classes of the nations of the world in which these conflicting elements are present, that have reached stability."

"One", I said. "Great Britain."

"And there is no other", said the Professor. "Great Britain alone, if you omit Ireland, which, though an annoying, can hardly be regarded as a major factor in the national life. Great Britain alone has reached stability. Not Austria, not Russia, not Turkey, not Scandinavia; and among the Asiatic nations, not one. This was Rome's great failure; it was the failure of Greece. All the vast world empires that have been, have gone to pieces upon the reef of diverse nationalities. Now, tell me why it is that Great Britain alone has reached that stability, and has maintained it for over two hundred years."

"Many reasons might be advanced", said I.

"Not at all", said the Professor, with quite an unusual touch of impatience. "There is one reason, and only one—leadership! Intelligent, progressive, democratic leadership! Stability has been reached only where the leadership has been that of an intelligent democracy."

The Professor's excitement was obvious. We had evidently come upon one of his favorite themes.

"I challenge anyone", he continued, "to produce a state composed of the diverse elements in the three major and fundamental factors of nationality —race, language, and religion, which has reached stability under autocratic or reactionary leadership."

"What of Germany?" I asked.

"Germany is only in its making. No argument can be based upon Germany's experience. Besides, no one can say that Germany has reached stability. The essential element in stability is of course sanity. We may leave out Germany."

"Come back to Quebec", I said.

"Pardon me", said the Professor, lifting a deprecating hand and eyebrow. "May I remind you again that the problem is a Canadian problem, not a purely Quebec problem. You persist in forgetting that."

'Ah, just so", I replied.

"We were talking of uniting into one harmonious though not homogeneous national unity these two elements so fundamentally different in their national characteristics. As a matter of fact, Canada stands today a conspicuous example of failure in this regard. The last general elections revealed a cleavage as clean cut—"

"Yes, thank God!" ejaculated the Commercial Traveler fervently.

"As clean cut", continued the Professor, severely ignoring him, "as it is calamitous."

"It showed Quebec where she got off," said the Commercial Traveler hotly. "It showed her that she could not run Canada."

"And it also showed Canada", said the Professor quietly, "that she could

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not harmonize Quebec in her national effort for world liberty and justice. Think of it, sir. After a hundred and fifty years of experimentation Canada stands before her own eyes and before the eyes of the world a nation cleft in twain, held together by a poor, superficial bond of governmental administration."

"It does seem somewhat unnecessary", I said, "that at this stage in the world's development peoples living in the same country and under the same government, should be forced into hostile camps by differences in creed."

"It is important to preserve historical continuity in the discussion of any subject", continued the Professor, "and the history of ecclesiastical leadership in the province of Quebec is not only interesting but is entirely necessary to the understanding of the present problem.

"The question is", he said, after a pause, "how did the ecclesiastical leaders in Quebec gain that measure of control under British rule which they had failed to secure under the French? Now, get the picture of the French Canadian people after the fall of Quebec. Conquered by a power which they dreaded and hated as heretic Protestants, fearful for their possessions in property and religion, unskilled in political action, their leaders gone—is it any wonder that, bewildered and lost, they turned to the only leaders available, the priests? The priests, anxious to save from wreckage all they could for their people, glad of a chance to secure that control which they had never enjoyed before, eagerly took hold of the situation and proceeded to get from the government every privilege and advantage which they possibly could. Do you blame them? Would not you do the same?"

"Sure thing", said the Commercial Traveler. "They were out after all they could get. I don't blame them. But that British government makes me mad."

"It would be well, sir, before blaming the British government too harshly, to get the historic point of view", said the Professor. "Get the picture of that Government. Quebec, from causes quite obvious, emerges from a hundred and fifty years of French rule a starved and stunted colony of sixty or seventy thousand souls, living in miserable hamlets that clung to the St. Lawrence, their sole means of communication; hundreds of miles away fur trading-posts in dense forests; no foreign trade; no industries; hardly able to maintain themselves agriculturally—a paternal and reactionary government saw to that; no intercourse with the outside world, none but French-speaking settlers and Roman Catholics allowed to live in the province. The government, anxious to deal fairly with their new subjects, to win their confidence and loyalty—for France was still dangerous, and war always threatening—what could they do but offer the very best possible terms? Which they did, first in the Treaty of Paris, and later in—"

"That was one fool treaty, too", grumbled the Commercial Traveler.

"And why, pray?" inquired the Professor.

"Why, that treaty is the cause of all our trouble in this country. It gave the French Canadians their language, their laws, their religion, and every other fool thing."

"Truly", said the Professor with deliberate calm, "the study of history would make for harmony by the removing of causes of dissension which chiefly arise from ignorance. The fact is, sir, that the Treaty of Paris, as

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far as Canada is concerned, was a most just and noble settlement of the issues between the parties concerned."

"But", interrupted the Commercial Traveler indignantly, "it gave the French Canadians—"

"Nothing but their just rights", said the Professor firmly.

"What about their language?"

"Not a word about the French language in the Treaty of Paris."

"Nor about their religion, their tithes, taxes, and that sort of thing, I suppose?"

"Not a word about their religion, except that they were allowed the free exercise of their religion, with a single limitation—'so far as the laws of Great Britain permit'; and not a word about French law and customs."

"Say, Professor, you knock me out cold. I must be thinking of some other treaty."

"There is no treaty dealing with the French Canadians except the Treaty of Paris, and in that treaty, I assure you, the French Canadians were brought into the empire as free men, with full civil and religious liberty as understood and enjoyed by other British subjects in the English colonies in America, and in Great Britain as well."

The Commercial Traveler sat silent and confounded, like a man who has drawn his gun on his foe and found it unloaded.

"Well, then, Professor, perhaps you can tell me how it was that the priests got all these special privileges for their religion which they have in Quebec today."

"These privileges, which practically establish in Quebec the Roman Catholic religion, which introduce French law and make French the official language, all came in by later acts—the Quebec Act in 1774, the Canada Act in 1791, and the British North America Act in 1867. Wait a moment", said the Professor, holding up his hand to the Commercial Traveler, who was about to burst forth again, "the British government was really during these early years in desperate straits. They were always threatened with war, or engaged in war, now with France, later with the American colonists, again with France. The French Canadian ecclesiastical leaders were quick to seize their opportunity, and these privileges which they now enjoy are the result of the exploitation of the fears and anxieties of the government in Canada and of the Home government during these troublous times. These governments purchased security and loyalty with privilege."

"Big price to pay, too," said the Commercial Traveler. "And they didn't get what they paid for, either."

"Well, sir, I would hardly go that far", suggested the Professor. "The French Canadians never sided with France against us."

"But in the Revolutionary war", said the Commercial Traveler, picking up his bags as the train slowed down to his station, "the French Canadians certainly gave help to the enemy; sold them provisions, furnished guides, transported troops across the river, even raised a couple of regiments. Oh, I happen to know that part. I have just been reading—"

"What!" exclaimed the Professor. "Good! good! Keep on. But remember," he continued, following the Commercial Traveler to the door, "the *habitant* in that revolutionary war hated both the English from over the sea and the *Bostonnais* invaders from the South."

"That's right enough", cried the Commercial Traveler from the platform. "The French Canadians were

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out for number one, then as now."

"They were between the devil and the deep sea", shouted the Professor back to him. "But remember this, the bishop and the clergy remained loyal, and helped to save Canada for British rule. Good-bye."

"Don't you believe it", yelled the Commercial Traveler. "They saw which way the cat was going to jump. Good-bye. You are all right, Professor."

"An interesting man", said the Professor as he regained his seat.

For some minutes he mused in silence, with his eyes upon the fleeting landscape.

"Yes", he said at length, half sadly, "they have succeeded in their policy, but the price is heavy. And a heavy price they will find it, I fear."

"You refer to—"

"Yes, I refer to the ecclesiastical leaders of Quebec. They fear for their religion. Quite natural, and quite right, too. They fear contamination from the Protestant heretics. Yes, their policy—"

"Their policy?"

"Isolation. This is the heart of the language trouble, of the school trouble. Quebec is today isolated from Canada, but think of the cost—the cost to their people."

"And the cost?" I suggested.

"The cost? They pay the price in the alienation of their province from the sister provinces of the Dominion, with whose warm and sympathetic co-operation Quebec might attain to real greatness. They pay the price, and will pay the price in preventing the majority of their people—not all by any means, thank God!—from aligning themselves heartily and enthusiastically with their fellow Canadians in Canada's great and splendid fight for her own existence and the Empire's, and for the freedom of the world."

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF AMERICAN SOIL IN FRANCE

BY J. C. GREY

"I go roaming round and about, up and down, in the vastnesses of the Somme tragedy, through Maricourt, Fricourt, Combles and many other names that now belong to history. I do not call them places. They are not places any more. There is hardly ever anything to tell where they have ever been. Cemeteries of crowded little crosses and lonely graves among the grass alone give a touch of life to the scene—if we can call it a touch of life", says Reginald Farrer in his panoramic view of the trenches which he calls "The Void of War".

What is true of the Somme is no less true along the length of the battle front. The whole place is a Golgotha, a place of graves, and even these are but remembrances of hundreds of other dead who have no mark of burial, of bodies huddled hastily under ground. Six feet or so of earth in a hollow with a string of wire to enclose it and a little wooden cross with a tin label tacked on and the name, perhaps, or the inscription "Unknown British Soldier", "Unknown German Soldier"—but occasionally, too, there is a rain-sodden envelope nailed across the place with more details inside.

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These graves hold nothing but the wreckage of a body. They are only symbols, and will one day be places of pilgrimage. Now we also are beginning to have many "corners of a foreign field that are forever" America. The daily dispatches from France bring a list of names of places that must always be associated with the memories of many an American family. The Marne is already ours if blood is the price of admiralty. But along the Somme and across the vineyards of Champagne and down the wooded Vosges little crosses mark the resting-places of other Americans who went over there so gallantly. The soil of France is now ours by a pathetic conquest that knits the two peoples, and gives us a proud share in the great annals that have unrolled themselves on the spot where our sons in earth's soft arms are reposing.

We have taken Château-Thierry to our own and well we may, for there, in a quiet spot where the woods before and behind make a square frame of silence, among the tall grasses and the leaves and the poplars brooding over the river, with the church tower showing through the trees, lie hundreds of our bravest. Thanks to them the war has moved away from the Marne and there is peace once more in the Tardenois. Around their graves, perhaps, French children are singing in the sunshine their happy refrain:

Son beau corps est en terre,
Son âme en Paradis.
Tu ris!
Et ris, tu ris, ma bergère;
Ris, ma bergère, tu ris!

There is an unpretentious house in Château-Thierry where La Fontaine was born. It is Number 13 in the street now called after the gentle fabulist, and his statue stands in the public square near the three-arched bridge across the Marne. They tried to make him an oratorian and he took up the study of law at Rheims; but life was calling in the woods where as a boy he made friends with all things that creep or fly or swim, and returning home he married a cousin of Jean Racine in nearby La Ferté-Milon, beyond Vaux, looking down on Belleau Wood, now Wood of the American Marines. Vaux in the woods was a favorite spot of his, and he sang its beauty in his "Eloge des Nymphes de Vaux" and in that "Dream of Vaux" where he paints a picture of night worthy of the brush of Watteau or Pater:

Par de calmes vapeurs calmement soutenue,
La tête sur son bras et son bras sur la nue,
Laissant couler des fleurs.

When Mazarin's niece came to live there as Duchess of Château-Thierry, she sought out the poet and inspired him to write those fables in which Maître Corbeau and la Cigale and the rest teach us wisdom and chide all human follies. During their walks in these very woods, with the wood-pigeons cooing in the branches, La Fontaine planned that tender tale of the "Deux pigeons qui s'aimaient d'amour tendre", and it was only the other day when our troops were driving the Germans up the Marne valley toward the Vesle that an army pigeon delayed an important message for several days because of this same *amour tendre* for its mate. The woods have been blasted, massacred, and there is now little left but gaunt, bare trunks, black and grey and white, sticking up naked to the sky, *morts au champ d'honneur*.

It may have been Mazarin's niece and her patronage that prompted La Fontaine's flight from the quiet Château-Thierry to Paris, where he

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was soon joined by young Racine. Nothing in the history of literary London shows such an assembly as met over wine and coffee—coffee was a novelty then—in "The White Sheep", "The Pine Cone" and "The Lorraine Cross": Molière, Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine and a gay band from the Marais Theatre. They ridiculed Corneille and parodied his "Cid" in the boisterous "Chaplain's Wig", and aping such classical names as Gelaste, Acanthe, Ariste and Polyphile became the talk of Paris. Racine's friends came from La Ferté to rescue him, and sent him away to Uzès to study for the Church, where he consoled himself for a time with the dark beauty of the maidens of the Midi.

"All the girls here are wonderful", he wrote to La Fontaine:

> Color verus—corpus solidum
> Et succi plenum.

If you stop off at La Ferté-Milon on the way to Château-Thierry, you will see in the Street of the Fishermen the Racine house with embossed coat of arms—a rat and a swan, silver, on a blue field—where Jean was born among the Jansenists but not of them.

There was another duchess of Château-Thierry who played a part in the fortunes of France in the turbulent days of the Protestants, when the Reformation took on a dramatic form with such actors as La Rochefoucauld, Condé, Coligny and Rohan: the fiery Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry IV. She was a Huguenot, and when Condé with the Chatillons, who had a seat beyond the Marne before you get to the mountain of Rheims, retired to La Rochelle, Jeanne and young Harry of Béarn went with them and stayed there until the Peace of Saint Germain in 1570 granted liberty of conscience and freedom of worship to all Protestants throughout the country with the exception of Paris. There was talk of marrying Jeanne's son to Elizabeth of England, but the negotiations had no result. He finally married the daughter of the king of Navarre and gave up his Protestant faith to win the throne of France: "Paris vaut bien une messe", is the historic word attributed to him. His mother had died before that. She was a great woman, "who had nothing feminine about her except her sex", says d'Aubigny. Her greater son left France a nation, and when he died the French language had attained its classical form. Its great masters had not yet arrived, though Corneille, who was then six years of age, is one of the greatest of the Grand Siècle. Pierre Corneille in literature, Richelieu in politics, followed fast on the wise reign of Jeanne d'Albret's son.

It is astonishing how interesting the dull bulletins of war become when we know something of French history and letters. It is to some extent also astonishing that those who have gone over there to describe the war to us omit from their books that great background of humanity which is the local history of France. That the war is too much with them is, perhaps, the result of the great cataclysm itself, as in the roar of the mighty volcano it is not easy to remember the silent, antique years in the building of its fires. Thus, "The Void of War" has actuality; it throbs with the *nunc fluens* it unfolds, but there is no echo from the past. "Ambulancing on the French Front" has the ephemeral quality of the daily press. With Philip Gibbs "From Bapaume to Passchendaele" we travel with a mind equipped to guide us, if only he had time. One day, perhaps, when it is all over and forgiven, he will sit down and tell us of that France he knows sod for sod

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and step by step, where every turf beneath the feet is now a soldier's sepulchre, our soldiers' sepulchre.

Meanwhile, there are histories, and there are the novelists and essayists of the days of peace for us stay-at-homes who would follow our crusaders from afar: Dumas and Stevenson and Belloc and the others who knew and loved France. The great war itself has seen the birth of "The National History of France", crowned by the Academy and filled with vivid pictures and portraits that impress the memory and charm the imagination; "The Renaissance", "The Great Century", "The Eighteenth Century", "The Revolution" are the titles under which the world history which is France is spread before us.

When our troops were driving the invader at Dormans and winning back the farms along the Ourcq—"that very flat country with very violent flowers, chiefly poppies and small blue things", as one American, Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, killed *ætatis flore*, July 31, 1918, who lies buried there, describes it—they were fighting on the field where the young Duke of Guise, Governor of Champagne, dispersed the German *reiters* over three hundred years ago. He received a volley in his face which left a deep scar and won for him the name of Le Balafré or the Scarred Man. It is all fascinatingly told in Battifol's "Century of the Renaissance" in "The National History of France" series. There is no stranger page in history than that of the unbounded ambition of the Guises who headed the Catholic League against the Huguenots; nor in statecraft than that of Catherine de Medici, who encouraged one of her sons to bring about the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, and goaded another to have Henri of Guise murdered before his eyes in the Castle of Blois.

The memory of a hundred battles and sieges is revived when we look at our war map, as Bodley tells us in his introduction to Battifol's book. At Compiègne, the tower of the Pucelle recalls Joan of Arc captured by the Burgundians and handed over to Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais. Saint-Quentin witnessed the defeat of the Huguenots under Coligny, when Philip II of Spain vowed to build the grid-iron-shaped Escurial in honor of Saint-Laurence, the patron of the day. On the way to Amiens is Albert, once called Ancre after the river on which it stands. In the days of Louis XIII, the king's falconer, Albert de Luynes, brother of the Duke of Chaulnes (a title now held by the son of an American mother) shot the Italian Concini, Marquis of Ancre, favorite of the Queen-regent, Marie de Medici, inherited his lands and changed the odious title to Albert. Out of the feud between the falconer and the Italian, Richelieu rose to power.

Concini was an adventurer. The son of a Florentine notary in the suite of the Cardinal of Lorraine, he married a *femme de chambre* of Marie de Medici, who was said to have gained an ascendancy at court by sorcery and astronomy. Concini was accused in the murder of Henry IV, but nothing could be proved, and in that year he bought the title of Ancre, together with the government of Roye, Montdidier and Amiens for three hundred thousand livres. Insolent, greedy and hated by the people, he went about fearing for his life, and knowing his unpopularity, he made efforts to buy the duchy of Ferrara from the Pope as a prelude to flight into Italy. It was then that Louis XIII, who was only sixteen, planned with Albert de

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Luynes to get rid of him. On April 24, 1617, Concini and an armed suite went to the Louvre. The Baron de Vitry, Captain of the body-guard, advanced to seize him as he was crossing the bridge. As had been foreseen, he resisted and was shot dead. His body was buried in Saint Germain d'Auxerre, but was dug up and suffered indignities at the hands of the mob, while his wife, after spending some time in the Bastile, was condemned as a witch and burned at the stake.

Senlis we remember for its murdered mayor, when von Kluck went that way in 1914, but it was also once the lovely home of the great Condé. Villers-Cotterets, the little market town among the trees, is reverenced as the home of the Dumas family. Here the elder Dumas was born in 1803, "un assez joli marmot", as he himself tells us; here he articled himself to a notary, M. Menesson, and wrote a one-act vaudeville piece, "Le Major de Strasbourg". It was in 1823 his widowed mother came to him and said: "We have only two hundred and fifty-three francs in the world." "Give me", said he, "the fifty-three francs, and I am off to Paris." And off he went with a letter to General Foy. Dumas's works relating to his native region are better than any guide-book. Bodley is eloquent in their praise:

"There is scarcely a town or village of northeastern France", he says, "touched by the present war, which he has not illustrated. Many of the itineraries traced in his novels read like passages from the letters of English officers at the front, whose mention of place-names has escaped the censor. Take the last youthful adventure of the Mousquetaires when they were riding down Milady to her doom. From Béthune (where they had found the red-mantled headsman) they rode in silence through the village of Festubert, past the woods of Richebourg, to Herlier. Just before Fromelles a storm broke, and then on their right, by a lightning flash, they saw the village of Enguinghem, and at midnight, the moon, rising behind Armentières, lit up the scene of the drama on the banks of the Lys. This is pure romance, but when Dumas enters the domain of history we find similar enumeration of places which we all know by name too well. Twenty years later, when the son of Athos was on his way to join the staff of Condé, just before the battle of Lens, "the little troop followed the road to Cambrin, where they expected to find the Prince. But he had retired to La Bassée, having been informed that the enemy would cross the Lys at Estaire. Misled by this information, the Prince had withdrawn his forces from Béthune and had concentrated between Vieille Chapelle and La Ventie." What memories and associations the dozen names in those two passages evoke in the minds of many an English family which has known the anguish of suspense while waiting for news from the front.

"A score of similar passages, relating to places where English soldiers have fought and died in the present campaign, are at hand from Dangeau, Saint-Simon, Voltaire, and other orthodox historians who wrote not long after the events which they described. But Dumas is chosen for a special reason. To him a very large number of English people of the last three generations owed the only notions they possessed of French history, and many of them were first tempted by his fascinating pages to study the authentic annals of France, a knowledge of which doubles the enjoyment of his

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romances by enabling his readers to reconstitute the scenes while verifying their accuracy. Indeed, with such a knowledge we may sometimes find that the history of France in its unadorned details is more romantic than any romance founded upon it. Thus, in 'Vingt Ans Après' Dumas wrote retrospectively, in a moment of exaggerated restraint, that Concini, whose career we have noted, was prosaically hanged; the bare truth being that the favorite of Marie de Medici was shot by the captain of the guard beneath the portcullis of the Louvre amid picturesque surroundings of melodrama."

Not merely in Flanders and on the Somme and along the Marne have our young men learned the secrets of the *noir paradis*, but in the Vosges and in Alsace of the long martyrdom. Those who wonder what the Vosges are like could not do better than to pick up Belloc's "Path to Rome" and set out with him from Toul by the Nancy gate, along the valley of the Moselle past Epinal and Remiremont, toward Alsace—a fair land, but a land of stern memories, burned so often by Romans, Frenchmen, Burgundians, Germans, Flemings and Huns, who in the last few thousand years have taken the short cut at their enemies over the neck of the Côte Barine. And at last we stand with him on the Ballon d'Alsace and look down on two divisions of men. "To the right are the Gauls, hot, ready and born in the plains and in the vineyards. On the left you have all the Germans, a great sea of confused and dreaming peoples, lost in philosophies and creating music, frozen for a moment under a foreign rigidity" and waiting in darkness the true Gotterdaemmerung, the coming of the sun of justice and liberty.

While Belloc shouldered his knapsack and went afoot and alone singing and thanking God for the glory of sunset and dawn, Stevenson preferred a comrade and a canoe. He came through Belgium, along the canals and down the Oise past Noyon and Compiègne, and so to the Aisne and on to the sea.

"The 'Cigarette' went off with a splash", you will remember. Next moment The "Arethusa" was after her. Was there ever such an inland journey? Is his friend still driving the omnibus for the Grand Cerf at Maubeuge? Is he more content with his lot? Is it still an evil age for the gypsily inclined among men, or has the war changed that too in the frontier town? The Oise is running red today, and as full of curves and winding bays as when Stevenson saw it; but it no longer lingers and returns in pleasant pastorals. It is still in a prodigious hurry to reach the sea, running so fast and nervously through all the windings of its channel, no longer serving mills and bathing orchards, but running low and shallow in places where once it sang among the poplars and made a green valley in the world. The leaves danced and prattled in the wind as Stevenson's canoe cut its way down to the "inhospitable La Fère", but there are few trees left today and their prattling leaves have been torn by the shrapnel and machine-gun bullets. "Below La Fère", he wrote, "the river runs through a golden valley where kine and horses browse to-

The Void of War. By Reginald Farrer. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Ambulancing on the French Front. By Edward R. Coyle. Britton Publishing Co.

From Bapaume to Passchendaele. By Philip Gibbs. George H. Doran Company.

The National History of France series. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Path to Rome. By Hilaire Belloc. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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gether in the meadows and drink from the stream, and there are hills in the distance, and the wooded spurs of Coucy and Saint-Gobain."—How anxiously we follow our troops there today!—And down he came through the air scented with the breath of rejoicing trees and grass to Chauny the industrial, where the river stole away like a thief and swung around corners with an eddy, the willows nodding all the way. So many centuries went to the making of that golden valley that is now a ruin! And so he got to Noyon on the river in a plain surrounded by wooded hills. It amused him to describe the straight-backed cathedral with its two stiff towers and its east end like the poop of some great battleship; "almost any moment a window might open and an admiral thrust forth a cocked hat and proceed to take an observation".

Have the German guns and firebrands respected Calvin's birthplace, or is the place more noble as a ruin than when its sturdy bargemen walked its streets in peace?

The line of the invaders' retreat is desolate save for the crosses that mark the resting-places of the brave who loved freedom more than life. Very soon man will come creeping back, and plough and spade will in time bury the horror of war. But time will not so quickly heal the wounded hearts of those whose dear ones lie buried in far-off "douce" France.

LEAVES FROM A CAMP LIBRARIAN'S NOTEBOOK

BY WILLIAM F. SEWARD

Herbert Putnam wired me to proceed with haste from Binghamton, New York, to a camp library somewhere in Texas. He sent along a uniform into which I was poured and then buttoned, buckled and strapped in until I was an object of admiration to myself and of curiosity to others. It must have been the label—which some said reminded them of a hand-painted soup plate—for while on the trail of the setting sun I was variously addressed as "Judge", "General", "Boss".

The railroad man handed me a ticket longer than a short-story, in three chapters, the last stopping at Fort Worth; so did I. Before it became a suburb of a military reservation, Fort Worth was known as a "cow town". It is now a very dry, sanitary and moral town, whether by conscription or volition need not be here discussed, except to note that when the United States Government sets out to be paternal it plays the part to the last detail. And all this not for the salvation of Fort Worth; not in the least degree, but for the very good health of the boys at Camp Bowie, for whom your Uncle Sam has an intimate responsibility.

The job was to run the A.L.A. camp library at Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas, and a mighty fine job it was. An intensive vacation, something doing every minute, night and day, seven days a week. There were two libraries; one a fixed and established

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collection of about 12,000 volumes, touching, at least, the whole gamut of knowledge, classified and duly catalogued, installed on the shelves, drawn and discharged as in any public library, though by a slightly simpler method. This is a collection selected, largely, by A.L.A. headquarters and by them kept up to the minute, particularly in technical and military books, including air service. The use of this library is about evenly divided between fiction and non-fiction, a proportion of which any city library would be proud to have. Library hours were, nominally, from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.; actually, they began earlier and lasted longer.

The other collection was fluid, changing from day to day, sometimes forty thousand, sometimes fifty, sixty thousand volumes. These were sent to us under instructions of the A.L.A. by libraries in Texas, Oklahoma, Montana, Colorado, California, and were stored, temporarily, in bedroom, storeroom, platform, tent, in boxes of varying capacities. Over and over again the staff thought they had this collection well in hand and were ready to manœuvre when a big army-truck loaded to the guards with boxes of books would roll up, and the driver joyously announce that he had thirteen boxes from Utah, eleven from Montana. These books came to us, as a rule, prepared for use and also as a rule, selected with common sense. The percentage of junk, antiques and derelicts was no larger than that encountered in any city library in the A.L.A. book drive. They covered literature, standard authors, the arts, history; there were many beautiful sets. This collection is drawn upon, first, to enrich the permanent collection of the main library; second, and chiefly, to supply the Y.M.C.A., the K. of C., Jewish Welfare, Christian Science, Salvation Army, Soldiers' Club, (all in Fort Worth) and, notably, the flying fields, of which there are three in the vicinity of Camp Bowie, distant eight, ten and fourteen miles, respectively, from headquarters. Then there would be at various times, according to the demand, collections of books sent to the Signal Corps, to the Machine-Gun Battalion, Divisional Headquarters, Hostess House, Nurses' House, etc. In a word, any unit on the reservation was entitled and invited to draw on the camp library, and the requisition was honored at sight.

The Y.M.C.A. huts were our chief distributing agencies, collections here running from 500 to 2,000 volumes, and the various Y.M.C.A. ("Y" it's called) educational secretaries making monthly reports to the main library. There are great possibilities for developing this phase of the work through a closer working partnership between the Y.M.C.A. and the A.L.A. The "Y" libraries, as well as the K. of C., are, or should be, changed every two months. An important phase of the work is the handling and distribution of magazines contributed by the public to every camp library; at Bowie amounting to fifteen or twenty mail sacks a week—wheat and chaff, and a good deal of chaff, fads and cults, religious and otherwise. The camp library drew the sacks from the post-office and, with the "Y" people, sorted and culled and tied in bundles, preparatory to the semi-weekly task of distributing the magazines to the "Y" huts, the K. of C., the base hospital, etc.

The flying fields are in a special class, by reason of the selected quality of the men and their reading habits. So it was desirable to install books not only at the "Y" hut

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in every flying field but also at the officers' mess. There was a demand for the latest publications on air service; also for literature, a wide range, and, notably, for poetry. The most interesting human document in the shape of a registration book I ever saw was at Barron Field. Every state in the union except Delaware was represented; the British Empire and all its provinces.

Our largest branch was at the Red Cross house, where we installed upward of 3,000 volumes, in charge of a trained librarian, whose gracious work includes visiting the wards of the hospital and carrying the cheer of the book.

No man may set metes and bounds to the influence of the camp library, its informing and enlarging of the mind, its illumination of the spirit, its broadening of the vision, its fusing of the common purpose. "My" division (I humor myself by calling it mine) left the post for overseas with the bands booming and the boys roaring, "The Panthers Are Coming"! They meant it—a message of good cheer to our allies, of warning to the Huns. It will hearten the former and the latter will do well to heed. For one hundred, four, five hundred thousand; nay, one, two million, three million, as many as may be needed, American youth will be going overseas—youth, quick of leg, alert in mind and body, fused and animated by the common purpose. They have learned their business, and know it so well that even in the rush of battle they will deliberately stop to adjust their sights. They will finish the job in a neat and workmanlike manner. Not all the forces of the powers of darkness can stop them from finishing the job.

The camp library helps in the day's work and the day's play. Here the boy comes for amusement, fun, adventure, laughter, for the detective story, the sea story, for the story that brings back mother, father and the kids. Here he comes to think, study, and find a pilot who may guide him through the web of diplomacies, lies, subterfuges, philosophies, to the simple truth, to a plain answer to "why the United States is at war". He comes to study the printed page which will help make him a better soldier. The color of his hat cord does not matter, whether he wear a bar of silver or gold, or two; whether he wear a chevron or no on his sleeve—it does not matter. He is a member of the army of freedom, pledged to defend the colors—that is all and that is enough. There is no more democratic place on the reservation than the camp library; and with a lawn, window flower-boxes, palms, ferns, pictures, letter-writing materials, and no signs, no "don'ts", we tried to make it an attractive and friendly place.

The camp library is a standard by which to test the quality of the American army. The test shows a reading, studying, thinking army. They want to know why, where, how. Beware the army that thinks!

The influence of the camp library does not stop with its particular military reservation. We issued upward of 8,000 books for overseas, collected under authority of Divisional Headquarters, requisitioned by commanding officers; and all done under the approval of General Pershing, who believes that the book is a military asset. The colonel of the 143rd regiment sent one afternoon a requisition for 3,500 books, with a sergeant, a detail of men, an army wagon and four mules to take them away. It was

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done before sundown. There was a book for every man in this regiment of high standing. In many instances the men came in to make their individual selections for overseas—Shakespeare, Browning, Emerson, Stevenson. In addition the camp library cooperating with the Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A. placed about 9,000 magazines on troop trains. And what was done at Bowie was merely typical of what is going on at every camp library.

Haughty moments come to the Camp Librarian. I was making a strategic retirement after mess from the Hostess House when the most beautiful and intelligent woman I ever saw stopped me and said:

"General, may I speak to you?"

"Madam", I replied, "you may speak to me, though I am not a General"; and to my daughter who was with me:

"Girl, walk behind me; I've been mistook for a General."

On the Fourth of July, Lizzie Ford had taken me over to Camp Dick, near Dallas, for the air tournament, in which birdmen from three fields took part. Lizzie was in one of her worst and most temperamental moods and wanted to stop at every red tank for gas or oil. At one of these stops a venerable native son, of great dignity and elaborate courtesy, after he had waited on Lizzie said to me: "Colonel, you-all's a fightin' man an' I sure know you've come from the fightin' front where the noble youth of the Lone Star State are eager to be and where, I pledge my honah, they will prove themselves worthy sons of noble sires. Tell me, sah, when you think the war will be over."

I had not the courage to undeceive him. I enlisted in the ranks of liars and pretenders; for, muttering something about army regulations forbidding, etc., I gave Lizzie her head. I hope some day to go back and confess the truth to that trustful old man.

I was swathed in my uniform, labels and letters all on at the proper angles according to Hoyle; humidity was high and I was steaming freely, while auto-absorption of my vapors was sluggish. The time was the hottest hour in the hottest day in the history of the world in the hottest place in the hottest state of the United States, to wit, in that Fort Worth hotel frequented by the khaki which wears leather leggings. I did not mean to be obtrusive in my military bearing, indeed my chief worry was how long I would live without breathing and whether Herbert Putnam would enter a notation after my name, "Died while wearing his uniform in the performance of duty", when the most intelligent middle-aged civilian I ever saw, saluted and said, "Excuse me, but are you in aviation?" I scanned him closely and suspiciously, but he showed no trace of humor, and his motive could not have been ulterior, for Fort Worth is drier than the fondest dreams of William Jennings Bryan and the W.C.T.U. Guarding every avenue of escape so I could not debouch, that middle-aged civilian recited how many pounds of yarn his wife had knit into I forget how many thousand socks, sweaters, mufflers, wristlets, and of the sums of money he had poured into bonds, stamps, funds, war-chests.

There is no lack of talkers in war work—sometimes I think there are too many of us—but there is a great need of listeners, of patient, sympathetic people who will just let the boys talk while they listen. The Y.M.C.A. makes much of securing men to talk to the boys. It ought to be the other

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way round. At Camp Bowie I would sit around by the hour while the boys talked to me. I raised the wages of my darky janitor because the boys would contentedly talk to him from 6.30 to 7.30 A.M. and let me go to breakfast. It is tough, I know, just listening; a greater self-denial than a foodless meal, but if it makes the soldier boy happier than anything to just talk, talk, talk—of his mother, his girl, how soon he is going over, what Christmas will find him home—why it's worth while.

My haughtiest moment was at a flying field, where I had gone in civilian clothes, and mighty few of them. I had wandered into the officers' club for a drink and to arrange for placing a couple of hundred books Lizzie Ford had brought. A clerk, a mere civilian, spoke up superciliously and more than intimated that I was misplaced; that the clubroom was for officers only. He thought I was one of the laborers, a ditcher, plumber or carpenter, working about the place and not eligible for the officers' club. That was my proudest moment. A corporal or major or colonel or something explained to the clerk my job and that Herbert Putnam had sent me out with some books which he, the clerk, probably couldn't understand; and the clerk seemed to think he should apologize. I assured him he had greatly honored me.

The 36th Division, Guard Army, General E. St. John Greble, Commanding Officer, was popularly known as "The Panthers". The tune most played and sung on the reservation was "The Panthers are Coming", and for a few days before leaving, the band of the 143rd regiment quartered a few rods from the camp library, would get up at 4.30 A.M. and send the warning notes of "The Panthers are Coming" booming over the camp post.

The Panthers have gone, and are with the Fifth Army Corps, Major-General Omar Bundy, commanding; with Major-General W. R. Smith, commanding the division; and Colonel E. J. Williams, Chief of Staff, as at Camp Bowie.

Soon after my arrival Divisional Headquarters staged a great spectacle (I do not say for my information) which brought to a head and put to test all the months of meticulous drill and unrelenting discipline, the formations by squad, company inspections, the great hikes. The spectacle was a great and general review of the entire division, in full marching order. Six and twenty thousand men marching on a great plain; sweeping up the slope, past a little group of officers on horseback, the Commanding Officer and military representatives of France and England; salute! a fanfare from the band, each regiment wheels to the left, crosses the plain and then down the slope on the other side to barracks. For two hours the plain is alive with men and horses and vibrant with sounding brass. More men than the Americans numbered at Bunker Hill; a larger army than that with which Washington attacked Howe at Germantown—by the standards of today a handful, a corporal's guard.

Horse and foot, guns and ambulances, monstrous army trucks, skeleton two-wheelers for carrying the wire-laying equipment of the intelligence service, fat and stolid mules pulling clumsy wagons, slender-limbed horses quivering with the excitement. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers and signal troops, trench-mortar battery, machine-gun battalions, stretcher-bearers. Flying over our heads, and not so very far either, birdmen, back

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and forth. A troop of black followed by a troop of white horses, and they by a troop of bay. Every high-stepping, chesty regimental band playing "The Panthers are Coming" as they pass the reviewing officers.

Two hours of review, of show and spectacle. The Division is pronounced fit and ready, its wheels go round with precision, its equipment has passed judgment, it is ready to break up housekeeping here and resume anywhere when ordered, on the hour's notice. Here was, a few months ago, raw material from the farms of Texas and Oklahoma; for marching purposes not knowing its right foot from its left, but wise to horses, mules and steers. Here is a weapon fit to fight for freedom, and win. How did Greble do it—by the High Magic? Not at all. It's the way of the army; that's all there is to it—the old army way speeded up.

In the speeding-up the camp library helps much, as it has the right book, the right manual, for private, non-commissioned and commissioned officer; for the doughboy, the artilleryman, the signal or machine-gun battalion man, the engineer. The rookie comes to the camp library for quick and condensed information on squad formation; on how to salute and whom to salute; the officer for authoritative information on the schooling of the company.

There is no arm of the service, on land or in the air, on the sea or under the sea, which the camp library does not serve with the latest authoritative information. There is no private so ignorant, no officer so highly educated but that the camp library can serve. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Commanding Officer of the post was the first man to sign the borrowers' register of the camp library, at the same time expressing his high opinion of the value of its work.

It is incredible that there could be so many mules in the whole world as I saw at Camp Bowie. Fat and sleek they are and hooked up in double teams; while some of them demonstrate temper as well as de-Hooverized feeding. The comfortable smell of new-mown hay cheers one area of the camp, both in sunshine and in rain. It's a good, honest smell. It's the hay for those mules. It is incredible there could be so much hay in the world and enough mules to eat it and then bray for more; but such is the fact. It is baled, pressed hay done up in neat, standardized packages—scores and scores of them—each the size of a two-family bungalow and covered with sheeting; for the Texas sun is ardent. The man who can drive a team of four Texas mules can drive anything.

The educational curriculum of a military post includes the mules, and at Bowie a string of about a hundred were to be seen playing what looked like "follow-my-leader", who was a man on horseback, every mule carrying a pack on his back, sometimes wearing a halter head-stall and sometimes not even that. They could walk or amble or kick up their heels so long as they kept the right distance in the far-stretching single file. This pack train would trail over the reservation roads without a single mule falling out of line; though perhaps the horseman bringing up the rear and having what looked like a long clothes-line over his saddle-peak may have helped in keeping up the "morale".

Ministers are an important part of the population of Camp Bowie, but are outnumbered by the mules. Within twelve hours of my arrival I gave

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the right hand of fellowship to a dozen ministers and the right of way to 500 mules. They, the ministers, are in "Y" work, and it is doing them and the men good. A secretary by the name of Smith told me of the queer reading matter wished upon them, as, "How to Bring up the Baby; a Manual for Mothers". What to do with it was a question, until one of the staff had word from home of a double event. So they changed "baby" to "twins" and sent it to the mother.

At Camp Bowie there is no North, no South, no East, no West—just the United States—and "Over There". That is in the air, in the unspoken speech of the people, in the stride of the men, the call of the bugle, the stiffening of the flag in the breeze. And the men? They need no explaining. They are American, hardy, wind and sun-tanned, keen-eyed, alert, lean and long men from the farms of Texas and Oklahoma. They read, study, think. They are good men to know. They will be disquieting men for the Huns to meet.

Texas sometimes complains that the Lone Star State does not get her fair share of rain, pointing to a period of two years when not a drop fell on a certain unfavored region. Once in two years is enough, if it is the custom of Texas to take her quota in the way of which I was a witness. In the space of twenty-four hours a quarter of a foot of water dropped on Camp Bowie and surrounding territory, under the convoy of a high wind. Street-cars and steam-railroads quit the job, but Bowie never quits. Trinity river, which usually has hard work to keep damp, roared and reared up to seventeen feet. The deep, wide ditches which interlace the camp spilled their contents "over the top" and over the roads. The street in front of the library was a pond. Some drivers made it in gallant style with the car taking a "bone in its teeth"; and some didn't. A big truck had to be dragged out, and two girls were marooned in their one-seater where the water was deepest. It was joy for an army truck, carrying soldiers ready for any danger, to rescue those girls.

The storm broke while I was hearing Lieutenant Jean A. Picard (before the war with a publishing house in New York) speak at a "Y" hut on how the boys should conduct themselves in France and the conditions they will meet. Lizzie Ford, anchored on the lee side of the hut, absorbed too much water in her inside works and refused to spark or carburate or something. We let her stand in her tracks all night, as she would have it that way, and the towing company was not towing. We walked, we waded home; we jumped, we forded ditches. Wet? Perhaps. What of it?

The army system either works or it doesn't—there's nothing in between. "Button, button, where's the button?" That's the game here. Press the right button and you win. Press the wrong button and you can keep on ringing till the war is ancient history and nobody will answer. For example:

A note to Divisional Headquarters. Reply comes in the shape of a corporal. "Ordered by Headquarters to detail nine men to carry out request of Camp Librarian that lawn in front of building be spaded, fertilized and sodded. Will report at eight o'clock tomorrow morning, sir."

These nine men are known as "prisoners". That is, they are under discipline for minor breakages of army law, such as overstaying leave,

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etc., and before being put on trial are detailed to do the odds and ends of work about the post, digging ditches, mending roads, mopping and cleaning. They wear blouse and overalls and as a class are said to resent work in any form—no matter how disguised, they see through it. The story goes that it takes three prisoners to do the work of one man.

Button number two:

The Camp Librarian calls on the Camp Quartermaster, Lieutenant-Colonel M. Stayton, gentleman and officer.

"Yes, sir, glad to do anything the camp library wants, any time, just let us know. See Headly, see Moore." It's as good as done. Sergeant the plumber reports with his aides. They install with speed an ice chest of 300 pounds' capacity and link it up with the bubble fountain.

Another button; ceiling fans are installed, an upper tier of windows swung on hinges, window flower-boxes built and placed, bulletin-boards built and placed—and the library made safe and attractive for democracy and the staff.

The army system either works or it doesn't; there's nothing in between. The army must first be satisfied that it has the authority and then goes to it with vim. When choked by red tape not of its own winding, it breathes hard and waits an order to get action. I was in what looked to me like a huge grocery store with everything from breakfast food to ice; and it was the latter I wanted. There were many clerks in khaki and many customers with slips of paper, and anybody who wanted anything was under suspicion until he showed written authority. Just money wouldn't buy a thing; indeed it might have been regarded as an attempt at bribery.

The Quartermaster's department had conferred upon me authority to buy for the sum of six dollars an ice book good for 2,000 pounds of ice and had sent me to this building, headed up "Commissary", for the goods. The first clerk I saw did not question my good intentions or my legal and military right to buy that ice book somewhere in that building, but was doubtful of his authority to sell it to me. He lacked self-confidence.

He said; "Go to the other end of the building".

And *he* said: "Go to the other side of the building".

And *he* said: "Go to the other end of the building".

And I said: "Damn it, I've been to three ends and five sides of this building and I go no further. If you've got an ice book—and I have reasons for believing you have—I ask you as man to man to give it up."

He said, "Sir, it is yours".

A lawn-mower was needed to barber the library lawn, 100 by 50 feet, grown in thirty days, Bermuda grass, planted by a detail of "prisoners". Stick a tuft with a joint in it in a hole, stamp on it, repeat every two feet, water, and in thirty days you have a lawn. My darky janitor "suspicioned" that the only lawn-mower on the premises (1,500 acres) was at the base hospital, and there Lizzie Ford went to find it.

Sergeant Brown was sympathetic, but "no authority". See Second Lieutenant Jones.

More than sympathetic, but "no authority". See First Lieutenant Higgins, Acting Quartermaster.

He had never heard of such a request; nothing to warrant it in the Rules and Regulations of the U. S. Army. Didn't believe there was a lawn-mower about the place and if

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there was one Colonel Hotspur had it.

An interested non-com butted in here to say that the Colonel had returned it.

"But why do you come to me? I have no authority."

"Excuse me, Major, but you have. General—(name deleted) told me so. Now, Colonel, let me tell you about the beneficent work of the American Library Association. Herbert Putnam sent—etc. etc."

"Yes, yes, interesting, very. So sorry can't wait, but motor-cycle is here to take me to headquarters. How can you take the thing away? We've no truck."

"General, I have it. Lizzie Ford waits without, as it were."

"Take it, sir, take it. Good-bye."

And one motor-cycle and a young army officer broke the speed records of even a military post, as I signed two or three receipts for one lawn-mower.

The warning notes of "The Panthers are Coming" are on their way to Berlin, so the origin of the title may be of interest. A sacred pamphlet which the Fort Worth Carnegie Library refused to let me take out of the building, reveals these facts: there never was a fort at Fort Worth; there is no evidence that the man for whom it was named ever saw or heard of the place; the only panthers ever seen in Fort Worth were bought by the local fire company for advertising purposes.

Thus happily and historically is it named "Fort Worth, the Panther City". The town was hard hit in the panic which followed the failure of Jay Cooke and Company, in the 'seventies, and the completion of the Texas and Pacific railroad to Fort Worth was delayed; houses in the building were abandoned and grass grew in the streets. A jocose young lawyer, who had escaped from Fort Worth to Dallas, wrote a letter to a newspaper, purporting to describe the conditions of savagery existing in the former place, itemizing with legal accuracy a panther roaming the streets. The idea hit the fancy of the natives and they adopted it as their own, giving the title to restaurants, saloons, a local paper, and later to the city itself. When Camp Bowie, about two miles from Fort Worth, was created and the Thirty-sixth Division formed, it of course adopted the title of "The Panther Division".

When Mr. Civilian moves he fusses, putters, considers, saves this, rejects that—and then does it all over again. When our soldier moves he does nothing of the kind. He moves. He doesn't have to think; he is not permitted to think as to what he shall take and what leave. That is done for him by General Orders. If he is a doughboy he carries with him, in addition to all his own weight, eighty-five to ninety-five pounds. This includes his aluminum mess-kit, toilet and shaving outfit, his half of a shelter tent with one of the poles and five pegs, while the tent is wrapped around his blankets, and, finally, his rifle. That is marching outfit. Into a blue or barracks bag goes a duplication of clothing, also overcoat and a canvas sheet. His name and address are written on a strip of canvas sewed on the bag, which he does not see again until he has arrived somewhere over there.

What is done with all the other stuff which is not worth jamming into a battered suitcase and sending home to mother? If government-owned, it is sent to the reclamation or salvage department. The army saves everything

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—tin cans, wire fencing, old horse-shoes, dented and battered mess-kits, old shoes, hats, shirts, torn blankets and cot covers. Privately-owned stuff must either be sent home or burned. Whether it is burnable or not makes no difference—it has got to burn. It is General Orders that when a division leaves the reservation it shall be clean, not comparatively, but absolutely clean. To the military mind that seems to mean bare ground.

At 4.30 A. M. the notes of "The Panthers are Coming" went booming over the post. It meant they were going somewhere, elsewhere, to other points; though officially this was not conceded and no newspaper printed the news which everybody knew. There was music in the air and exultation in the hearts of the boys. By the dawn's early light it was easy to find the band—that of the 143rd regiment. In the surrounding company streets the boys were keeping the bonfires burning and into them were throwing with enthusiasm everything loose; breakfast was boiling, stewing, frying, and in the joy of the hour everything, or almost everything, was forgiven the cook.

In due time came for these boys and their fellows the glorious hour. Heavily loaded army trucks rolled over the reservation roads to the railroad points of embarkation, bands boomed, bugles blew and drums beat; there was the tramp of men in full marching order; a period of crowded days and nights; every department working at top speed; inspections, examinations, reviews, visitors and relatives overflowing the town and the reservation, while the horse-leech's daughter doubled her exaction for a room to the mother who had come to say goodbye to the boy. One could tell by the swing and erectness of a marching contingent that for them had come "the day".

Then came a day when several hundred dogs on the wind-blown, sand-beaten, sun-baked reservation barked lonesomely and inquiringly at—nothing. Their masters had left for "other points"—official language. One company telegraphed back to find and ship to his home in a Texas town their mascot, a great Dane. The post was a desolation of cleanliness, a desert of roofless shacks; in such abnormal order that not a scrap of paper at large could be found on the entire fifteen hundred acres of reservation.

The Panthers have gone, the Panthers are coming. Bowie will be a permanent camp with accommodations for fifty thousand men. It is a $10,000,000 plant with water, sewer and lighting systems. The three air-fields, distant a few miles from Bowie, will also be permanent and with enlarged facilities.

As the camp grows, bigger and broader grow the scope and the field of usefulness of the camp library. It is helping to send against the Hun the most intelligent, the best-informed soldiers that ever fought. You cannot beat a reading army.

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AMERICAN COMIC JOURNALISM

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

Comic papers are like two of their constant butts, the baby and the widower, in that they are difficult to carry through the second summer. In humorous journalism the percentage of infant mortality is appallingly high. Evidently the undertaking is far more hazardous than it seems at first sight. It might be said that starting a comic paper is no joke—that it is in fact a very serious enterprise not to be entered upon lightly.

Last spring "The Porcupine" of Mr. James L. Ford suddenly ceased to exist before it had lived a year—its demise being due to the unexpected death of the gentleman who had promised to support it generously; and this fall "Puck" died also, after a long career first of struggle, then of prosperity, and finally of decadence. "Puck" survived for more than forty years; it was the first American comic weekly to establish itself successfully, and it had a longer lease of life than any of its predecessors. It leaves behind it two journals which were more or less its rivals. "Judge" was set up avowedly as an opposition paper by the Blaine Republicans when "Puck" abandoned its early political independence to advocate ardently the cause of the Cleveland Democrats. "Life" was the creation of John A. Mitchell, who conducted it for thirty-five years, impressing upon it his own genial personality and winning the affectionate devotion of all his contributors, both literary and artistic.

One reason for the popularity of all three of these humorous journals is that no one of them was intended to be an imitation of "Punch", but felt itself free always to develop as it might prefer. "Punch" is the most solidly established comic paper in the world, and it has loyally preserved its original characteristics. It is essentially and fundamentally British; and yet this comic weekly, as its title still confesses—"Punch or the London Charivari"—was founded as an imitation of a famous Parisian comic daily. The abiding vitality of "Punch" is due to a variety of causes—first of all, to the continuity of ownership; secondly to the large staff retained year after year on satisfactory annual salaries; and thirdly to the solidarity created and kept alive by the weekly dinner which every contributor with either pen or pencil is expected to attend. The tradition established four score years ago is jealously cherished; and the torch is passed down from generation to generation with its flame ever brightly burning.

Of course, "Punch" is glad to consider the voluntary offerings sent to it by casual correspondents scattered throughout the British commonwealth; but it does not rely on these volunteers. It has its tried and true battalion of regulars, to be trusted to supply the comic copy and the comic sketches which must be forthcoming week after week. Now and again a free-lance may have a happy thought; and "Punch" is unfailingly hospitable to happy thoughts, no matter whence they come. But the burden and heat

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of the day is borne by the cautiously recruited staff, each of whom felt it an honor to be invited to a seat at the weekly dinner and each of whom continues to feel it to be his duty to give to the venerable weekly the very best that he can do.

Artemus Ward, at the height of his London success and only a few weeks before his untimely death, was asked to contribute a few letters and he was bidden as a guest to the dinners; and he declared that this was the most grateful compliment that had ever been paid to him. And Mark Twain also appreciated highly the invitation to put his legs under Mr. Punch's mahogany.

"Punch" being what it is, we need not wonder that innumerable attempts have been made to start an American "Punch"; nor need we wonder that these efforts have always been fruitless. Indeed, the very fact that the new weekly was an imitation of "Punch" seems to have been sufficient to condemn it to an early death. In Orpheus C. Kerr's parody, "The Mystery of Mr. E. Drood", the lugubrious undertaker points out the last resting-places of men foredoomed to an early death: "He patched up all these graves, as well as them in the Ritual Churchyard, and I knew them all, sir. Over there, editor of a country journal; next, stockholder in Erie; next, the gentleman who undertook to be guided in agriculture by Mr. Greeley's 'What I Know About Farming'; next, original projector of American 'Punch'; next, proprietor of rural newspaper; next, another projector of American 'Punch' — indeed, all the rest of that row is American 'Punches'."

"Punch" had been founded in 1841; and half a dozen years later "Yankee Doodle" evoked an epigrammatic couplet in Lowell's "Fable for Critics":

> That American "Punch", like the English, no doubt,
> Just the sugar and lemons and spirit, left out.

It may be noted that F. O. C. Darley was one of the artists who contributed to "Yankee Doodle", and Charles Fenno Hoffman was one of the literary men. A second attempt was made by John Brougham, who started "Diogenes hys Lanterne" in 1852, and who succeeded somehow in keeping it alight for eighteen months. The third effort was "Vanity Fair" which began in January, 1859, and which did not succumb until 1863, when Artemus Ward was its editor. He is said to have remarked: "They told me I could write comic copy; I wrote a lot of it—and the paper died." An earlier editor had been Charles Godfrey Leland, the lyrist of Hans Breitmann; and George Arnold was a regular contributor. Its cartoonist was H. L. Stephens, who also supplied the cartoons for "Mrs. Grundy" which had a brief career in 1865 and which may be regarded as an attempt to revive "Vanity Fair".

Thomas Nast had been one of the artists on "Mrs. Grundy", and shortly after its demise he joined the staff of "Harper's Weekly", where he was free to point the finger of scorn at the Tweed ring, then engaged in plundering New York. Tweed felt the force of Nast's cartoons and complained that they reached his constituents, all of whom could see a picture, even if only a few of them could read. It was probably the desire to have an organ of their own which led Tweed and Sweeny, Jay Gould and "Jim" Fisk to put in five thousand dollars each, for the support of "Punchinello", which first appeared in April, 1870, and which emitted its final squeak in the following December. H. L. Stephens

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was again the cartoonist; and among the other contributors of sketches were Frank Bellew and George Bowlend. Oakey Hall, the Tammany mayor of New York, supplied an alleged comic serial bristling with elaborate puns. The dramatic critic was William L. Alden and the editor was Charles Dawson Shanly, who had been one of the conductors of "Vanity Fair" and who wrote for "The Atlantic" an interesting essay on the difficulties of editing an American "Punch".

II

The solid success that "Puck" enjoyed for nearly a quarter of a century must be ascribed to a series of lucky accidents. Adolf Schwarzmann was a lithographer in St. Louis and he joined forces with Joseph Keppler, a lithographic draftsman, to get out a little German weekly, illustrated in color and intended to circulate mainly among the theater-going Germans of St. Louis. After a while they both removed to New York, where they revived their German weekly with its colored cartoons drawn on stone. They had a small staff; and they borrowed a large proportion of their comic cuts from the German humorous papers. The cartoons of Keppler were so effective that "Puck" was read by many Americans; and at last Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld was able to persuade Schwarzmann that it would be possible to issue "Puck" also in English, so that Keppler's drawings might profit by circulation among Americans of other than German descent.

Rosenfeld was the first editor of "Puck" in English; and he immediately enlisted the aid of his friend, Henry Cuyler Bunner, who had worked with him on an earlier and less fortunate weekly. In the beginning the English "Puck" was simply an annex to the German "Puck". Its political and social cartoons were in accord with German taste rather than with American; and the paper in English was expected to make use of all the comic cuts which had earlier appeared in the paper in German. It was, I think, in the fall of 1876 that this hybrid weekly began to attract attention. Those were the doubtful days of the Hayes-Tilden disputed election, happily decided at last by the ingeniously devised Electoral Commission which ultimately awarded the presidency to Hayes by a vote of eight to seven; and Keppler never drew a more telling cartoon than that which disclosed the seven Democrats in a rat-trap the wires of which outlined the profiles of the eight Republicans.

It was early in 1877 that I made my first contribution to "Puck" and that I accepted its editor's invitation to call on him at the office, then in a dingy old building in North William Street, soon to be torn down for the approach to the Brooklyn Bridge. On the ground floor were the lithographic presses; on the floor above was the composing room; and in a dim corner of the top loft was the editor's desk. Rosenfeld introduced me to Bunner; and then began a friendship which remained intimate as long as he lived. A few weeks later Rosenfeld had a disagreement with Schwarzmann, and as a result Bunner became editor of "Puck", which soon achieved its independence of its German half-brother—that is to say, a time came when "Puck" in English had a far larger circulation than "Puck" in German; and ultimately the weekly edited by Bunner so far outstripped its elder brother that Schwarzmann finally ceased to issue the paper in German.

It would be difficult to declare whether the wide popularity to which

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"Puck" attained in the course of three or four years was to be ascribed to Schwarzmann, to Keppler or to Bunner. Schwarzmann was an honest, a clear-headed and a large-minded German; and to him was due the admirable business management of the journal. He was not only its publisher, in charge of its circulation and its advertising; he was also the shrewd director of the mechanical department, overseeing the lithographers, the compositors and the pressmen. I believe that Keppler was an equal partner in the firm of Keppler and Schwarzmann; but the financial control was wholly in the hands of Schwarzmann.

This was very fortunate for the partnership, as Keppler was an artist and nothing more. He was an admirable cartoonist with the faculty of driving home the point of his picture by simplification, by the suppression of non-essentials, by the omission of anything and everything which might distract attention from the single idea which must always be the soul of an effective cartoon.

The single idea was very rarely Keppler's own. Some cartoonists, notably Thomas Nast and William A. Rogers, are independent of all outside suggestion and their drawings are due wholly to their own invention. Others, like John Tenniel and Joseph Keppler, need to have the central thought of the cartoon supplied to them. The purpose of the weekly dinner of the "Punch" staff is frankly to find by interchange of opinion the best theme and the best treatment for the middle-page cartoon. It was some unknown member of the staff who found the happy phrase "Dropping the Pilot" to describe the Kaiser's dismissal of Bismarck; and Tenniel put the thought into an unforgettable picture.

One of Keppler's cleverest cartoons appeared during the Beecher trial, when Mrs. Tilton was alternately denying and confessing her guilt. Keppler represented her as Margaret in "Faust", plucking the petals of the daisy, one by one, and saying, "I did, I didn't, I did, I didn't". Schwarzmann had suggested this, as he suggested the rather too broad humor of Keppler's representation of Fifth Avenue after the death of the notorious Mme. Restell. The ideas of many of the most striking cartoons were to be credited to Bunner, after he became editor; and useful suggestions were often brought in by the wife of a bedridden invalid, who had little skill with the pencil but who could outline roughly an idea in which Keppler would find his profit.

III

Necessary as were the artistic facility of Keppler and the business acumen of Schwarzmann, the qualities which Bunner brought to the editorship were equally needful. Without him the "Puck" of Teutonic origin and ownership could never have been made acceptable to the American people. He spoke German; and he knew German literature; but he was also familiar with French and his acquaintance with French literature was both wider and deeper than his knowledge of German literature. And wider and deeper than either was his intimacy with the literature of our own language, both British and American. His was the only useful cosmopolitanism, that which is rooted in a man's native soil. His reading was really remarkable in its range, when we remember that he was not twenty-three years old when he took charge of "Puck".

Remarkable as was Bunner's equipment it was not as extraordinary as

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his fecundity. Into "Puck" in its struggling days he poured prose and verse of an unfaltering cleverness and of an unfailing sparkle. He was equally apt and swift in writing a column of brisk paragraphs and in rhyming a lilting lyric to justify the insertion of some German illustration. Abundant as were these contributions in quantity they were equally notable in quality. As "Puck" became more prosperous and its editor was allowed to spend money a little more freely, Bunner was able to relax his own efforts, although to the very end of his life he felt and responded to the obligation to supply his paper with the various kinds of writing that its readers expected from him.

Among the comic artists who joined forces with Keppler the most constant was Mr. Charles J. Taylor, who was responsible for the series of sketches entitled "The Taylor-Made Girl". At one time or another "Puck" had on its artistic staff W. A. Rogers, J. A. Wales, S. B. Griffin, and Bernard Gillam. In 1884 it was Bunner who suggested and Gillam who drew the very effective cartoon of the Republican presidential candidates as the "freaks" in the side-show of a circus with Blaine as the Tattooed Man. In the artist's original sketch Judge Davis figured as the decorated freak; and it was Bunner who had the cartoon redrawn with Blaine in the post of dishonor. Early in the Blaine-Cleveland campaign "Judge" was started by the Republicans to combat "Puck"; and Gillam went over to the younger weekly to advocate with his pencil the candidate he had tattooed.

One of the most abundant contributors to the letter-press of "Puck" was Mr. James L. Ford, who printed in its columns most of the satiric sketches afterward collected in the volume entitled "The Literary Shop", including the ever delightful story of "The Bunco-Steerer's Christmas". Another frequent contributor was the late R. K. Mankittrick, a most ingenious rhymester, who supplied to "Puck" most of the comic lyrics which he garnered later into the little book which he aptly called "The Acrobatic Muse". So long as Bunner lived the comic verse which appeared in the pages of "Puck" was kept up to a high standard of technical accomplishment. He insisted on distinctness of rhythm and on exact accuracy of rhyme. He tolerated no slovenliness in versification; and he himself set the example of strict obedience to the rules of the game. Inspired by the unfailing felicity of Austin Dobson's transference into English of the fixed forms of the French, Bunner and his associates poured into the pages of "Puck" a flowing stream of triolets, rondeaus, and ballades.

Of course, no one of these friendly rivals equaled Bunner either in facility or in range. As a comic poet he had a note of his own; but he was also a marvelous parodist, with the rare gift of capturing the spirit of the poet he was imitating, as sympathetically as he aped the outer form. It was to exhibit this power of getting into the skin of any other bard, ancient or modern, that Bunner invented the figure of V. Hugo Dusenbury, Professional Poet, ready to take a contract to deal with any theme at any time in any manner. Nor was Bunner less multifarious in his prose contributions. He early appreciated the surpassing skill of Maupassant's brief tales; and in "Made in France" he accomplished successfully the daring feat of transferring a dozen of the French plots to American surroundings. And it was more or less under

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the influence of Maupassant that he wrote his own very American and very original series of stories called "Short Sixes".

It may seem like a paradox to say that the influence of a comic journal depends to a certain extent upon its not being exclusively comic. On occasion "Punch" can be nobly serious, as it was when it printed Hood's "Song of the Shirt" and Tom Taylor's apologetic verses on the death of Abraham Lincoln. Bunner never liked to have "Puck" considered as merely a funny paper. His own memorial verses—on Grant and on Longfellow, for example—were dignified and lofty. And when Cleveland issued his message on the tariff, warning us that we were confronted by a condition and not by a theory, Bunner began a series of editorial articles which revealed a new aspect of his ability. He expounded the principles of protection and free trade with the utmost lucidity and with a total absence of heat.

Bunner was the editor of "Puck" for nearly twenty years, during which the paper steadily expanded its circulation and its influence. Keppler died in 1894 and Bunner followed him in 1896, leaving Schwarzmann alone to carry on the paper. But "Puck" had depended largely upon individuals, upon Keppler and Bunner first of all, and then upon more or less casual contributors. It was edited at one time by Harry Leon Wilson and at another by John Kendrick Bangs. But there was no permanent staff, no loyal organization, no solidarity, like that which has kept alive the traditions of "Punch" for three generations. And when Schwarzmann died in his turn, the torch flickered and soon went out. There was nothing left but a name—only an empty shell. The paper changed owners two or three times, passing at last into hands so unworthy that its old friends were not sorry to learn that it had ceased publication.

Although "Puck" is no more, "Judge", which was started as its political rival, still survives and still prints its cartoons in color, although they are not now lithographed as Keppler's were for many years. And although "Life" has hereafter to do the best it can without the fostering care of its founder, his associates seem to have imparted his genial ideals and the paper bids fair to round out a career that may be as long as that of "Punch".

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THE UNIVERSITY CANTONMENT

PRINCETON: JOHN GRIER HIBBEN
CORNELL: JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN

I. PRINCETON

On the first day of October at twelve o'clock noon, the newly inducted members of our Princeton Students' Army Training Corps were drawn up in hollow square formation around the historic cannon of the campus; and with right hand uplifted they swore allegiance to the flag of our country and the great cause for which it now stands. At the same hour in some four hundred colleges and universities of the land a similar ceremony took place. It represents the contribution of the educational forces of our country toward the speedy winning of the war.

The place where the ceremony occurred has a particular interest to all of the sons of Princeton. The cannon about which these young men stood was used in the Battle of Princeton in the War of the Revolution, and the place itself, immediately at the rear of Nassau Hall, was held by the soldiers of the Continental Army as they fired upon Nassau Hall, in which building the British troops had taken refuge. The final act of the Battle of Princeton was the driving out of the British troops from Nassau Hall. Almost a century and a half later these young men take their stand to dedicate themselves to a cause in which they find the old British foes their brothers and allies in the world's struggle for justice and liberty. As they took the oath of allegiance it seemed to me that the ceremony became sacramental. Before this body of young men there is the way not only of service but of sacrifice. They themselves feel the seriousness of these days of preparation, and they are giving themselves to their tasks with a spirit of enthusiasm and earnestness which is possible only for those who have their country's call in their hearts and the vigor and courage of youth in their blood.

The War Department has asked the colleges and universities of our country to cooperate with them in furnishing to the nation at this time as rapidly and as efficiently as possible a body of young men fit to fight and worthy of the traditions of the American people. We have felt it a rare privilege at Princeton to be able to respond to the government's call and to place at the disposal of the War Department all the resources and equipment of the university, in carrying out an educational program which seeks at once to train men for their duty in war and at the same time to enable them to lose as little as possible of the mental drill and discipline which they ought to receive during those formative years—devoted in the past exclusively to academic studies.

Therefore, Princeton has become wholly what it has been to a large extent since the day after the dismissal of the German Ambassador—a war camp and school. It has always been the tradition of Princeton that it is our highest privilege to train men for the service of the state, for the promotion of civilization in times of

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peace and for the preservation and protection of our nation in times of war. We are beginning the new college year under conditions probably without precedent in the history of education. The old-time free life of our campus, with its characteristic customs and traditions, will give place to the rigor of military control and discipline. Our dormitories have been turned into barracks, the upperclass clubs have been closed, and our undergraduates instead of taking their meals in the clubs and boarding-houses are now gathered together in a common mess in the university dining halls.

While the military discipline and instruction of these young men have been made prominent and primary in our program of studies, nevertheless there has been reserved by the War Department a sufficient time for the pursuit of certain academic courses as well, which will give our students that intellectual development and resourcefulness so essential to the equipment of the young officers of our army and navy. The body of our students has been divided into three groups: those who were twenty years of age or over on the twelfth of September, the date of registration, will be called into service the first of January; those nineteen years of age at the same date will be called April the first, and the eighteen-year-old men about the first of July. The War Department requires all of the colleges to give instruction, for twelve weeks out of the three periods into which the academic year is divided, in purely military studies. For the men who go out in January we will give this schedule of military studies and nothing else, concentrating all of our efforts upon the intensive preparation of these men for active service. Those who leave in April naturally will have twelve weeks of academic studies as well, and those who are called to service in July will have twenty-four weeks of academic studies. Each group, however, must finish the military program before leaving. This military program running for twelve weeks consists of four courses—a course in military law and practice, one in hygiene and sanitation, one in surveying, map-making and map-reading and general topography, and finally a course designated as the course on the issues of the war, which is to cover a discussion on the remote and immediate causes of the war and on the underlying conflict of points of view as expressed in the governments, philosophies and literatures of the various states on both sides of the struggle. The purpose of this course is to enhance the morale of the members of the corps by giving them an understanding of what the war is about and of the supreme importance to civilization of the cause for which we are fighting. This course is to be given three hours a week as are the others, and is to be conducted by the members of our faculty in the departments of history, government, economics, philosophy and modern literature. In connection with this course there is to be also under the supervision of the English department a drill in English composition. The written work is to be connected with the subject-matter of the course as given in the lectures and recitations, with the double purpose of giving the men training in English composition and at the same time of making them think out more carefully the problems which have been suggested in the course on the issues of the war.

In addition to the Students' Army Training Corps, which is under the

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command of Colonel J. A. Pearson, there has been established here in Princeton a Naval Training Unit under command of Admiral C. F. Goodrich. The naval program is of much the same nature as the military, with the exception that special emphasis is placed upon the main naval course in navigation.

While the Army and Naval Units form the main body of our undergraduates, there is a small group of young men upon our campus who are not privileged to enlist in either corps, some for one reason and others for another, but in all cases, I am sure, for good and sufficient reasons. Most if not all of these young men so situated have offered themselved for war service but have been refused. Theirs is not an easy task, and they are pursuing their studies here because they feel it is their duty to prepare themselves as adequately as possible to serve their country, if not in arms, at least in the line of their obligation and opportunity. All of us who have passed beyond the draft age can fully appreciate the burden which these young men are carrying, urged by a strong desire to enter the war service and yet not permitted to do so. We of the older generation carry constantly the same burden, and therefore we feel that these young men should be regarded always with a sympathetic understanding and appreciation of their situation and of their noble endeavor to conduct themselves as true patriots under such trying circumstances.

During the last year and a half we have also had associated with the university the School of Military Aeronautics in which young men from all parts of our country have been sent to prepare themselves for the service of the air. This school is under the indirect supervision and control of the university. We have also offered the hospitality of our Graduate College buildings to the Navy Department, and there has been established there at the beginning of this academic year a Naval Training School for Paymasters. The university, however, has no responsibility for the conduct of the school, as this is wholly in the hands of the Navy Department.

With our own undergraduates and these adjuncts of our military and naval life we will have in and about our campus during the year some 2,300 young men wearing the uniforms of the Army or Navy of the United States.

All who are entering Princeton at this time for war service under the age of twenty-one belong to the new army of the draft. By their entrance here or to any of the colleges or universities of our country these young men are not exempted in any sense from the draft itself, but they will be called from their studies in the various educational centers at the same time when the men of their own age may be called generally throughout the country. Our undergraduates at Princeton this year, therefore, will have no privilege of exemption, but the privilege merely of fitting themselves to be of special service in the organization of the drafted army. Everyone who is a member of this army should regard it as a great and peculiar honor, for the call of duty always invests with honor the one who responds to it gladly. Every drafted man is in a very true sense a volunteer soldier if his response to the call is willing, eager and whole-hearted. The spirit of loyal service, the will to win and to endure every hardship and suffer every sacrifice in order to win—this lends a double value to obedience.

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If all the men entering this army of the draft are imbued with such a spirit the end is already assured—the complete triumph of our arms and the permanent peace of the world. I have great confidence that the college men of our country will receive in the next few months such a training of mind and heart that they may point their comrades to the goal and lead the way.

While emphasizing the need of preparedness for war we have not forgotten also the corresponding need of preparedness for peace, and we are consequently bringing to the attention of our students who are facing the possibilities of direct and immediate war service the fact that they owe a duty to their country to prepare themselves in every possible way for the obligations of citizenship when the day of peace shall come. The young men of our land who have had the advantage of a college course, however brief that course may have been, owing to the interruption of the war, have resting upon them a peculiar responsibility to make the country for which their comrades have died a land in which a nobler standard of thought and action shall prevail. The future is in the keeping of the coming generation and the colleges of our country have indeed the rare privilege of giving power and direction to the thought of those who are in their day to be the leaders of men in the building of a new people and a new world.

II. Cornell

About 550 American colleges and universities are now (in October of 1918) submitting themselves to a transformation which is without precedent in their experience. Under the stress of war, they are bending their energies to the single task of training hundreds of thousands of young men for service in the army and navy as officers or technicians. At the government's summons they have, within a few weeks, remodeled their departments of instruction, reorganized their staffs, revised their courses of study, and adopted a prescribed academic calendar and a dictated daily program. Changes that in normal times would have required months or years of debate in faculties and boards of trustees have been made instantly and without discussion—in response to letters or telegrams from Washington.

Two events have effected this change, namely, the extension of the draft to include virtually all the men of college age, and the coincident establishment by the War Department of the Students' Army Training Corps. This corps, of which the commencement assemblies last June heard only a rumor, is in October the one absorbing subject of conversation and deliberation in the colleges. The initials "S. A. T. C." are on the tongues of teachers and students every waking hour of every day.

The extension of the Selective Service Law to include men of eighteen, nineteen and twenty years of age would almost have emptied the colleges of students; the establishment of the S. A. T. C. enables the colleges to utilize their personal and physical equipment in the training of their students for military service. The new order of things does not help them to maintain their regular work. On the contrary, it interferes with and, in many instances, wholly displaces the old order. But the curriculum of the new training corps provides employment for many of the teaching staff and gives the college the means of pre-

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serving its organization while it is absorbed temporarily in the military establishment. The United States government, in thus utilizing the colleges for military training, has incidentally made a provision for their support that the belligerent European governments have neglected or been unable to make. I say *incidentally*, because the War Department disavows any thought of subordinating military necessity; the War Department tells the colleges frankly that it will protect them from the effects of the draft only in so far as they contribute, individually and in a prescribed manner, to the winning of the war.

The Students' Army Training Corps has an authorized strength of 200,000 men in its collegiate section; units have been authorized in about 550 institutions. The other section of the corps, the vocational section, is composed of drafted men who are engaged in acquiring trades useful in the army—learning to be blacksmiths, tinsmiths, motor mechanics, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, telephone linemen or horseshoers. The corps is governed by the War Department's Committee on Education and Special Training. This committee is composed of four officers, who represent the General Staff Corps, the Provost-Marshal General's Department, the War Plans Division, and the Adjutant-General's Department. It has an advisory board of seven college executives. Its director of college training is Dr. R. C. Maclaurin, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

For the purposes of this article I shall, in using the term Students' Army Training Corps or its equivalent, refer only to the collegiate section, since it is chiefly with that section that the colleges and universities are concerned. A man with only a grammar school training may be admitted to the vocational section.

Induction into the Students' Army Training Corps is a privilege accorded to men who registered September 12, 1918, under the Selective Service Law as amended August 31, 1918. The organization of the several units of the corps was effected on or about October 1, 1918, by the induction of eligible men who had already been matriculated in the several institutions. The Committee on Education asked the colleges, when they admitted prospective members of the corps, to enforce their usual entrance requirements strictly, and it fixed the minimum requirement at thirteen "units" of college entrance. After October 1 new recruits for the corps are to be selected by army rating methods and army examining boards, without explicit reference to the usual college entrance requirements. Upon his induction into the S. A. T. C., the student becomes a soldier in the United States Army, subject to military discipline, with pay of thirty dollars a month; the government contracts with the college for his housing, subsistence and tuition.

The student soldier pursues a course of study more or less strictly prescribed by the Committee on Education, according to his age or the group in which he is enrolled. In the S. A. T. C. there are no seniors, juniors, sophomores or freshmen. The members are classified as men of twenty or more, men of nineteen, and men of eighteen years of age. Men who had reached the age of twenty years on or before September 12, 1918, "may have but a single term of twelve weeks in college" and are required to devote practically their entire time to "essential subjects" in their first term. Men of nineteen "may have but two

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terms of twelve weeks in college" and must complete the same subjects by the end of their second term; men of eighteen by the end of their third term. The student is in one of five groups according to the branch of the service he is hoping to enter. These groups are: (1) infantry and artillery; (2) air service; (3) ordnance corps and quartermaster corps; (4) engineer corps, signal corps, chemical warfare service, and (5) transport service and tank service. Men of the various groups find their "essential subjects" in the following list: military instruction, war issues, military law and practice, hygiene and sanitation, surveying and map-making, map reading and navigation, elementary physics, modern ordnance, business management and trigonometry. Unassigned hours, up to a certain number, may be filled by the student from among the so-called "allied subjects", which are English, French, German, mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, geology, psychology, geography, topography and map-making, meteorology, astronomy, hygiene, sanitation, descriptive geometry, mechanical and freehand drawing, surveying, economics, accounting, history, international law and government. Men of group 4, preparing for the engineer corps, the signal corps or the chemical warfare service, have special programs of study. The members of the S. A. T. C. are required to live in barracks, under constant military discipline, and to observe a strict daily routine, from "reveille" at 6.40 A. M. to "taps" at 10 P. M.

At the end of three months, or six months, or nine months, according to his age, the student becomes liable to a call to active service. He is then to be assigned, in accordance with his demonstrated qualifications, either to a central officers' training school or to a non-commissioned officers' training school or to the vocational section of the S. A. T. C. or to a cantonment as a private. A relatively small number who have demonstrated their peculiar fitness for further training either in preparation for officers' training camps or for higher technical work may be assigned to particular schools for further training for a specified purpose and for a limited time. The number so assigned is to be strictly limited to the estimated requirements of the military establishment.

Anybody who is familiar with college customs can see in the foregoing outline a radical departure from the old college order. I can portray this change most graphically by describing its effect upon Cornell University, the institution with which I am best acquainted. But before beginning the description I ought to say that Cornell was, to a great extent, prepared for the change. In the first place, Cornell had given instruction in military science and tactics ever since 1868, when the university was opened. For Cornell is a "land grant college", and the Land Grant Act (an Act of Congress of July 2, 1862), which appropriated millions of acres of the public lands for education, made it incumbent on colleges that receive the benefits of the grant to make military training a part of their required work. Cornell's military department had grown so large and been made so efficient that in the spring of 1914, before the earliest alarm of war, the State of New York had appropriated $350,000 for the construction of a building to be devoted to the department's use. This building, which is known as the New York State Drill Hall, is constructed of steel and stone

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and covers more than two acres. And in 1916, before the United States entered the war, the Cornell corps of cadets was a regiment of 2,200 men. Furthermore, since the American declaration of war, Cornell had been giving military instruction of an even more intensive kind and had acquired experience in adapting itself to military needs. A U. S. Army school of military aeronautics, or ground school for the preliminary training of fliers, had been established here by the War Department in 1917 and was in active operation. There was also on the campus an army school of aerial photography. A unit of the vocational section of the S. A. T. C. had been in operation here for several months, and plans had been completed for an army school for radio-electricians. When the S. A. T. C. was projected, therefore, Cornell already was giving housing, subsistence and instruction to more than a thousand soldiers.

In July the trustees of the university had approved the establishment of a unit of 2,000 of the new training corps. It was not till September that an outline of the new curriculum was received from Washington. Then the president called a conference of the members of the teaching staff, who promptly created a committee with power to translate the orders and suggestions of the Committee on Education into local action. Sub-committees went to work to compile a new announcement of courses of study, to canvass the staff for emergency teachers (because there might be a professor of Latin or ethics who could teach French or mathematics), and to reassign the university's lecture and recitation rooms.

A committee appointed by the trustees was already solving the problem of housing and mess. Two university dining halls were available for the mess, but all the men's dormitories had been assigned to the school of aeronautics and the vocational section. So it was determined to make barracks of fraternity houses, of which Cornell has a large number. Almost without exception the fraternities promptly tendered the university the use of their houses. Forty-two, with an average capacity of about fifty men each, were accepted. The university will defray the expenses of operating the houses and will turn over to the owners what is left of the government's allowance of twenty cents a day for the housing of each man.

Since the S. A. T. C. was organized at Cornell the Navy has established here a training unit under the command of Rear-Admiral Thomas C. McLean, retired, and the Marine Corps has instituted a marine training section. The university expects to have under its instruction this year about four thousand soldiers and sailors, besides ten or twelve hundred women, aliens, and men under military age. Its resources and energies will be devoted in great part to military training.

This temporary diversion of educational energies will no doubt work permanent changes. At the start the changes show most plainly in the customs and institutions of the undergraduate students—institutions which, although they are accidental, have grown to seem almost an integral part of the American college. For some time to come, American college students will live in barracks, under military discipline, and will be constrained to an intensive daily program of study and drill. Intercollegiate athletic schedules have perforce been canceled; what athletics is permitted by the commanding officer is a part

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of the military scheme of physical training. There are no spare hours for the conduct of student publications, musical clubs, dramatic clubs or debating societies. The college fraternities will find it hard if not impossible to sustain their active membership during this suspension of "college life". How many of these trappings will the college resume after the war? And with what new standard of values will the college appraise them?

It is important that the American public should not now lose sight of the true purpose of the college. The public has been too ready to measure the college's work by the test of immediate practical utility, rather than by the true test of liberalizing power. Just now the college is patriotically submitting itself to the utilitarian test alone. When the necessity for doing so is ended, let us hope the college may resume its proper work with renewed vigor, with a wider vision, and with a stronger purpose.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

BY ALFRED NOYES

The position of a lighthouse-keeper in a sea infested by submarines is a peculiar one, but Peter Ramsay had reasons for feeling that his lonely tower, six miles from the mainland, was the happiest habitation in the world.

At five o'clock on a gusty afternoon Peter had finished his tea and settled down with a pipe and the last "British Weekly" for five minutes before turning to the secret of his happiness again. At this moment the commander of the U-99, three miles away, after making sure through his periscope that there were no patrol-boats near, rose to the surface and began to look for the "Hatchets". He, too, had reasons for wishing to get inside the lighthouse. He thought it might be done after dark, and he was about to reconnoiter.

His eye was guided by a patch of foam glittering in the evening sun like a blackthorn blossom. As the sky brightened behind it he saw, rising upright, like the single slim pistil of those rough white petals, the faint shaft of the lighthouse itself.

He stole nearer till these fancies were swallowed up in the savagery of the place. It greeted him with a muffled roar as of a hundred sea-lions, and the air grew colder with its thin mists of spray. The blackthorns and white petals became an angry shipwrecking ring of axe-headed rocks, furious with surf, and the delicate pistil assumed the stature of the Nelson Column.

It made his head reel to look up at its firm height from the tossing conning-tower as he circled the reef. He noted the narrow door, twenty feet up, in the smooth wall of the shaft. There was no way of approach until the rope-ladder was let down from within. But, after midnight, when the custodian's wits might be drowsy, he thought his plan might succeed. He noted the pool on the reef and the boulder near the tower. He missed only one thing—unimportant in wartime. He did not see the beauty of

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that unconscious monument to the struggling spirit of man.

Its lofty silence and endurance, in their stern contrast with the tumult below, had touched the imagination of many seafarers, for it soared to the same sky as their spires on land, and its beauty was heightened by its practical purpose. But it made no more impression on Bernstein than on the sea-gulls that mewed around it.

At last the U-99 sheered off and submerged. She had to lie "doggo" at the bottom of the sea for the next few hours, and there were several of her sisters waiting a mile or so to the north. Two of these were submarine mine-layers. The U-99 settled down near them and began exchanging underwater messages.

"If you lay your mines as near as possible to the harbor you can leave the rest to me. You ought to sink two-thirds of them." This was the final message from Bernstein. The other submarines moved off toward the coast. The U-99 remained in her place till the hour was ripe.

About midnight she came to the surface again. It was a moonless night, and as the U-99 stole toward the "Hatchets" for the second time even Bernstein was impressed by the spectacle. Against a sky of scudding cloud and flying stars the lighthouse rose like the scepter of the oldest sea god. The mighty granite shaft was gripped at the base by black knuckles of rock in a welter of foam. A hundred feet above, the six-foot reflectors of solid crystal sheathed the summit with fire and flashed as they revolved there like the facets of a single burning jewel.

"They could be smashed with one shell", thought Bernstein, "and they are very costly." But he concluded, with some regret, that his other plans were more promising.

It was past Peter's bedtime, but he was trimming his lamp just now in his octagonal sitting-room half way up the tower. He had been busy all the evening with his secret, which was a very queer one. He was trying to write a book, and failing. His papers were scattered all over the worn red cloth that tried—and failed—to cover his oak table, exactly as poor Peter's language was trying to clothe his thoughts. His room had only one window, hardly larger than the arrow-defying slits of a Norman castle. A cooking-stove was fitted into a corner, and facing the window there was a shelf containing several tattered volumes by Mark Rutherford, a Bible, the "First Principles" of Herbert Spencer, and the Essays of Emerson. There was also a volume, bound in blue leather, called "The Wonders of the Deep". The binding was protected by a brown paper jacket, for it was a prize, awarded by the Westport Grammar School in 1864 to Peter Ramsay, aged fourteen, for his excellence in orthography. This was the beginning of all his dreams, and it was still their sustainment, though the death of his father, who had been the captain of a small coasting-steamer, had thrown Peter on the world before he was fifteen, and ended his hopes of the scholarship which was to have carried him to the heights.

He was restless tonight. It was his sixty-sixth birthday, and it reminded him that he was behindhand with his great work. He was beginning to wonder whether he was destined to fail. He had begun to look his age at last, but he was a fine figure of a man still. His white hair and flowing beard framed a face of mahogany brown, in which the blood mantled like wine over the cheekbones. His deep eyes, of the blue that belongs

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only to sea-folk, were haunted sometimes by visionary fires, like those in the eyes of an imaginative child. He might have posed for the original fisherman of his name. He was regarded as eccentric by the dwellers on the coast. The red-nosed landlord of the Blue Dolphin had often been heard to say that "we should all do well if we were as innocent as Peter". When he visited Westport (now a naval base), the urchins in the street sometimes expressed their view by waiting until he was safely out of hearing, and then crowing like cocks.

Nobody knew of his secret, or even his kindest friends would have called him daft. But the comedy had its tragic aspect. He may have been cracked, but it was with the kind of crack that you get in the everlasting hills, a rift that shows the sky. With his imperfect equipment he was trying to write down certain truths, for the lack of which the civilized world at that moment was in danger of destruction.

Peter was not the sole possessor of those truths. He was one among millions of unsophisticated souls who possessed those truths dumbly, and knew, with certainty, that their intellectual leaders lacked them or had lost them in a multitude of details. Those dumb millions were right about certain important matters, and their leaders, for all their dialectical cleverness, had lost sight of the truth which has always proceeded *ex ore infantium*. It was the tragedy of the twentieth century, and it had culminated in the tragedy of philosophical Germany. There were certain features of modern books, paintings, and music that mopped and mowed like faces through the bars of a madhouse, clamoring for dishonor and brutality in every department of life. These things could not be dissociated from the international tragedy. They were its heralds. Peter was one of those obscure millions who were the most important figures in Armageddon because they alone had retained the right to challenge the sophistries of Germany. They had not needed the war to teach them the reality of evil. If they had sinned, they had never tried to prove that evil was good.

In his book, Peter was trying to meet the main onset of all those destructive forces. He had realized that the modern world had no faith since the creeds had gone into the melting-pot, and he was trying to write down for plain men exactly what he believed.

He turned over the red-lined pages of the leather-bound ledger, half diary, half commonplace book, in which, for forty years, he had made his notes. It was a queer medley, beginning with passages that recalled many of his youthful struggles. There was one that reminded him of a school friend named Herbert Potts, who had eventually won the coveted scholarship. They used to go for walks together over the hills and talk about science and religion.

"So you don't believe in any future life?" Peter had said one day.

"Not for the individual", replied Potts, adjusting his glasses with a singularly intellectual expression.

"But if there is none for the individual, it means the end of all we are fighting for because the race will come to an end eventually", said Peter. "Why, think, Potts, think, it means that all your progress drops over a precipice at last. It means that instead of the figure of Love we must substitute the figure of Death, stretching out his arms and saying to the whole human race, 'Come unto Me!

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Suffer little children to come unto Me!' "

"I am afraid all the evidence points that way", said Potts, and as he had just passed the London matriculation, the words rang like a death-knell in Peter's foolish heart. He remembered how the words recurred to him in his dreams that night, and how he awoke in the grey dawn to find his pillow wet with tears.

There were many other memories in his book, of the long struggle, the wrestling with the angel, and at last the music of that loftier certainty which he longed to impart.

A little after midnight he threw aside the chaos of the manuscript, into which he had been trying to distil the essence of his notes, and went upstairs to his bedroom. It was smaller than his sitting-room, and contained only a camp-bed and a washstand, with a cracked blue jug and basin. Over the bed was a reproduction of "The Light of the World", and facing it an illuminated prayer, "Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord!" Under this was the telephone connecting the "Hatchets" with the naval station on the coast by an undersea wire.

But in spite of this modern invention Peter had quietly gone back through the centuries. He looked as if he were talking to a very great distance indeed. He was kneeling down by the bed, clasping his hands, lifting his face, closing his eyes, and moving his lips, exactly like a child at his prayers.

It is an odd fact, and doubtless it would fortify the great ironic intellects of our day (though seventy feet in our universe may hardly be reckoned as depth) to know that in the darkness of the reef outside, seventy feet below, four shadowy figures had just landed from a boat belonging to the U-99. One of them stood, fingering a revolver, and looking up at the two lighted windows.

About this, Peter received no enlightenment; but he rose with a glowing countenance and hurried down to his work again.

"I'll begin at the beginning", he muttered.

He took a clean sheet and headed it: *Chapter I.* Under this he wrote the first four words of the Bible: "In the beginning, God". Then he crossed them out, and wrote: "First Principles", as a better means of approach to the moderns.

He consulted his ledger and decided that a passage, written long ago, must come first. He wrote it down just as it stood:

"We have forgotten the first principles of straight thinking—the axioms. We have forgotten that the whole is greater than the part. Hence comes much fallacy among modern writers, even great ones, like that pessimist who has said that man, the creature, possesses more nobility than that from which he came.

"One thing must be acknowledged as *known*, even by agnostics, namely, that if we have experienced here on earth the grandeur of the souls of Beethoven and Shakespeare, there must be at the heart of things, before ever this earth was born, something infinitely greater. It is infinitely greater because it is the Producer—not the Product.

"Beyond this, we are all agnostics. But our reason, building on what we see around us, carries us thus far. Modern thinkers have reversed this process. They begin with man as the summit and explain him by something less. This, again, they explain by something less, and slowly whittle away all the visible universe till they

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arrive at the smallest possible residuum. There is no more tragic spectacle in this age than that of the philosophers who, like Herbert Spencer, having reduced the whole universe to a nebula, try to bridge the gulf between this nebula and nothingness. The great intellect of Spencer grovels below the mental capacity of a child as he makes this attempt, announcing that perhaps the primal nebula might be conceived as thinning itself out until nothingness were reached. It is the agnostics who evade the issue. For there are certain things here and now which we must accept. We know that Love and Thought are greater than the dust to which we consign them. There is only one choice before us. Either there is nothing behind these things or else there is everything behind them. If we say that there is nothing behind them, all our human struggle goes for nothing. We abandon even the axioms of our reason, and we are doubly traitors to the divine light that lives in every man. If we say that there is everything behind the universe, each of us has his own private door into that divine reality, the door of his own heart."

At this moment three of the shadowy figures below were ensconcing themselves behind a rock and the fourth was groping on the reef, collecting a handful of stones.

"Men say", Peter continued, "that they cannot believe in a God who would permit all the suffering on this earth, or else He must be a limited God who cannot help Himself.

"This is another question involving free will. How long would the world hold together if we could depend on a miracle to help us at every turn, or even to save the innocent from the consequences of our guilt? Those who ask it assume that our sufferings here are the end of all. The fact that the opposite assumption accords better with our sense of justice is no reason for denying it, especially when it follows from the answer given above. These men, asking for miraculous proof of omnipotence to save the world from suffering, are asking for the abolition of law in the universe, and it is only in law that freedom can be found. The sunrise cannot be timed to suit each individual, but modern thinkers say that an all-powerful God could do even this. When they have settled the hour between themselves, doubtless the Almighty could answer their prayer. Till then, it is better to say, 'Thy law is a lantern unto my feet'."

At this moment a stone came through the window behind Peter. The glass went splintering over his red table-cloth. He leaped to his feet, blew the lamp out and went to the window. He could see nothing in the darkness, but as he listened he thought he heard a voice in the pauses of the wind crying for help.

Instantly he hurried out and down the winding stair to the narrow door. He shot back the bolts and opened it. He stood there, framed in the opening, his white hair and beard blowing about him.

"Come down and help us, for God's sake!" the voice cried again.

And as Peter's eyes grew accustomed to the darkness he saw a figure crawling laboriously over the reef to the foot of the tower, where it fell. Peter's only thought was that a fishing-boat had foundered. He dropped the rope-ladder at once and descended. He stooped over the fallen man. In the same flash of time he recognized that this was an enemy seaman, and three more shadowy figures leaped

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from their hiding-place behind a boulder and gripped him.

"There is no cause for fear", said their leader, rising to his feet. "Our boat has foundered; but we shall die of cold if we stay out here—take us into the lighthouse."

Peter regarded them curiously, saying nothing. The leader went up the ladder, and beckoned to the others, who ordered Peter to go next, and then followed him.

"I regret that it was necessary to smash your window", said Bernstein as the queer group gathered round the lamp in Peter's room. "But we might have died out there on a night like this before you could have heard us shouting. We shall not harm you, although there are four of us. We are in danger ourselves. My friends and I are sick of this work, and if we are sure of good treatment we will help the British with all our information."

"How did you escape?" said Peter.

"We were alone on deck", replied Bernstein, "and we took our chance of swimming for the 'Hatchets'."

Peter surveyed the four drenched figures thoughtfully. One of them was not realistic enough to satisfy him. There were several dry patches about the shoulders.

"There's a pool on the reef", said Peter at last. "Did you find it too cold?"

A change came over Bernstein's face.

"There's no time to be wasted", he said. "If you want to help your country go to your telephone and give this message to the naval base exactly as I tell it to you. Say you have just sighted three submarines two hundred yards due north of the 'Hatchets Light'. Say that you have sighted them yourself. They would not take our word for it. Say nothing about our being here yet. If you depart from these instructions you will be shot. Now go to your telephone."

Peter gathered up his ledger from the table. It was his most precious possession, and the protective act was unconscious. Then, for the second time that night, he went into his bedroom, followed by the four Germans. He was white and shaking. He could not understand what these men were after, and the message they proposed seemed to be useful. The only kind of message that he could send would be something very like it. He might as well deliver it, since these crazy autocrats had decided that it must be given thus, and not otherwise.

He laid the book down on the bed, turned to the telephone, and lifted the receiver. As he did so the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against his temple. The first buzzings of the telephone resolved themselves into a voice from the coast of England asking what he wanted. Then, it seemed as if a new light were thrown upon the words he was about to speak. He knew instinctively that if he spoke them he would be working for the enemy.

"This is Peter Ramsay speaking", he said. "I have just sighted three submarines due north of the 'Hatchets'."

He paused. Then, with a rush, he said:

"Trap. Germans in lighthouse forcing me . . .!"

The hand of one of the captors struck down the hook of the receiver. The shot rang out, and Peter Ramsay dropped sidelong, a mere bundle of old clothes and white hair, dabbled with blood.

The German at the telephone replaced the receiver on the hook which he was still holding down.

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"Crazy old fool", muttered Bernstein. He was staring at the book on the bed. It lay open at a page describing an open-air service among some Welsh miners which Peter had once witnessed, a memorial service on the day of Gladstone's funeral. He had been greatly impressed by their singing of what was supposed to be Gladstone's favorite hymn, and it ended with a quotation:

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

The murderer stooped and laid the revolver near the body. One of his men touched him on the elbow as he did it, and pointed to Peter's own revolver on a shelf beside the bed. Bernstein smiled. The idea was good, and he put Peter's own revolver in the stiffening fingers. He had just succeeded in making it look a realistic suicide when the telephone bell rang sharply, making him start upright as if a hand were laid upon his shoulder. He took the receiver and listened.

"Can't hear", he said, trying to imitate Peter's gruff voice. "No—I dropped the telephone on the floor—no—it was a mistake—no—I said three submarines—two hundred yards due north of the 'Hatchets Light'—all right, sir."

He hung the receiver up again and looked at the others.

"We may succeed yet", he said. "Come quickly."

A minute later they were standing on the reef. Bernstein blew a whistle thrice. It was answered from the darkness by another, shrill as the cry of a gull, and in five minutes more the four men were aboard the submarine. It submerged at once.

Commander Pickering, the officer on duty at the naval base, was not sure whether it was worth while paying any attention to the message from the "Hatchets". He went to the window and looked at the starry flash in the distance.

"Old Peter probably sighted a school of porpoises", he said.

The two men of the Naval Reserve who were waiting for orders watched him like schoolboys expecting a holiday, but he could not make up his mind. He left the window and studied the chart on the wall, where the movements of the submarines were marked in red ink from point to point as the reports came in, till the final red star announced their destruction. He chewed his lip as he pondered. There was a fleet of submarine destroyers in Westport Harbor at this moment, but they had only just come in from a long spell, and he was loth to turn them out on a wild-goose chase.

"Confound the old idiot", he muttered. "Wanted to say that he had seen submarines, and starts jabbering about Germans in the lighthouse. Ring him up again, Dawkins, and find out whether he is drunk or talking in his sleep."

Dawkins went to the telephone. For five minutes he growled into the mouthpiece and rattled the hook.

"Don't get any answer at all, sir."

Commander Pickering went to the window again with his night-glasses.

"Damned if there isn't a light in both his rooms, and it's getting on for two o'clock in the morning. There's something rum happening. We'll take a sporting chance on it and make a sweep of the bay. I'll go out to the 'Hatchets' myself on the 'Silver King'.

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I think the old boy is dotty, and I suppose the Admiral will have my scalp for it tomorrow; but there's just one chance in a hundred thousand that Mr. Peter Ramsay did spot a squadron of U-boats. If so, we may as well *strafe* them properly."

He went to the telephone himself this time and began issuing orders all over the base. His final sentence was an afterthought, an echo and an elaboration of the queer warning he had received from the "Hatchets".

"Don't go straight out. Make a sweep round by the south. There may be a trap, and you may as well let a dirigible go ahead of you and do some scouting."

"It often happens with these chaps", said Commander Pickering to Dawkins as they stood in Peter's bedroom an hour before dawn. "It's the lonely life that does it. They ought always to have a couple of men in these places, and if it hadn't been for the war there would have been two men here. Look at all this stuff. The poor chap had religious mania or something. See what he has written on these scraps of paper, every blessed text he could find about lanterns and lights, and it's all mixed up with bits from Spencer on The Unknowable."

"It was well known in Westport", said Dawkins, "that he had a screw loose about religion, but he seemed such a reliable old boy. You don't think he could have seen anything to set him off like, sir?"

"Lord knows what he may have been playing at before he did this. We'd better go upstairs and have a look at the light."

The two men plodded up the steep winding stair till they emerged on the railed platform under the great crystal moons of the lantern. The glare blinded them.

"Turn those lights off", said Commander Pickering.

Dawkins ducked into the tower and obeyed.

A dozen patrol-boats, each with its black gun at bow and stern, were cruising to and fro over rough seas that looked from that height very much like the wrinkles on Peter's grey face. Another sailor stepped onto the platform, breathing hard from the ascent, and saluted.

"A telephone message for you, sir", he said. "There's been a lot of mines discovered off the point. We should have run straight into them if we'd steered a straight course out."

Commander Pickering looked at Dawkins in silence. Far away to eastward the dawn was breaking, red as blood, through a low fringe of ragged grey clouds. In a few moments the crystal moons of the "Hatchets Light" were afire with it, and breaking it up into the colors of the rainbow round the black figures of the three men.

"We'll have to apologize to Peter", said Dawkins at last.

"It was a very lucky coincidence", said Commander Pickering, and he led the way downstairs at a smart pace to Peter's room again.

"There's no doubt that he shot himself", he said. "Look at all this. The man was stark mad. See what he has written on the title-page, under his own name: *'Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church'.*"

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RARE BOOKS IN WARTIME

BY GEORGE H. SARGENT

To everyone except the possessors of them, rare books seem to be articles of luxury, and therefore it is but natural to assume that war's heavy shadow must have fallen across the book-auctioneer's bench. Within the past three years, especially in England, the pressure of taxation and cost of living has brought many a fine library into the book-auction market. It may be assumed that the buyers are under the same heavy pressure as the sellers. Yet the fact remains that the past book season has been productive of a large number of new record prices for book rarities, and that while the number of surpassingly rare books coming into the auction market has been the largest ever known in a single season, they have been the object of an increasingly spirited competition, and the level of prices for this class of material has risen in a measure to correspond with everything else.

It has been stated in financial reports—with how much truth it is difficult to say—that there has been an increase of seven hundred millionaires in America within the last year. It is a common idea that rare books—the rarest of rare books—are only for the millionaire, and indeed the prices paid for some single items last season would seem to warrant this belief. The financial statement has a grim suggestion of war profiteering, but the fact is that among the most assiduous and earnest of book collectors are men who have never entered the millionaire class. And further consolation may be derived from knowing that many of the high-priced books sold last season are destined for the libraries of public institutions which have not the resources to enable them to go into the auction room to compete with the dealers and private collectors. For instance, Mr. Henry E. Huntington possessed two copies of the rarest of Milton's works, the "Comus" of 1637, acted as a masque at Ludlow Castle, the seat of the Earl of Bridgewater. The dedication copy of this work was sold at the Anderson Galleries in New York last February for $9,200. Mr. Huntington's second copy was catalogued for sale in April, but the Elizabethan Club of Yale University wanted it, and when it was seen that the price was beyond the reach of the club, Mr. Huntington, with the consent of prospective bidders, withdrew the book and presented it to the Elizabethan Club. There is another copy of this great rarity in Boston, but it is in a private library and ultimately will go to Harvard University. Book collectors are not much given to talking about their benefactions, but many rare books which have been the object of eager competition frequently appear unexpectedly on the shelves of college or public libraries, no flourish of trumpets announcing the welcome accession.

Much evidence might be brought forward to show that America is today the great book-auction market of the world, but it would be superfluous. Many great libraries have been sold in England during the past season,

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and many of their treasures have been purchased by American agents. It is useless to speculate what would have been the result on prices in the London auction rooms had it not been for the American bids. For the same class of items, prices generally have ruled higher in this country than abroad, even with American buyers represented there. The library of Lord Vernon, recently sold in England, contained several important Shakespeare items, including the four Folios, which have been so carefully hidden from the eyes of the world that they do not figure in the Census of Shakespeare Quartos. Without having the copies side by side for examination, it is not possible to make exact comparisons of prices with those paid for the same items at the Huntington sale in New York. Yet while the Vernon copy of "King Lear", 1608, went for $2,000, the Huntington copy brought $2,100; the "Merchant of Venice", 1600, brought $1,550 at the Vernon sale and $3,450 at the Huntington sale. In nearly every instance has there been a margin of profit greater in this country than in England, possibly due to the sudden appearance in the book market of the seven hundred new millionaire collectors, but more likely due to the general increase of interest in book collecting in this newer world. The new millionaire, as a rule, does not suddenly become a book collector. He buys steam-yachts, stables of horses, keeps more servants —if he can get them—and smokes better cigars.

There is really no great mystery about the high prices being paid for rare books in these war times. Of the First Folio of Shakespeare, for example, only a small number of copies, approximately known, are in existence. Many of these are in public libraries, from which they will never come out. Of those in private hands, some are destined to go into public libraries. Of the remaining few, some will be sold in course of time, either from stress of circumstances of their owners or to settle estates. As the number of book collectors is constantly growing, due to the general increase of wealth in this country, the collectors who wish to add the masterpieces of English literature to their libraries realize that their opportunities must be seized when they present themselves. Given a desirable article, a decreasing supply and an increasing demand, the fundamental law of economics goes into operation, and high prices for the First Folio result.

So it is with the dealers. They recognize the upward trend of prices, and most of them can draw lessons from their own painful experience. Less than a year ago Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach of Philadelphia sold to Mr. J. L. Clawson of Buffalo a copy of "The Merchant of Venice", one of the Shakespeare quartos, for $1,200. Last April he was the underbidder at the Huntington sale in New York for a less desirable copy of the same work, which went to a private collector in Minneapolis for $3,450. The George L. Harrison copy of "Julius Cæsar", another of the Shakespeare quartos, was sold by Doctor Rosenbach to Mr. Huntington for $250, and the Philadelphia dealer saw the same copy sold at the Huntington sale for $560. A few years ago George D. Smith, the New York dealer, saw in a box outside a Boston bookstore a copy of "Graham's Library of Fiction. No. 1", containing "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", by Edgar Allan Poe. He paid twenty-five cents for it, took it to

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New York and sold it to Scribner's, considering $59.75 a fair profit. From New York it went back to Boston, to go into the library of Frederick W. French. When Mr. French died and his library was sold in 1901, Mr. Smith and the representative of Scribner's were underbidders for this rare pamphlet, which brought $1,000. When dealers have experiences like these, they are inclined to throw past records to the winds, and as a result prices soar constantly upward.

It would seem, therefore, that our war book market is not altogether due to the war or to the excess profits made by those who buy books. It has a solid basis in an economic law, and this law operates alike in times of war and peace. The conditions in this country are far different from those during the Civil War, and everyone with vision realizes that the old order has changed forever. Most of the private libraries in this country are being formed by men of literary tastes, and not by mere money-grubbers. Even the shipbuilder who is getting sixty-five dollars a week may have a liking for books, and in course of time he is bound to gratify his taste. In the present world crisis the cultivation of the higher tastes is not overlooked, and we are not entirely giving up the pursuit of book collecting simply because we are serving on Red Cross and Liberty Loan committees and draft boards. This, in itself, is a hopeful sign for the future.

It is interesting to compare the present book prices with those of the auction room in the Civil War days. There were book collectors then, but in no such number as at present, and the influx of books from Europe had hardly begun. To the present-day collector it is maddening to compare the prices paid in wartime then with those of the present. Zelotes Hosmer was a Boston hardware merchant in 1861, residing in Cambridgeport. Fond of books from his youth, he accumulated a library, not of great extent, but remarkable for the rarity and value of its contents. Constrained to sell a portion of his library, it was disposed of at auction "in Mr. Leonard's upper room" on May 7, 1861 and four following days. The record of that sale is enough to make one weep. A newspaper writer, commenting on the sale of the 1570 edition of Brant's "Ship of Fools", which brought $76, asked: "Is there a stateroom in that same ship of fools for bibliomaniacs who give extravagant prices for merely curious books?" Last season's price for this same work was $170, and it was commented upon as being low. The same writer notes, regarding the third day's sale, that "the highest price given for any one volume was for a very fine copy of the first edition of the works of Sir Thomas More, 1557, which went as high as eighty-four dollars. This copy belonged to Dr. John Donne and had his autograph." Mr. Hosmer had paid $72.50 for this, and the wartime price of $84 seemed a large one. Four years ago it brought $150 without the autograph. Hosmer's copy of More's "Utopia", first edition, cost him $35, and the Huntington copy was sold last season for ten times that amount. A copy of the first edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queen" brought $70; at the Huntington sale of last season the price of $515 was paid for this same rarity, and at the recent Huth sale in London a copy which Mr. Huth had bought at the Charlemont sale in 1865 for £40 10s. ($202.50) brought the new record price of £222 ($1,100). The recent Huth prices were remarkable in comparison with those of our Civil

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War time. In 1865 the Charlemont copy of Spenser's "Shepheardes Calendar", 1579, was bought by Mr. Huth for thirty guineas. In the Huth sale it brought the remarkable price of £720 ($3,100). Here the American buyer was again in evidence.

The discrepancy between Civil War and World War prices of Shakespeariana, however, is most marked. This is probably not so much due to the increased number of Shakespeare collectors as to the limitation which time has placed upon the number of copies procurable. Mr. Hosmer had to be content with the reprint of the First Folio, although he had fine, clean and perfect copies of the Second and Fourth Folios. The Second Folio was sold for $53 and the Fourth Folio for $31. Think of it, present-day collectors of Shakespeariana, who saw the Winston Hagen copy of the Second Folio sold less than six months ago for $2,950 and the Mark P. Robinson copy of the Fourth Folio for $910 within the same period! But the "Poems" of 1640, rarer than the Folios, shows the greatest appreciation in price. Mr. Hosmer's copy of this edition, the only collected one of Shakespeare's Poems that was published in the seventeenth century, had the rare portrait by Marshall, and was thought to be the only one in this country except Edward A. Crowninshield's, which was sent to London for sale. Mr. Hosmer's copy brought sixty-seven dollars. Winston H. Hagen's copy, sold last May, with the portrait skilfully remargined, brought $5,010. The Hagen sale was exceptional—probably the most successful single sale ever held in this country—yet the appreciation in price ought to serve as a warning to those who think the limit of rare book prices has been reached. Never again may the collector hope to secure a sixty-seven dollar copy of the first edition of Shakespeare's poems.

The veracious chronicler of the Hosmer sale also records that "a copy of the first edition of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream', in quarto, printed in 1600, went for sixty-three dollars. This was probably the rarest book in the collection, and brought the highest price in proportion to its size. It cost Mr. Hosmer eighteen pounds." Leaving out of consideration that the size of books has nothing to do with their price, the sale of the Huntington copy last spring for $2,350 shows that the quarto has grown in price, if not in size. Both were the unregistered edition of 1600, an edition being registered in the same year by Thomas Fisher, which is now thought to be the first edition, although such Shakespeare authorities as Halliwell and Fleay insisted that the unregistered edition was the first.

England was peacefully "profiteering" while America was in the throes of the Civil War, and her book collectors were busy. The sale of George Daniel's library, in 1864, affords an indication of the condition of the London book market at the time. The library was exceptionally fine, and it included some of the Shakespeare quartos. Among these was "Much Ado About Nothing", printed in 1600, which at the Daniel sale brought the unprecedented price of £267 15s. ($1,342.50). No copy was sold in this country then, or for many years after. But the Huntington copy sold last season came from England, and bore an honorable pedigree. It was from the Bridgewater library bought *en bloc* by Mr. Huntington, and was acquired prior to 1649, when it was catalogued by John, second Earl of Bridgewater. Mr. Huntington retains the copy

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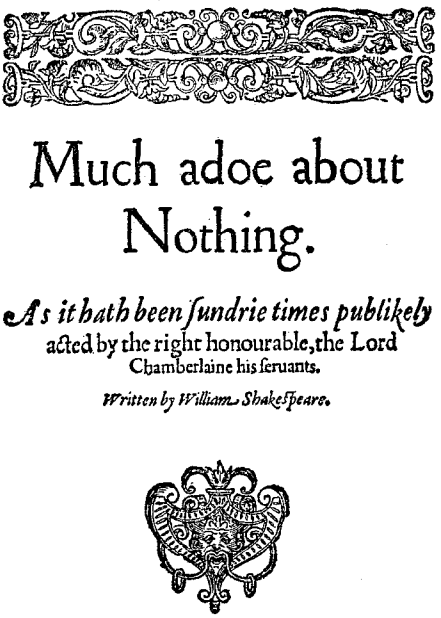
which was in the library of the late E. D. Church of Brooklyn, and sold this one for $10,100—the highest-priced book in English literature sold last season. It is a large copy of a small book, the British Museum copy, otherwise imperfect, and the Church copies being the only larger ones



Much adoe about Nothing.

As it hath been ſundrie times publikely
acted by the right honourable, the Lord
Chamberlaine his ſeruants.

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

LONDON
Printed by V.S. for Andrew Wiſe, and
William Aſpley.
1600.

A TEN-THOUSAND DOLLAR BOOK
One of the Huntington Shakespeare Quartos, which brought the highest price paid for any piece of English literature at auction last season

known. Probably no opportunity will come in the lifetime of the present generation of collectors to secure another copy, as the one retained is to go into a public library.

In these days, when the tide of rare books is flowing steadily from England to this country, the comment of the newspaper reporter at the end of the Hosmer sale is curious: "Several of the rare and curious volumes went back to London, and probably the entire library might have been shipped there and sold to advantage. Considering the state of the times the sale may be pronounced to have been on the whole a very favorable one; and we doubt not that Mr. Hosmer so regards it. It is not to be supposed that he has received back his original outlay. That would be asking too much." This is in contrast to present-day ideas of book collecting. Every collector knows that a library, judiciously selected and kept within proper limitations, should sell, at the owner's death, if not before, for as much as the books have cost him, and if he has a long life, for considerably more. No better instance of this can be found than in the sale of the library of the late Mr. Winston H. Hagen last May at the Anderson Galleries in New York. Mr. Hagen had a definite plan when he began buying rare books, intending to secure a small and important collection which should contain the monumental works of the great writers of English literature from Chaucer to the present day. Beverly Chew relates that when a friend of Mr. Hagen advised him to purchase good bonds rather than invest so much in rare books, Mr. Hagen replied: "No, my books are worth more than your bonds." Experience proved that he was right, for the 1466 lots in the sale brought a total of $145,425.25. Mr. Hagen was a constant buyer at the famous Hoe book sale, at which many people, even well-informed dealers, believed that the ultimate limit of prices had been reached. Mr. Hagen bought fifty-eight lots at the Hoe sale, his purchases amounting to $4,347. The highest price he paid for any volume was

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$500 for the first edition of Spenser's "Fowre Hymnes", 1596. In the Hagen sale this brought $700—the Huth copy brought $900 in London recently—and the total of the Hoe books at the Hagen sale was $6,531.50. Of the fifty-eight items from the Hoe sale only eight brought a lower price than that which Mr. Hagen paid for them. In his case it was not too much to ask that his books return the original outlay.

The condition of the rare-book trade has been spoken of by some dealers as "anomalous". But why anomalous? The true book collector regards books as a necessity, not a luxury. He sees the appreciation in values of everything else, and sees no reason why rare books should not share in the general upward trend of prices. Knowing his diminishing opportunities, he is willing to pay what appear to be big prices for books that seldom come into the market. And though the competition is keen, he believes that it is likely to be keener in future, and therefore regards his purchases as somewhat in the light of an investment. True it is that no real collector purchases books with the idea of selling them at a profit, yet even the rider of a hobby does not wish to see his horse "eating his head off in the stall". If America has produced seven hundred new millionaires within a year, it is likely to produce many more within the next few years, and some of these gentlemen are sure to become, sooner or later, book collectors. When they arrive at that happy state where they can appreciate the difference between the various issues and title pages of the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost", there will be even more strenuous days in the book-auction room, and the wise collector is the one who knows how to select, to discriminate, and to seize an opportunity when it presents itself.

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CURRENT TASTE IN FICTION: A QUARTERLY SURVEY

BY JOHN WALCOTT

The chances and fluctuations of the book market are always of anxious interest to publishers and booksellers, and not simply for the obvious reason. For these are sporting characters, magnanimously alive to the precarious nature of their joint enterprise. They want to turn a penny but if possible to turn it gloriously. They prefer swans, though they have to deal largely in birds of lesser plumage. There are conventions to be observed. The publisher, in particular, is bound to show a fixed delight and confidence in his darlings and on occasion (yawning in his sleeve) to produce the golden voice in their honor. But nobody is deceived, his aplomb is conventional; we know that he is secretly filled with hopes and fears like the rest of us. Every voyage is a risky one for him and his mate, the bookseller. Wind and weather threaten, and he must lay his course by dead reckoning—with a wary eye, let us say, on the sensitive barometer of fiction.

For you will notice that any summing up of the bookish conditions of the hour or prospects for the morrow is sure to base itself, explicitly or implicitly, on the "fiction and non-fiction" classification. How many people are wanting printed facts and ideas and records and arguments, and how many are wanting a story? Are the stories we are getting as good in their kind as the other books are? And are the stories most called for at the moment of the serious or the entertaining sort? These are the questions we are always asking, and always trying to answer by means of statistical tables and graphic pyramids on the one hand and by means of the scales and touchstones of criticism on the other. Two years or even a year ago, fiction was said to be in a bad way. The public had turned a shoulder or, worse, closed a pocket to it. A casual eye saw no great falling-off in the output of fiction, but even the publishers were commending us for not buying it. We were supposed to be so busy with history and sociology and psychology and books on and about and over and under the war as to be insensible to the straw-tickling of the story-tellers. High authorities held that the war was proving itself too much for imaginative literature, anyhow. We began to feel that the *strafing* of the Anglo-American novel would have to be added to the list of the Kaiser's enormities when the day of reckoning came. Last winter matters began to look up. Better books were forthcoming, and people were responding to them. The fiction of the early summer fell off a bit, but later advanced in a stronger wave. The outstanding fact of the moment is that the novel is more than holding its own by all the standards of the market. From publishers and booksellers the country over come almost unanimous reports of the increased demand for fiction, and, on the whole, for good fiction.

Sticking to the testimony of publisher and bookseller, we are on fairly

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solid ground, at least. When we begin to talk about the reading public, we find ourselves bogged in no time. There are a dozen reading publics, with little in common, and with less use for each other. You might as well talk about a writing public. But the buying public, the direct customers of the book mart, have one great thing in common, namely, a dollar. The people who write books and publish them and sell them over the counter all think well of that dollar: and even a critic cannot afford to despise it—as a symbol. Men have died for it, and few men willingly give it up for nothing. If novels are in more demand than other books, just now, it is because in some immediate sense they are worth more to the buying public. I wonder why, and I wonder how. They have certain spirited rivals—books of history, books about the cause and conduct of the war, books of applied science, and, through a pathetic human need of the hour, books of psychical research and theory. Current poetry is making an appeal undreamed of a few years ago. But the story-teller's booth is the crowded corner of the bazaar. What kind of story is he telling? What kind of story does his paying public want?

As usual it wants, roughly speaking, one of two things—a fairy-tale or a tale of men and women: a means of escape from fact or a means of approaching it. It wants, at the moment, to get away from the fact of war, or to be helped to understand it. Sometimes it "wants" both things in different senses—desires the escape and overwhelmingly needs the interpretation. Hence the queer thing a very prominent New York bookseller told me the other day (and I found they were having the same experience elsewhere). I had put my question about what his customers wanted in the way of a story. "I'll tell you", he said, "it's this. You couldn't stay in this shop fifteen minutes without hearing it. What they all say is, 'Give me something that isn't about the war. I want a good story with the war left out'."

"Why", I began, "So-and-so upstairs just told me——"

He lifted a courteous hand: "Hear me out. That's what they *say*—but they always buy a war story."

I was puzzled, and he went on to explain: "They have to. We don't get quite the ordinary run of book-buyers, you know. Ours are after the best—and just now the best novel is always a war novel".

In a way this was a special case. The "ordinary run" of book-buyers is our present affair; and plenty of them are quite single-minded about this business of escape, and manage it with very little trouble. They make no bones whatever about quality. All they ask for is a certain kind of thing. Here, for instance, is the childlike male constituency of mechanical romance, the detective story of daily commerce. It wants to see the wheels go round, and it wants nothing else. And there, at the other extreme of simplicity, is the childlike female constituency of sentimental romance, the sweet pretty story. It wants to see the human heart squirm, and it wants nothing else. These are about as nearly constant as any audiences the publisher can count on. The same people are finding refuge from the war in them that were finding refuge in them a few years ago from business worry and domestic drudgery. They are the patent bitters and the proprietary syrup of literature. One odd fact I may note here: it is the men of the cities who want the one, and the wo-

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men of the villages who want the other.

There is a steady call for detective stories in all the great bookshops of the centers, but the lovers of sentiment muster their thousands and their tens of thousands from the country and the small town. And it is the latter who play favorites. "Give us a good detective story" is the male formula; but "that last Gene Stratton-Porter thing" is what the gentler constituency ask for.

Somewhat less ingenuous avenues of escape from "every-day" lie in the fiction that wins glamour from remoteness in time or place. Historical romances are still written, whether of the documentary or the costume variety. A few people look for them. But there have been none of spontaneous merit this year, and according to the booksellers their natural or normal constituency has fallen off. Frontier romances hold their own far better. No doubt their very limitations, the few primitive motives and situations possible to this literature of range and trail, are restful to many people who find life now, apart from the sustaining duty of the moment, a nightmare of unrest and horror. The truth is that "every-day" is no longer a matter of dull detached routine for any of us; we have to face it not only here but over there, in the latest news or letter from the front, in our fears and hopes and sacrifices. The old humdrum may be with us, but now it belongs to the surface. The deep substance of every-day *is* the war, and this is why our responsible story-tellers cannot keep away from it, or we from them. This also is why many of our mere entertainers cannot keep away from it. I am sorry for that, I wish it weren't so, both for the sake of honest entertainment and our own self-respect. There are several varieties of current fiction lumped in the catalogues and advertisements as "war fiction" that I should rank with other commodities of the war profiteers. I think it a healthy sign that there is a new and strong demand, this fall, for books that bring out the humorous aspect of the Great Horror. We are right to keep our spirits up with nonsense, as they do in the trenches. What Bruce Bairnsfather did with his pencil, our story-tellers are beginning to do with their pens. Only a year or two ago we were laughing light-heartedly over "Seventeen" and "Bab: A Sub-Deb". Now it is "Dere Mable" and "The Amazing Interlude" that bid fair to stand near the top of the book-heap within the next month or so. . . . This is all honest stuff, and so is the war romance of secret service and military adventure—the natural business of the Oppenheims. What I can't help despising is the story-teller who deliberately makes use of the war to enhance his stale romantic effects: the story-teller who seizes upon some sensational aspect of the war and exploits it flashily in connection with a mechanically romantic action; or the story-teller (and there are many of her) who gives us a book that is four-fifths a story of escape, idyl or comedy, and in the last act treacherously and for no proper cause immerses us in the foul reality (as it must be under such conditions) of the war; or the story-teller who uses the war to get rid of his villain, or summarily reform his hero, or frighten his heroine into that gentleman's arms. In short, I feel it deplorable that the war should be employed as a mere mechanical convenience, and I wish the buying public might be more alive to the radical difference between this false war fiction and the real thing.

However, we are supposed to be con-

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sidering not what ought to be, but what is. About the main fact there is no doubt: people are buying more novels of the war, are finding it less desirable to escape from them, than they were even a few months ago. I have suggested one reason for this—that we are realizing the war as the veritable warp of current life whether of every-day or of the imagination. But there is another interesting thing about it. People are preferring war novels not only to peace novels, but to the ordinary war document. What thrilled us for a year or two was the personal record of the man in the trenches or the man in the battery or the man in the war-plane. And these men responded voluminously to the demand. For that matter, I should not wonder if there were more titles of this sort than ever in the lists of the present season. Nevertheless signs increase that the war diary or personal record has passed the height of its popularity. There are natural reasons for this. To begin with, the man in the trench or the ambulance or even the fighting-plane doesn't see the war; he sees the place and the job, and they, after all, are pretty much of a muchness. It is astonishing how little that was fresh and informing, after the first book or two, these chroniclers have been able to tell us. The new conditions and tricks of the new fighting were surprising and exciting enough at first. We accepted with enthusiasm the most artless bits of testimony from some of the first who had faced them. But millions have faced them since, and the new man's impression of them does not differ greatly from the old. I believe we have come to feel a sort of monotony as well as an essential limitation in the personal or documentary narrative unless as it is touched with art. We have had the facts, now let us have something in the way of an interpretation of those facts. What *is* this thing that holds us, and hurts us, and will not let us go? We can see that is full of pain and squalor and bravery and the spirit of the game: show us also its larger and richer meaning, its tragic beauty, its hidden promise for the sons of men.

In some such spirit as this, I think, we are turning from the sight of battle toward a larger vision of what this battling world is really about. We are showing a disposition to face the whole music, with a chance of fighting our way through—and the best of us, after all, had rather do that than escape. There are, of course, almost insensible gradations from document to interpretation. The books of Boyd Cable, or the just published "Gentlemen at Arms" of "Centurion", or the similar work of his naval colleague "Bartimeus" are imaginative renderings of fact. The equally anonymous "Fields and Battlefields" of a sergeant in the British Medical Corps is neither bare record nor fiction; but a blend of personal experience and mellow commentary in a fresh though, I suspect, not popular vein. But the sketch and the short-story, however artfully handled, haven't it in their power to give the public what it wants at the moment. That, I believe, is a larger picture and interpretation of the world (which is ourselves) at war (which is our life). One novel of the moment that is reaching a wide audience is a translation from the Spanish—"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", by Blasco Ibáñez. Not an ingratiating title, one would think, for our supposedly light-minded public! And it is a book of somewhat portentous size and scale. But somehow news has got about that here is a story of epical

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quality, a really big study of the effect of the war on human nature and on European civilization; and there was a public ready for such a book. In a sense it marks an advance upon those studies of the effect of the war on the individual and his special environment of which "Mr. Britling" is the type—not quite the prototype, since "Changing Winds" came before. But the case of the individual has an inexhaustible interest for us who can't cease to be persons even in the process of growing toward citizenship in a world's democracy. Every serious novelist has now written or will soon write his "Britling" or its equivalent. What endless drama, both of comedy and of tragedy, lurks in the contact of the sophisticated egotist, or the domestic jellyfish, or the sheltered provincial, with the unceremonious challenger and revealer, War? In lighter handling, this kind of story concerns the clarifying of personal problems and situations—but this brings us perilously close to the utilization of the war as a cheap and handy exit for indolent story-tellers. Perilous, too, is the careless employment of the horror of war for sensational effect. It is a great pity that a big public should have turned (under Rooseveltian command) to the vulgar handling, in "The Unpardonable Sin", of a theme which had been so beautifully treated in "The Outrage" of Annie Vivanti Chartres. But on the whole the instinct of the buying public seems to be leading it pretty straight toward wholesome and honest work.

I have received some extraordinary testimony to this effect from various representative booksellers all over the country who have been kind enough to answer a question or two about recent tendencies. In the West and the Northwest the fiction trade during the early summer seems to have been exceptionally slack. One large dealer for the Pacific Northwest reports that the buying of new novels fell off in July and August about seventy-five per cent. This was followed by an upward movement involving three classes of fiction: the pioneer story, the humorous story, and the good war story. Late in September, however, the sale of new fiction was still relatively small, and this bookseller does not expect it to improve materially this autumn. He has an interesting theory about it; first, that people are buying other books than fiction, and second, that there has been a shift in the personnel of the fiction-buying public as such: "A spiritual necessity drives the reader today to devotional books of various kinds. A necessity for practical knowledge drives the technical and mechanical workman to the proper text-books in his profession. The new salesperson, secretary, etc., seeks instruction by short methods and buys business books; the prospective soldier, as well as the one in the service, desires the military books containing the information necessary for his welfare." Therefore the novel falls to the ground. But there is another explanation: "The discriminating buyer, the taster of new fiction, is almost an extinct species, for as a rule the discriminating were salaried people and others with small incomes who have been hard hit by the high cost of living. A new class of readers has risen: the laboring man and woman, who seek the vivid sensation, the tale of adventure. Then we find the anxious-minded person who seeks a change of thought in humorous fiction, and last there is the thoughtful individual, who is interested in the spirit or morale of the people as a whole. . . . The eager chaser of the latest title in fiction is now a *rara avis*, and so we have less

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difficulty in disposing of old titles than at any time in past years by comparison, though indeed the sale volume is smaller." This last bit of testimony is corroborated by another bookseller of the Northwest, who says that his "following" have been calling for novels of literary merit, and who goes so far as to record his belief that "the mediocre novel is a thing of the past". I wish history gave us a little more encouragement to share this belief. . . . This bookseller, at all events, is doing his best to lift the standard. He mentions selling personally some fifty copies of a recent book of essays in ten days by recommending it to customers: "In the spring, we called their attention to Marshall, who was not known in the Northwest, with the result that he has quite a following among our clientele. We likewise introduced our public to Locke, Buckrose, Hudson, Merrick, Bennett, Buckingham, and to the long forgotten but revived Butler". I doubt if we give the bookseller the credit he deserves for the vast amount of quiet missionary influence he exerts as part of his day's work.

Perhaps the real trouble with the Northwestern market in mid-September was that the incoming tide of more promising fiction had not yet reached there. It was not far off. A letter of about the same date from California reports that people out there are not only after good books, but good new books. I should like to quote the whole of this amusing and edifying letter: "If memory serves me right", it begins, "and the bookseller's memory is usually about as short-lived as the life of the average best-seller, there developed a slump in war books about midsummer and a perceptible falling off in novels of all grades. There were exceptions, of course. Here and there a new novel loomed big or some war book caught the public fancy, but the bread and butter business during June and July seemed to be in the hangovers of 1917 or early 1918 publications. . . . The public grew finicky. 'Have you a real good book not about the war?' was the reiterated demand. We began to worry about war books and mentally depreciated the stock so that profits became visionary. Then came 'The Glory of the Trenches' and 'Out to Win' by Dawson, and hope revived. But it was soon dashed, because the demand veered to fiction of the 'U. P. Trail' type and war novels as well as the average war book remained comparatively lifeless. . . . Then came 'The Amazing Interlude' and Bennett's 'The Pretty Lady' and 'Nocturne' and 'Ladies from Hell' and a host of other well-written books, and sales leaped and the public taste seemed to grow by what it fed on and before we knew it telegrams were resorted to because mails were too slow to replenish stock and our express bills began to mount amazingly. And it was borne in on the sales force that there were just as many demands for a GOOD novel about the war as there were for a GOOD novel not about the war. The accent, you see, was on the GOOD. We immediately adjusted ourselves to the need of the hour by reducing the number of titles and increasing the quantity of each title worth while. Today our fiction and war book business is better than for the same period last year. We are selling more books in all, but fewer poor books. In other words, the *fromage de Brie* that used to get over the counter in years past now stands no chance either with us or the public. The good book today is as firmly fixed as a good merchandising commodity as ever. Rinehart's 'The Amazing Inter-

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lude' has with us outsold Grey's 'U. P. Trail', and Swinnerton's 'Nocturne' and Mary Webb's 'Gone to Earth' have sold almost as well as a Harold Bell Wright or Gene Stratton-Porter story. They would have sold much better even than they did had we had the courage to play up to the demand. But most booksellers are still worshipping at the shrine of the author of 'A Daughter of the Land' or 'When a Man's a Man', and can hardly believe the evidence of their own senses."

In other words, the bookseller might be more of a missionary than he is without treachery to his pocket—if he only had faith in his customer as well as in his commodity. Let us hope this is true doctrine and that time will encourage booksellers and theatrical producers and publishers to act upon it. After all, what the public wants, even the public with the dollar, must always be a matter of experiment—and why not experiment in the upward direction? If there really is a new showing of good taste and intelligence on the part of the fiction-buying public, now would seem to be a good moment for publishers to "take a chance" on the side of virtue.

With the new orders for economy in titles, the cutting down of the publishers' lists by federal command, there will have to be a pretty careful combing out of whatever can be dispensed with. And if the booksellers are right about an increased public demand for books of positive merit, we may find during the coming months an automatic dwindling in the supply of mediocre novels if not quite yet their dismissal as "a thing of the past".

NINE BOOKS FOR THE MONTH

I

It was early in the afternoon of Thursday, the twelfth of September, 1918, that I climbed aboard car No. 7029 of the Chestnut Street line, Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, and undid a brown paper parcel which contained the proofs of a book. The weather was mild and moist, the wind was southeast. It had been raining, but the showers had ceased, though a lady in a green farthingale was walking with her umbrella still up. I felt the uneasy abdominal peristalsis of one about to undergo a critical experience.

In the time it took No. 7029 to proceed from Broad Street to Sixth I had twice read the introductory essay, and already had confirmed my intuitive suspicion that for one of my tastes this was a book in a thousand. I found myself wrought up to that curious tensity of exaltation and nervous excitement in which one woos the fair sex, asks for a raise, commits a crime, gets drunk, or spends vast sums of borrowed money. It is a frenzy perhaps only known in its fulness to the bibliopath. It requires active physical gesture, loud talk and a lot of it, blazing tobacco, and patient acquiescence on the part of listeners. It can only be composed by continuous applications of tea and toast.

The book was A. Edward Newton's "The Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections", now just published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

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In thinking of Mr. Newton one thinks at once of Dr. Johnson, and the Doctor has stated once and for all the creed of a book reviewer—

"There are two things which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion, shewing from various causes why the execution has not been equal to what the authour promised to himself and to the publick."

Now it will be admitted on all hands that a reviewer should keep his composure; that he should not begin his commentary with the burning head and cold, clammy hands that betray the forfeiture of critical temperance. Yet if I confess that Mr. Newton's delightful volume has caused an active undulation and estuary in my arteries, it is only because I believe the same fevers will assail any devotee of letters who embarks with the author on a tour of his library shelves. As for the conclusion to which Dr. Johnson felt himself so competent, I cannot attempt it. I know not what Mr. Newton intended, but his "publick" may heartily rejoice in their good fortune.

For in this curious world where so many have found consolation in the bottle (the ink-bottle), I wonder if any man ever glutted himself more nobly with that noble intoxicant? Mr. Newton's book-passion is disinterested and pure. He does not make his living by letters, but (how far more romantic) by electricity; he does not collect books to sell them again. He does not collect books mere and naked, however rare and choice. He collects *copies*—books, as he calls them, with a *whenceabouts*—books enriched by human joy or trouble: hallowed by old gift and acceptance: books clothed with association and circumstance. In his treasure-house at Daylesford he has gathered a reservoir of fadeless ink that sets the senses in a swoon. There are of course greater and more staggering *thesauroi* of unique items; but was ever a collection presided over by deeper affection, irradiated with a more tender veinwork of association? There is no page of print or manuscript in that garner, precious as many of them are, that is not additionally enriched by the unifying sensitiveness of choice that has gathered it in—that fine human sensitiveness that enters into the laughter and sorrow of hearts long dead.

And that which makes Mr. Newton unusual among book collectors is that he really knows something about what he collects. Biography is his hobby—his golf course, as it were; the eighteenth century is his favorite hole, though he is lured on to the nineteenth hole by such figures as Lamb and Trollope and Wilde and R. L. S. On his chosen putting-ground he is unsurpassable: he knows his Boswell as a man kens his own house: he could find his way through that great book in the dark. So has he steeped himself in the doings and sirrings of the Johnsonian circle that he could take his chair at a meeting of the Club, or at Madam Thrale's tea-urn at Streatham, and (with a little caution) enter the conversation without challenge. In that Boswell of English—a Boswell not always undefiled, as he makes plain—Mr. Newton has tippled so deeply that his own life is delightfully drugged with the Johnsonian fumes. What ebriety indeed is so happy!

Of the thirteen essays, four deal

The *Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections*. By A. Edward Newton. Atlantic Monthly Press.

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with Mr. Newton's own adventures as a collector. Three turn about the Johnson coterie—and certainly the paper on Mrs. Thrale ("A Light-Blue Stocking") is one of Mr. Newton's happiest exercises. One deals with Lamb's love for Fanny Kelly; one with Lamb's grotesque friend Godwin, husband of the first suffragette; one is on Trollope, one on Wilde, one on Temple Bar; and there is an affectionate tribute to the memory of Harry Widener, the young book-lover who was drowned in the "Titanic" tragedy.

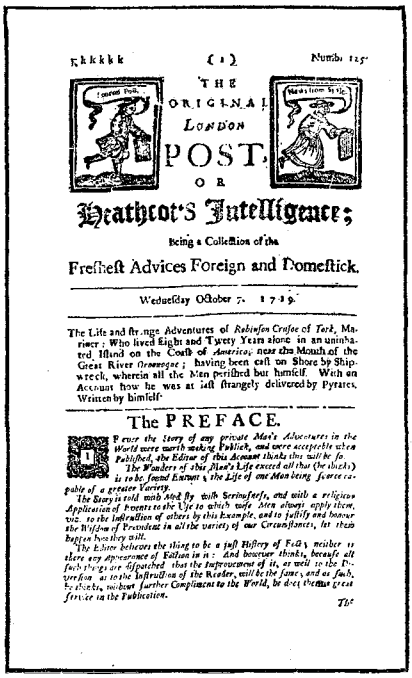
Let no one carp that I have not explained what the book is about. Now we can proceed.

I am happy to have been able to lure Mr. Newton into a few paragraphs of autobiography. He says:

"I was born many years ago in Philadelphia. When, it does not matter. I am not in the draft. I never had any education. Kindly disposed relatives took me in hand and I was sent from one school to another according to the judgment of the one who had me in charge for the time being. This is a poor plan.

"I got my first job at fifteen years of age, when I answered an advertisement in the 'Ledger' for an office boy. Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis wanted help, and was prepared to pay three dollars a week for it. This was before the days of 'The Ladies' Home Journal'. Mr. Curtis was so pleased with my appearance and address that he took me on. Neither of us discovered the genius latent in the other and we parted after a few months. I was not fired.

"My next job was with Porter and Coates, then at 900 Chestnut Street, in the stationery and fancy goods department. I was never in their book department. I have bought many books but I have never sold any. I



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THE ORIGINAL LONDON POST. OR Heathcot's Intelligence;

Being a Collection of the Freshest Advices Foreign and Domestick.

Wednesday October 7. 1719.

The Life and strange Adventures of *Robinson Crusoe* of *York*, Mariner: Who lived Eight and Twenty Years alone in an uninhabited Island on the Coast of *America*, near the Mouth of the Great River *Oroonoque*; having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself. With an Account how he was at last strangely delivered by Pyrates. Written by himself.

The PREFACE.

If ever the Story of any private Man's Adventures in the World were worth making Publick, and were acceptable when Published, the Editor of this Account thinks this will be so. The Wonders of this Man's Life exceed all that (he thinks) is to be found Extant; the Life of one Man being scarce capable of a greater Variety.

The Story is told with Modesty, with Seriousness, and with a religious Application of Events to the Use to which wise Men always apply them, viz. to the Instruction of others by this Example, and to justify and honour the Wisdom of Providence in all the variety of our Circumstances, let them happen how they will.

The Editor believes the thing to be a just History of Fact; neither is there any Appearance of Fiction in it: And however thinks, because all such things are dispatched that the Improvement of it, or will in the Diversion as to the Instruction of the Reader, will be the same, and as such, he thinks, without further Compliment to the World, he does them a great Service in the Publication.

The

WHEN ROBINSON CRUSOE WAS PUBLISHED AS A NEWSPAPER SERIAL

cannot bring myself to part with a volume, not even a duplicate. By great good fortune I attracted the attention of a man of some culture, who was fond of reading. For five years his interest in me served me in lieu of an education. Home influences were always of the best. Between my fifteenth and my twentieth year I read a great deal under the direction of my friend. He was a book-lover and I was by way of becoming one.

"When I was twenty I went abroad for a holiday. I was to go with another boy of about the same age, but at the last minute he backed out and I went alone. Perhaps it was just as well, for he later became a clergyman. London in 1884 was the London of Dickens. I rejoice that I saw it. My love of London has never left me.

"When I was twenty-one some one in my family thought they saw the

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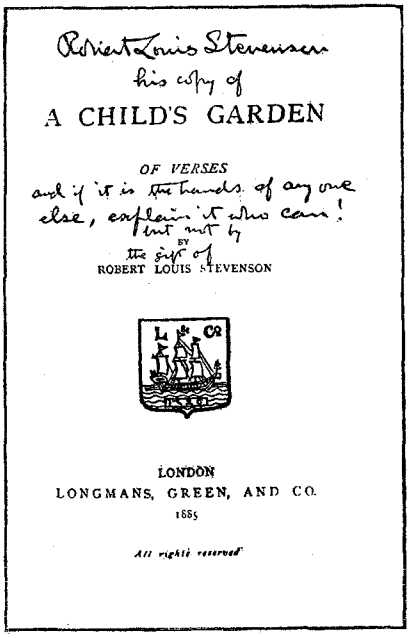
Robert Louis Stevenson
his copy of
A CHILD'S GARDEN
OF VERSES
and if it is the hands of any one
else, explain it who can!
but not by
the gift of
BY
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1885
All rights reserved

making of a banker in me, and for a few months I was with Brown Brothers and Company. This was the unhappiest time of my life, and I determined to throw up my job and go in business for myself: to do in a wholesale way what I had done in a retail way at Porter and Coates's. I worked very hard, and made a good deal of money for a boy who had started with only a thousand dollars capital. The money I made I saved, and after some years I sold the business I had established and invested all the money I had made, and some that I did not have, in the electrical business."

It ought to be said, however, that Mr. Newton's book is not merely matter for affection. Here is bookishness, with its "better adjuncts" of humor and humanity; but here also is (I think) new ground broken. He disclaims pretence of scholarship—"My knowledge is deficient and inexact, but what I lack in learning I make up in love". Yet in several sectors he has mopped up territory hitherto untaken. His deeply touching little sketch of Lamb's proposal of marriage to Fanny Kelly will be news to most Lamb students. His study of the Thrale household, his characterization of Boswell (with his agreeable grenades thrown at Macaulay), his unspading of Lamb's little known "Elegy on a Quid of Tobacco", his discussion of the part Dr. Johnson played in the history of poor Parson Dodd, and his visit to Temple Bar on its present little known site—these and many others are scraps of valuable novelty for most amateurs in these provinces. He tells us that

> Unlearned men of books assume the care
> As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair—

(I wish he had mentioned the "whenceabouts" of that jovial couplet), but I notice that his library is a nosegay for many humming professors, who leave it dusty with golden pollen. The cross-fertilization of collectors and professors, which he pleads for, proceeds apace.

One would gladly dally over any of a dozen aspects of the volume. Its discussion of the rising values of rare books, its thumb-nail sketches of the great dealers, will endear it to the trade. Its illustrations, reproduced from items in the author's collection, will seriously disorder the pulses of the enthusiast.

Mr. Newton admits that there is at least one first edition that he has not been able to find, and that he wants badly—Butler's "The Way of All Flesh". And this emboldens me to hope that some day he will give us a Newtonian essay on Butler. If necessary, I will even make over to him my own most cherished theme for a paper

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on the two most interesting man-servants in English letters — Francis Barber, Dr. Johnson's servant, and Alfred Emery Cathie, Samuel Butler's "man". How delightfully Mr. Newton could do that, how much better than any one else!

I hope the publishers of "The Amenities" have been lavish in their pressroom, for certainly every true book-lover will want his "Contemplative Man's Recreation". And, to quote the best-loved of contemplative men, "I have neither a willingness nor leisure to say more than wish thee a rainy evening to read this book in."

—*Christopher Morley.*

II

Vicente Blasco Ibáñez is a good friend of ours, that is to say, of the Allies. He has made himself responsible for a continuous illustrated History of the War, issued in numbers, that ought to reach in Spain precisely the class least accessible to intellectual argument and appeal: those prosperous in a small way, dependent upon their neighbors' opinion, where the wives meet at their marketing in the morning, each with her servant, and the men frequent always the same café and play at dominoes with the same partner in the long evenings. "Los Cuatro Jinetes del Apocalipsis" was intended to make a general Hispanic and European appeal. Translated and published during this past year in New York, it confirms what those who know Spain are perpetually affirming, too often unbelieved, that Spain is arrayed against Germany and all her works, in hand and brain and heart; that is, the labor party, the intellectuals, and the old and unmoneyed gentry, tenacious of their Latin lineage and Mediterranean land.

In "Mare Nostrum", his latest book, the protagonist is a Catalan-Valencian sea-captain, the deuteragonist a German female spy, born at Trieste, and the chorus the great Mediterranean itself. The author has fallen back upon the methods he used in "Los Muertos Mandan", and his theme is the same, the solidarity of race, the obligations of a common inheritance. Ten years ago the Balearic Isles supplied an imperious and all-pervading whole; today it reaches around all the shores of what the Romans called, quite simply, "our sea", *mare nostrum.*

With the mild ironic pleasure that more than half assents, he sets it down. "The Mediterranean peoples were, for Ferragut, the aristocracy of humanity. The potent climate had tempered mankind as in no other part of the planet, giving him a dry and resistant force. Tanned and bronzed by a profound absorption of the sun and the energy of the ambient air, the Mediterranean sailors were transmuted into pure metal. The men of the north were stronger, but less robust, less acclimatable than the Catalan sailor, or the Provençal, the Genoese or the Greek. The mariners of the Mediterranean settled in every land as though at home. It was on this sea that man developed his loftiest energies."

The line-up of nations is expressed in the puzzled, broken speech of the mate, a Valencian, a regionalist, and something more. Being asked to lend a little aid to Germany—

"He answered dolefully, 'I can't! I can't!' and added, 'I'm a Republican. . . . I am where I should be, I am with France; there is no more to say. As for England', he paused like a man who gathers his forces for a hard jump, then went on: 'There has always been one nation on top. We count for almost nothing now, and yet

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I have read that Spain prevailed over the entire world for a century and a half. We were everywhere; now we are in the soup. Then it was France's turn. Now it is England's. It does not bother me for one people to be above the rest. What matters is, what that people represents, the fashion it will set. If England triumphs, liberty will be the fashion. . . . With England, peace will be *de rigueur*, the government administered by the people, the disappearance of great armies, true civilization. . . . I am a Republican', he repeated, as though after that there were no more to add."

The story is kept exceedingly simple, with a conscious acceptance of the rôles of the Odyssey. Descendants of a race of mariners, Ulysses Ferragut, with his shadowy wife and young son left in Barcelona, has been captain of transatlantic liners, has tried commercial life ashore and wearied of it, and, irresistibly drawn back to the seafaring, has bought a fast freighter and calls her the "Mare Nostrum". This he mans with Valencians and Catalans, and commands himself. Toni, the mate, and Uncle Caragol, the cook, are genre figures deftly attuned to the emotional tone of the whole. Ferragut is a man like other men: he thinks little of his adventures and the reader hears as little, until the reasonable and right course of his life is deflected by feminine influence. To that he is liable. Freya Thalberg, a German spy working in Italy, is his Circe. Once in her power, in a maze of enchantment and intoxication, alcoholic and other, Ferragut is persuaded to help in supplying petrol to the first German submarines that operate in the Mediterranean. He sends back his ship and his sailors because they will take no part in this, but before he can arrive himself, his son, traveling in search of him, is blown up by these same submarines. This is the end for him of all his home, of wife as well as child, and he devotes the remainder of his life to carrying supplies for the Allies. Frau Thalberg is shot in Paris for a spy, and the "Mare Nostrum" sunk by a submarine off the Spanish coast. A marvelous page is that where Ulysses, after his ship is struck, passes in a few moments from the ship's bridge to a floating bit of wood among the waves, with the corresponding change in the aspect and proportion of things:

"He thought it was already night. Possibly in the upper layers of the air the last light of the sun was still shining, but at the water's level there was no more than a twilight clearness, a weak cellar-like splendor. The almost even surface seen a few minutes before from the bridge was moved now by ample undulations that sunk him in momentary darkness. Each of these was a hill interposed before his eyes, that left free only a few yards' space. When he came upon the top of one he could embrace with rapid vision the solitary sea, that lacked the gallant mass of the ship, and that was astir with dark objects. These objects lay inert or moved about waving a pair of black antennæ. Perhaps they implored help, but the wet desert absorbed the most furious cries, or turned them into a distant bleating."

Here is not much plot, but it is the whole of a life. The personages grow upon the reader slowly, developing fresh traits, discovering past episodes, keeping him always in an emotional attitude of sympathy or distaste, almost unaware. The first ninety pages are given over to a study of types sep-

Mare Nostrum. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez: Pronetes, Valencia, Spain. Authorized translation in preparation by E. P. Dutton and Co., to be ready about Nov. 15.

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arable from what follows, yet they constitute the whole background from which Ferragut emerges, the ambience in which he was saturated. As one goes on through 350 pages more, the action quickens, the scene is changed to Naples with Pompeii and Salerno, then to the Dardanelles and Salonica; and between part and part are set long lyrical passages of description, the first dealing with the Mediterranean of early days, the second with the ocean, the third, placed in the aquarium at Naples, with fishes and deep-sea creatures, the fourth with Catalan adventurers in the East. These may with justice be compared with the chorus of the ancient drama, and for the same reason that determined Sophocles and Seneca, the death of Freya is not enacted upon the stage but related by a messenger, that is to say, in a letter. The close, though long expected, comes suddenly, with few words of comment.

The finality of the book consists not half so much in its dealing with a single man, who is never off the scene, as in its emotional unity and what I have called its lyrical power to communicate feeling to the reader, refined, removed and tranquilized into art, like Wordsworth's "emotion recollected in solitude". This is no chance. It is the maturest work of a trained and conscious artist, who studied under the greatest French masters. D'Annunzio has made this sort of thing familiar to us, but D'Annunzio was mannered, was violent, was bent on scandalizing. Blasco Ibáñez has a graver way, a convincing naturalness, a striking æsthetic sincerity. We take his word for a thing.

Scraps and extracts could give no notion of this quality, and even the brilliancy of a descriptive passage is hard to isolate and condense, out of the serene and level amplitude of the whole. A page near the beginning lends itself best to detachment. Ulysses watches, in the shadow of the boat, shoals of little fishes:

"It was a crackling of yellow fires, of blue backs and rosy fins. They came out of the caves silvered and vibrant, like lightning-flashes of mercury: others swam slowly, big-bellied, almost round, with a coat of gold scales. On the slopes the crustaceans came scrambling with their double rows of claws, attracted by this novelty that changed the mortal calm of the under-sea depths, where all pursue and devour to be devoured in turn. Near the top floated the medusas, living umbrellas of opaline whiteness edged with lilac or brownish red. Under their gelatinous dome swayed the skein of filaments that serve them for locomotion, nutrition, and courtship. . . . The sun was near the height of his course, every wavelet of the sea lifted a scrap of the gold band that divided the blue immensity. . . . Ulysses saw him descend through the center of the ring of foam that his body opened. Then it was possible to measure the depth of this fantastic world composed of glassy rocks, animal plants, and animal stones. The brown body of the swimmer took, as he went down, the transparency of porcelain. It seemed of bluish glass, a statue molded with Venetian mirror paste, that would break when it touched the bottom. . . . Anon the body of white crystal turned greenish, grew and grew, then it became of coppery brown, and above the surface appeared the head of the swimmer, snorting and spouting." —*Georgiana Goddard King.*

III

It is an interesting coincidence that

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today, when so much of the interest of the thinking world is being directed toward Spain and South America, when their literature is being appreciated as never before and their theories of life examined in most serious quarters, that the one great presentation of the war should reach us through their language and through the views of an author representing both old Spain and new. For Señor Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, a Valencian born, has passed many years of his youth in the Argentines, and in his pictures of the life of a country family he gives us a really splendid insight into a pioneer condition that has seldom been given to cosmopolitan letters.

The chapters telling the life and adventures of Don Madariaga the Centaur are wonderfully graphic and compelling. This old ranchman-millionaire sums up in himself so much of the primitive South American character that he must long continue in our minds to be a primal type of his country. We understand our southern brother all the better for having this clear-cut study of him by the hand of a master realist. The marriages of Don Madariaga's daughters to a Frenchman and a German give Señor Blasco Ibáñez his fine opportunity to develop his romance in a manner fittingly broad and comprehensive; and the visits of the French branch to the German branch in Berlin afford us the proper contrasts for a great picture.

Leaving the fertile field of the Argentines and the studies of life in Buenos Aires, which, with all deference, we consider the best written parts of the book, the author takes us to Paris during the time of the tango craze. He shows us the popularity obtained in certain social circles by the young Julio, who is posing in his studio as a painter, but who, after the fashion of the day, has all his interest engaged in a life of light pleasures.

The premonitions of war are very cleverly sketched and its first symptoms depicted in a masterly manner. We are reminded more than once of Zola's great and tiresome novel "La Débâcle"; the grasp of so many details is well maintained without the slightest confusion; the characters are so typical, and the action so well managed, through the remoteness artistically introduced by the use of a foreign family residing in Paris.

The moral qualities of the romance are established in the more or less enforced abandonment of a life of pleasure by the young Julio, whose beloved disappears and leaves him stranded among the *embusqués* or shirkers of the capital. There is no other life left to a young man in Paris, be he native or foreign, and shame-faced for his tardiness, Julio follows the heroes into the mire and carnage of conflict. Here we behold the author of "Sangre y Arena" on ground that calls forth his most powerful gifts; the presentation of horror and desolation as moral agents; there is no figure absent from this picture, and we behold the unpitying execution of the mayor and priest of Villeblanche, the scientific spoliation of the castle in which Desnoyers forcibly entertains the German commandant, the outrages upon the women and children and the destruction of the countryside by the invaders.

Here the romance begins to take on the character of propagandist text.

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. From the Spanish of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, authorized translation by Charlotte Brewster Jordan. E. P. Dutton and Co.

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The unhallowed love of Julio and Marguerite is raised in the manner usual in French and Spanish literature from the plane of adultery to something more significant in morals; Marguerite is discovered among the nurses at the hospitals of Lourdes acting as nurse for a blind man who proves to be the husband she has abandoned. This is the good-bye of the lovers; the higher duties have claimed both of them and they can meet no more on earth.

Then, very skilfully, Señor Blasco Ibáñez shows how the poor hanger-on, Argensola, continues his life of dissipation in Julio's deserted studio; the grimy faded aspect of an existence from which even the excuse of youth has departed and all real manliness decayed. The final chapters depict Julio's return to the reunited family circle in Paris, with the secret in his heart that he has slain in battle his own cousin, Von Hartrott. We are again confronted with a telling phase in the author's romance—that of Julio's mother, old Madariaga's daughter of the Argentines, praying in the Church of St. Honoré:

" 'O Lord, why did we ever come to these lands? Why did we not continue living in the land where we were born?'

"Desnoyers, too, uniting his thoughts with hers, was seeing again the pampas, the immense green plains of the ranch where he had become acquainted with his wife. He recalled Madariaga on tranquil nights proclaiming, under the splendor of the stars, the joys of peace, the sacred brotherhood of these people of most diverse extraction, united by labor, abundance and the lack of political ambition.

"And as his thoughts swung back to his lost son, he, too, exclaimed with his wife, 'Oh, why did we ever come?' "

Julio had returned to the front and had perished in the ranks.

It will be a long time, if ever, before we have a better account of the Battle of the Marne than that given us by the Spanish author; he has accomplished a masterly synthesis of an event very confusing in its details and very broad in its field of action. Like all our recent Spanish and South American novelists, he has learned and profited by the mistakes of Zola and his followers, and he spares us many of the minute effects that we should surely have received to the detriment of the whole. It is this eclecticism that gives modern Spanish fiction its superiority over the much-proclaimed product of Russians and Scandinavians. The Spanish works show a sense that many things in life are not worth considering literary, and with the pronounced sense of contrast that is in every Spanish mind we are assured of a chiaroscuro that is dramatic and telling in all its qualities.

Witness Tchernoff's fine speech that has given the title for the romance:

" 'And when the sun arises in a few hours, the world will see coursing through its fields the four horsemen, enemies of mankind. Already their wild steeds are pawing the ground with impatience; already the ill-omened riders have come together and are exchanging the last words before leaping into their saddles.'

" 'What horsemen are these?' asked Argensola.

" 'Those which go before the Beast. That of the Apocalypse!' "

Thus Señor Blasco Ibáñez's character, Tchernoff, begins his story of the vision from which the title of the

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romance is derived. There is the thunder of these mighty hoofs throughout the whole work, which, as we have said, is the most remarkable war book that has yet made its appearance in print.—*Thomas Walsh.*

IV—V—VI

The intrinsic interest of "The Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse" has been impaired by the previous publication of another anthology "The New Poetry", which included many of the best pieces that are given in this volume. Besides, nearly all the poets represented have already published in volume form the poems which Mr. Braithwaite has been led to select. Yet this is an anthology to be welcomed. It is an excellent index to the quality of American poetry. And, dealing exclusively with the work of American poets, it has more of a unity than "The New Poetry" possessed. All the notable poets are here—Robert Frost, Edward Arlington Robinson, Ridgley Torrence, Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, Sara Teasdale, Bliss Carman, George Edward Woodberry. The pleasant surprise of the collection is the three or four poems by Ridgley Torrence which have not yet gone into an author's volume.

"Songs from the Trenches" is, of course, an anthology of war poetry, and it has a companion in the more veteran "War Verse". The impression we get from these two collections—one of poems written by men in camp, or on transport, or in the trenches, the other of poems by just such men and by civilians desperately concerned—is that the hatred which was made so much of at one stage of the war was no more than the froth on the top of the measure. The note struck in both anthologies is that of devotion, resignation, eager fulfilment.

"Songs from the Trenches" are by American soldiers. It is indeed remarkable that so many young men in this country are capable of writing verse of so good a standard. These verses have no well-known names to them, but all of them show a man's ability to express a personal emotion. The poem I like best has attached to it the name Bugler Hubert A. Kelley, and it is called "Cambric". The soldier who, as a child, was told from what place his mother's cambric came, is now marching on Cambrai—

> And now our guns are turned that way.
> It hurts me when a cannon booms;
> I think of Cambrai and her looms.

With "War Verse" we come to the well-known names—Bridges, Hardy, "A. E.", Gilbert Chesterton, Lord Dunsany, Wilfred Wilson Gibson, Alan Seeger, Neil Munro, Rupert Brooke. Alan Seeger's "I have a Rendezvous with Death" stands the test of time and the test of its present company. "The March" by another young poet, J. C. Squire, is very moving. Gilbert Chesterton's "The Wife of Flanders" is a keenly edged piece of rhetoric, very memorable; and his brother's "Serbia to the Hohenzollerns" has power.

But it is the famous poets who have contributed the outstanding poems. Robert Bridges's "Chivalry of the Sea" is not very remarkable. But Thomas Hardy's "Song of the Soldiers" and "A. E.'s" "The Gods of War" have all the distinction of the writers' minds. "A. E.'s" is a bitter rebuke—a rebuke from one of the most

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The Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard and Co.

Songs from the Trenches. Brought together by Herbert Adams Gibbons. Harper and Bros.

War Verse. Edited by Frank Foxcroft. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

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spiritual-minded men of today—to a world that still believes that the only assertion is by force—

Who dreamed a dream that outcasts born
Could overthrow the pride of kings?
They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.
His Dove its gold and silver wings
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame
In outcasts who abjure His name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay
Lip reverence that the heart denies,
O Nations. Is not Zeus to-day
The thunderer from epic skies,
More than the Prince of Peace? Is Thor
Not nobler for a world at war?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,
Those gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
The high companions of their will.
Who seek an airy empire's pride,
Would they pray to the Crucified?

O outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled
While life was yet at the high noon.
Come in the twilight of the world:
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

Thomas Hardy has never made verse to a more characteristic measure than in "The Song of the Soldiers":

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

In this poem, however, there is a faith that is unexpected in a Hardy utterance:

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
March we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.
—*Padraic Colum.*

VII

William Beebe is an ornithologist of note, a field naturalist equipped with comparative youth, rugged health, endless patience and a curiosity which surmounts all dangers. However, he is not content with this considerable claim to distinction. It is his evident urge to be shown as a creator of literature as well. He finds more in the jungle than can possibly be expressed in an ornithological report to the New York Zoological Society. It can only be expressed in unscientific terms, in prose poems and narrative essays. He is a man of acute sensory vitality, alive to odors, colors, the subtle overtones of natural scenery, the metaphors Nature writes on the face of the waters or whispers in the jungle bush. Therefore his essays based on his scientific adventures afield are full of interest even to people who have no particular passion for bird and animal study; indeed we are not sure but they are fuller of interest for such people. Dr. Beebe saves, perhaps, a trifle too much of his science for his reports. However, there is no denying that such a book as "Jungle Peace", made up of papers based on his trip to British Guiana in 1916 to establish the field observation station of the New York Zoological Society in the heart of the most fascinating and far-flung jungle on the globe, is one which intrinsically commands attention, and once it has secured attention, needs no further command to hold it.

But this is not to say that Dr. Beebe as yet writes with the skill, let us say, of Thoreau. It may be that Thoreau, whose idea of an adventure was to climb Wauchusett or to tramp down the Sudbury marshes, would himself have been stumped by the high Himalayas or the Equatorial jungle of South America, stretching away three thousand miles, trackless and terrible, to the Andes wall. Still,

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so far as we recall, Thoreau, in his descriptive writing, never resorted to the word "indescribable". We have an idea that this is the one word which should be taboo to a descriptive writer. When our author is confronted by something which is so beautiful that he is profoundly moved by it, we naturally expect him to communicate its essence to us, that we too may feel the charm or the wonder. If he informs us that it is "indescribable" we justly grow a trifle peevish. Such peevishness the reviewer has more than once felt in the process of reading "Jungle Peace".

The annoyance is the greater because this author, in reality, has extremely vivid powers of description, more than once striking out a simile which bites like the cleanest of etchings. His failure is rather due, we instinctively feel, to an underestimation of the writing craft, something which in the analogous case of ornithology, for instance, would fill him with sarcastic scorn. This underestimation takes two forms—a somewhat verbose and repetitious treatment of the lesser scenes and incidents where the process of transcription into words is easier, and a failure, oftentimes, even to attempt to rise to the climaxes. When, however, he forgets temporarily that he is an author at all, or that he is duty-bound to give us poetic or philosophic reactions, and becomes pure naturalist, recording the terrific battle between a host of army ants and their prey, and then the tremendous feat of the ants in scaling a (to them) fifteen-hundred-foot precipice with their burdens of food, he writes artfully because artlessly, his narrative carries us along breathless, he achieves literature by the twin aids of simplicity and sincerity.

To be both a man of science and a man of letters is, after all, no easy task. Darwin reached a point where he could not endure poetry. Many men of letters have reached a point where they could not endure Darwin! We cannot help feeling, after reading the opening pages of Dr. Beebe's book descriptive of the sea voyage to South America, that he is approaching a point where he can with difficulty endure any fellow-voyagers who do not take their pleasures lashed to the great anchor and armed with a grapple and a net. Undoubtedly this is a delightful place to perch upon while crossing the Sargossa sea, but one can conceive of people, and people not without intelligence, who might prefer a deck chair, a rye highball, and the latest novel of H. G. Wells. We are extremely grateful for the interesting results of Dr. Beebe's fishing from the great anchor; but that hardly excuses his scorn of all his fellow-passengers who didn't perch there with him. Besides, he'd have been angry enough if anybody had tried to!

Perhaps this is but another way of saying that what seems to us the marring note in "Jungle Peace" is the author's too insistent self-consciousness, till we are not always quite sure whether what he is trying to do is to make us feel the spell of the jungle or exhibit his own emotions. Naturally, of course, in a sense the way to achieve the former is found to be through the latter. But none the less there is a difference. Do we visualize the jungle, or do we visualize Dr. Beebe standing in it, having emotions? That is the test. He does not always meet it successfully. In part the fault may be temperamental;

Jungle Peace. By William Beebe. Henry Holt and Co.

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but certainly in part it is simply technical. You never once visualize him while he is observing the army ants, or the brave little fight of the hoatzin chick to elude capture (a bird, by the way, which he declares thrills him more than anything else on earth, but which he tantalizingly leaves undescribed in definite terms). Here his own life interest was so aroused that he lost all self-consciousness with his pen. Elsewhere the self-consciousness is too often present, resulting in adjectives and the personal pronoun, signs of a lack of complete artistic fusion between the object described and the means of expression. There is no disarming simplicity; the effort is apparent. The title of the book is "Jungle Peace", and the author has risked his life in the depths of that marvelous forest. Yet, curiously, a minor poet, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, who probably never saw the jungle nor any other part of South America, once wrote a brief poem about it which gives you more sense of the haunting peace, the quivering mystery, the awful vastness, than Dr. Beebe's entire book. Perhaps he, too, would have failed if he had really gone there. At any rate, in Dr. Beebe's book it is the quasi-scientific portions, the tales of adventure with bird and beast, that most interest in the end. We find the literary flourishes a trifle rococo after a chapter or two. He is, after all, more man of science than pure artist.

—*Walter Prichard Eaton.*

VIII

"What Germany was before the war she is during and will remain after the war. Nothing will drive her from her object, which is to destroy France," writes René Doumic in the preface.* This was self-evident to most of us, but Abbé Wetterlé has proved it with all the force of mathematics. Germany must control Belgium, France and Holland, as she must dominate Russia, or the simplest of her plans fails. This is the premise of her whole syllogism. There are many war books, none valueless, and some interesting; but this is unique and both valuable and interesting. No collection of war books can be complete without it. Abbé Wetterlé is the first writer to give an intelligent and very frank explanation of the relations of the German parliamentary party from the inside, and he knows how to do it with a light touch—a delightfully light touch which, however, has the sting of a rapier. People who know German politics will have exceeding pleasure in this book. Abbé Wetterlé makes it plain that the Centrum is no longer a strictly Catholic body and that the Social-Democrats are not destructive Socialists or utterly devoted to Marx and Bebel, but that both are parties subservient to Imperialism.

If we had prayed for an illuminating book in the shrieking darkness, we could not have been better rewarded. Prince von Bülow changed the complexion of all parties—strong men, like Windthorst and Bebel, disappeared. Their places are filled by mere politicians, and hence the complaisance with which the Reichstag is hurried into new horrors. They regard France and Italy as decadent; they are, like Erzberger, whom the German propagandists in this country would impose on certain circles of our community as a lover of religious liberty, haters of France and scorners of America. "We'll throw your idol, France, over with our little

*Behind the Scenes in the Reichstag. By Abbé E. Wetterlé. George H. Doran Company.

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finger. And look out for breakages! It will not be five but fifty thousand milliards of francs we shall exact from the conquered, and we shall impose upon her a treaty of commerce which will paralyze her for a century." The Abbé quotes this from the lips of the Pan-German speaker.

Nearly all the war books printed in English lack discrimination when they deal with the complexities of political parties; they give us no lights and shades, and very few bold sketches of the personality of the German politicians. Hertling is probably the best mind in the Reichstag; his gravest fault is that he lacks courage; "he chiefly sought to spare the government", as Abbé Wetterlé says. Lieber, Spahn and Hertling were the principal precursors of the odious Pan-Germanism of the Centrum. Groeber is another, an honest man used by his crafty colleagues to force the Centrists under the yoke of the Empire. "I always had", writes Abbé Wetterlé, "a feeling of embarrassment and pity when I heard Groeber in his strong bass voice uphold the crafty policy of his friends. He put such conviction and spirit into it." For a time Groeber sympathized with the sorrows of Alsace-Lorraine, and then, at the behest of the Pan-Germanists, turned against these unfortunate provinces.

Consequently people abroad were unable to follow the rapid evolution of parties. "Thence", writes Abbé Wetterlé very truthfully, "arose the stupid confidence in which the rivals of the Empire lived. In France they had still faith in the democracy of Richter, in the socialism of old Liebknecht, and in the strong opposition of Windthorst, whereas Müller-Meiningen, Frank and Spahn had completely overthrown the traditions of the national representation of Germany."

Democrats throughout the world, who thought they knew Germany, believed that a revolution must come because of the growth of the Social-Democratic movement. They trusted in the socialism of Bebel to disintegrate and in the prudence of the National Liberals to reconstruct. They forgot that, while the repression in Prussia of all freedom through the influence of caste might invite revolution, Saxony, Bavaria and the South were comparatively free, and could only be brought under the law of the tyrant by a unifying war. In 1808 William II learned his lesson; he thought that the time was ripe for the throwing of his cards on the table; he became the sole voice of his people, and he spoke out irresponsibly, despotically. He met his first and only check; it made him think; he must corrupt the Centrum, who had been influenced by ideas antagonistic to his, he must soften the fibre of the Socialists, who were determined on his destruction. This he did, as Abbé Wetterlé shows, and when the "Tag" seemed to dawn, he made all parties his by declaring a war of conquest—see the fable of the wolf and the lamb—which would end in half a year. We know the result, and Abbé Wetterlé shows the processes as no man has yet done.

—Maurice Francis Egan.

IX

There have been a few brave spirits who have dared to believe that out of the welter of books written to entertain, to instruct or to improve children a great book for the children of our own day would emerge.

We had not believed it would be given us until after the war. We had speculated a little as to what manner of book it might be, always end-

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ing with the conviction that it must be the work of a great artist—a believer in his own childhood seeing its intimate relation to Nature and to all children. We had hoped it might be that rare book which is acceptable alike to the lover of fairy-tales and to the believer in "tell nothing but the truth to children". If written in English we wanted it to be a book that would be translated into other languages and read in other countries for its beauty, its fresh sense of freedom, its gaiety of spirit. We were literally starving for just such a book as the author of "Green Mansions" has given us in "A Little Boy Lost". That it should have been published five years ago in England and remain unknown and unread by those who have the education of American children at heart is conclusive evidence of the need of more illuminating reviews of books for children. I had seen no review of this book, I had talked with no one who had read it. I had all the joy of discovery as I began to read from galley-proofs and without knowledge of the authorship:

> Some like to be one thing, some another. There is so much to be done, so many different things to do, so many trades! Shepherds, soldiers, sailors, ploughmen, carters—one could go on all day naming without getting to the end of them . . . but somehow, whatever I did, it never seemed quite the right and proper thing to do—it never quite satisfied me. I always wanted to do something else—I wanted to be a carpenter. It seemed to me that to stand among wood shavings and sawdust making things at a bench with bright, beautiful tools, out of nice-smelling wood, was the cleanest, healthiest, prettiest work that any man can do.

The same old problem for parents and vocational experts and how true to boy nature, was my comment, as I read of how the carpenter and his wife, the mother of Martin, the Little Boy Lost, sailed from Southampton to

> a country many thousands of miles away . . . and when the sea voyage ended, travelled many days and weeks in a wagon until they came to a place where they wanted to live; and there in that lonely country, they built a house, and made a garden, and planted an orchard. It was a desert, and they had no neighbors. . . .
>
> "In that remote land where Martin was born, with its bright, warm climate and rich soil, no person need go very long hungry—not even a small boy alone and lost on the great grassy plain. For there is a little useful plant in that place with small leaves like clover leaves and a pretty yellow flower, which bears a wholesome, sweet root, about as big as a pigeon's egg and of a pearly white color. It is so well known to the settlers' children in that desert country that they are always wandering off to the plain to look for it, just as the children in a town are always running off with their halfpence to the sweet-stuff shop.

Where is this country?

If you want to know you must follow Martin out through the orchard gate and over the wide plain, startling the echoes by that wonderful lake where he finds the wild birds and kills, to his lasting sorrow, one of the great rose-colored spoonbills; you must run with him day after day in pursuit of the "flying, mocking mirage"—the "False Water" (the only satisfying description of a mirage I have ever read); you must spend a wild night and make your escape from the hut of old Jacob and his dogs; and finally, when you reach chapter VI, headed Martin Meets with Savages—"there directly before him loomed the great blue hills, or Sierras as they are called in that country".

There is but one Englishman who writes like this of South America, but could it be possible that W. H. Hudson has given us at one and the

A Little Boy Lost. By W. H. Hudson. Alfred A. Knopf.

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same time his autobiography and the dream of a child with touches as poetic and mystical as William Blake's own "Little Boy Lost" or "The Piper"; as rare as Shelley in flight of birds and clouds; as whimsical as Barrie's "Little White Bird"; as sternly beautiful as Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face"; as dramatic, in the description of a troop of wild horses, as Kipling; as rich with humor, in its stories of old Jacob and the Old Man of the Sea, as an English folk-tale told by Joseph Jacobs; as intimate, in the smaller aspects of nature, as "The Wind in the Willows"; as filled with pure nonsense—in Martin's replies to the savage woman who speaks to him in her own savage language, and in some of the verses, as a page from Edward Lear or Lewis Carroll?

One might go on with these reminders, but in its sense of reality and in the unity of childhood with wild nature, I know of no book with which to compare it. The author himself says of it:

> Like any normal child, I delighted in such stories as "The Swiss Family Robinson", but they were not the books I prized most; they omitted the very quality I liked best—the thrills that Nature itself gave me, which half frightened and fascinated at the same time. They expressed nothing of the feeling I myself experienced when out of sight and sound of my fellow-companions, whether out on the great level plain with a glitter of illusory water all around me, or among the shady trees with their bird and insect sounds, or by the waterside and bed of tall, dark bulrushes murmuring in the wind.
>
> These ancient memories put it in my mind to write a book which I imagined would have suited my peculiar taste of that early period, the impossible story to be founded on my own childish impressions and adventures, with a few dreams and fancies thrown in and two or three native legends and myths about which I heard from my *gauche* comrades then on the spot.

Will children read "A Little Boy Lost"? I am sure they will if introduced or exposed to the book under natural conditions. I believe that its appeal, since it is so varied, will be to children of different ages and to every grown person who has any love of beauty or remembrance of childhood. It is a wonderful book to read aloud to children, to older boys and girls or to grown people, at home, in libraries, in schools, or out-of-doors. It is preeminently a book for the summer holidays and the soldiers' camps.

It is to be regretted that the illustrations are so lacking in imagination and interest. This defect will doubtless be remedied in future editions—for we shall not let this book pass from us—since here is a rich field for color work of great value. There have been so few books relating to South America which have been in the least attractive or interesting to children that we should have welcomed this one as the work of a distinguished naturalist had its other claims been wanting.

John Galsworthy says of the author in his introduction to "Green Mansions": "The expert knowledge which Hudson has of Nature gives to all his work backbone and surety of fibre, and to his sense of beauty an intimate actuality. But his real eminence and extraordinary attraction lie in his spirit and philosophy. We feel from his writings that he is nearer to Nature than other men, and yet more truly civilized . . . . and the secret of his power lies, I suspect, in the fact that his words, 'Life being more than all else to me . . . ', are so utterly true." —*Annie Carroll Moore*

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JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE.

(*Continued*)

CHAPTER III.

Hamlet.

§1

The dog went directly to the fire; there sitting in the very middle of the golden cockatoos on the Turkey rug, he began to lick himself. He did this by sitting very square on three legs and spreading out the fourth stiff and erect as though it had been not a leg at all but something of wood or iron. The melted snow poured off him, making a fine little pool about the cockatoos. He must have been a strange-looking animal at any time, being built quite square like a toy dog with a great deal of hair, very short legs and a thick stubborn neck. His eyes were brown and now could be seen very clearly, because the hair that usually covered them was plastered about his face by the snow. In his normal day his eyes gleamed behind his hair like sunlight in a thick wood. He wore a little pointed beard that could only be considered an affectation; in one word if you imagine a ridiculously small sheep-dog with no legs, a French beard and a stump of a tail, you have him. And if you want to know more than that, I can only refer you to the description of his great-great grandson "Jacob", described in the chronicles of the Beaminster family.

The children meanwhile gazed and for a long time no one said a word. Then Helen said: "Father *will* be angry".

But she did not mean it. The three were by the entrance of the dog instantly united into an offensive and defensive alliance. They knew well that shortly an attack from the outside world must be delivered, and without a word spoken or a look exchanged they were agreed to defend both themselves and the dog with all the strength in their power. They had always wanted a dog; they had been prevented from their desire by the stupid and selfish arguments of uncomprehending elders.

Now this dog was here; they would keep him.

"Oh, he's perfectly sweet", suddenly said Helen.

The dog paused for a moment from his ablutions, raised his eyes and regarded her with a look of cold contempt, then returned to his task.

"Don't be so silly", said Jeremy, "you know you always hate it when Aunt Amy says things like that about you."

"Did Nurse see?" asked Mary.

"No, she didn't", said Jeremy, "but she'll be up in a minute."

"What are you going to do?" asked Mary, her mouth wide open.

"Do? Keep him, of course", said Jeremy stoutly; at the same time his heart a little failed him as he saw the pool of water slowly spreading and embracing one cockatoo after another in its ruinous flood.

"We ought to wipe him with a towel", said Jeremy. "If we could

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get him dry before Nurse comes up she mightn't say so much."

But alas, it was too late for any towel; the door opened and the Jampot entered humming a hymn, very cheerful and rosy from the kitchen fire and an abundant series of chronicles of human failings and misfortunes. The hymn ceased abruptly. She stayed there where she was, "frozen into an image", as she afterward described it; she also said: "You could 'ave knocked me down with a feather".

The dog did not look at her but crooked under him the leg that had been stiff like a ramrod, and spread out another. The children did not speak.

"Well—" for a moment words failed her, then she began, her hands spread out as though she was addressing a suffragette meeting in Trafalgar Square (she knew, happy woman, nothing of suffragettes). "Of all the things and it's you, Master Jeremy, that 'as done it, as anyone might have guessed by the way you've been be-'aving this last fortnight and what's come over you is more nor I nor anyone else can tell which I was saying only yesterday to your mother that it's more than one body and pair of hands is up to the managing of now you've got so wild and wicked and wherever from you get the dirty animal dropping water all over the nursery carpet and smelling awful, I'll be bound, which anyone can see that's got eyes and you'd knew what your father will do to you when he knows of it and so he shall as sure as my name is Lizzie Preston. . . . Go on out, you ugly, dirty animal—ugh, you 'orrible creature you. I'll—"

But her advance was stopped. Jeremy stopped it. Standing in front of the dog, his short, thick legs spread defiantly apart, his fists clenched, he almost shouted:

"You shan't touch him. . . . No, you shan't. I don't care. He shan't go out again and die. You're a cruel, wicked woman."

The Jampot gasped. Never, no, never in all her long nursing experience had she been so defied, so insulted.

Her teeth clicked as always when her temper was roused, the reason being that thirty years ago the arts and accomplishments of dentistry had not reached so fine a perfection as today can show.

She had, moreover, bought a cheap set. Her teeth clicked. She began: "The moment your mother comes I give her notice. To think that all these years I've slaved and slaved only to be told such things by a boy as—"

Then a very dramatic thing occurred. The door opened, just as it might in the third act of a play by M. Sardou, and revealed the smiling faces of Mrs. Cole, Miss Amy Trefusis and the Reverend William Jellybrand, Senior Curate of St. James's, Orange Street.

Mr. Jellybrand had arrived, as he very often did, to tea. He had expressed a desire, as he often did, to see the "dear children". Mrs. Cole, liking to show her children to visitors, even to such regular and ordinary ones as Mr. Jellybrand, at once was eager to gratify his desire.

"We'll catch them just before their tea", she said happily.

There is an unfortunate tendency on the part of our press and stage to caricature our curate; this tendency I would willingly avoid. It should be easy enough to do, as I am writing about Polchester, a town that simply abounds (and also abounded thirty years ago) in curates of the most

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splendid and manly type. But, unfortunately, Mr. Jellybrand was not one of these. I, myself, remember him very well and can see him now flinging his thin black and (as it seemed to me then) gigantic figure up Orange Street, his coat flapping behind him, his enormous boots flapping in front of him and his huge hands flapping on each side of him like a huge gesticulating crow.

He had, the Polchester people who liked him said, "a rich voice". The others who did not like him called him "an affected ass". He ran up and down the scale like this:

dear
My
Cole

and his blue cheeks looked colder than any iceberg. But then I must confess that I am prejudiced. I did not like him; no children did.

The Cole children hated him. Jeremy because he had damp hands, Helen because he never looked at her, Mary because he once said to her, "Little girls must play as well as work, you know". He always talked down to us as though we were beings of another and inferior planet. He called it "getting on with the little ones". No, he was not popular with us.

He stood on this particular and dramatic occasion in front of the group in the doorway and stared—as well he might. Unfortunately the situation, already bad enough, was aggravated by this dark prominence of Mr. Jellybrand. It cannot be found in any chronicles that Mr. Jellybrand and the dog had met before; it is simply a fact that the dog, raising his eyes at the opening of the door and catching sight of the black-coated figure, forgot instantly his toilet, rose dripping from his rug and advanced toward the door, growling, his lips back, his ears out, his tail erect. Then everything happened together. Mr. Jellybrand, who had been afraid of dogs ever since as an infant he had been mistaken for a bone by a large retriever, stepped back upon Aunt Amy, who uttered a shrill cry. Mrs. Cole, although she did not forsake her accustomed placidity, said: "Nurse . . . Nurse . . . " Jeremy cried, "It's all right, he wouldn't touch anything, he's only friendly". Mary and Helen together moved forward as though to protect Jeremy, and the Jampot could be heard in a confused wail: "Not me, Mum . . . wicked-est boy . . . better give notice . . . as never listens . . . dog . . . dog . . ."

The animal, however, showed himself now, as at that first earlier view of him, indifferent to his surroundings. He continued his advance and then, being only a fraction of an inch from Mr. Jellybrand's tempting, gleaming black trousers, he stopped, crouched like a tiger and with teeth bared continued his kettle-like reverberations. Aunt Amy, who hated dogs, loved Mr. Jellybrand and was not in the least sentimental when her personal safety was in danger, cried in a shrill voice: "But take it away, take it away. Alice, tell him. It's going to bite Mr. Jellybrand".

The dog raised one eye from his dreamy contemplation of the trousers and glanced at Aunt Amy: from that moment may be dated a feud which death only concluded. This dog was not a forgetful dog.

Jeremy advanced. "It's all right", he cried scornfully, "he wouldn't bite anything." He bent down, took the animal by the scruff of his neck and

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proceeded to lead him back to the fire. The animal went without a moment's hesitation: it would be too much to say that he exchanged a wink with Jeremy but something certainly passed between them. Back again on the Turkey rug, he became master of the situation. He did the only thing possible; he disregarded entirely the general company and addressed himself to the only person of ultimate importance, namely Mrs. Cole. He lay down on all fours, looked up directly into her face, bared his teeth this time in a smile and not in a growl and wagged his farcical tail.

Mrs. Cole's psychology was of the simplest: if you were nice to her she would do anything for you, but in spite of all her placidity she was sometimes hurt in her most sensitive places. These wounds she never displayed, no one ever knew of them and indeed they passed very quickly—but there they occasionally were. Now on what slender circumstances do the fates of dogs and mortals hang! Only that afternoon Mr. Jellybrand in the innocent self-confidence of his heart had agreed with Miss Maple, an elderly and bitter spinster, that the next sewing-meeting of the Dorcas Sisterhood should be held in her house and not at the rectory. He had told Mrs. Cole of this on his way upstairs to the nursery. Now Mrs. Cole liked the Dorcas meetings at the rectory; she liked the cheerful chatter, the hospitality, the gentle scandal and her own position as hostess.

She did not like—she never liked—Miss Maple, who was always pushing herself forward, criticising and backbiting. Mr. Jellybrand should not have settled this without consulting her. He had taken it for granted that she would agree. He had said, "I agreed with Miss Maple that it would be better to have it at her house. I'm sure you will think as I do". Why should he be sure? Was he not forgetting his position a little? . . .

Kindest woman in the world, she had seen with a strange unchristian pleasure the dog's advance upon the black trousers. Then Mr. Jellybrand had been obviously afraid. He fancied perhaps that she, too, had been afraid. He fancied perhaps that she was not mistress in her house, that she could be browbeaten by her sister and her nurse.

She smiled at him. "There's no reason to be afraid, Mr. Jellybrand. . . . He's such a little dog."

Then the dog smiled at her.

"Poor little thing", she said, "he must have nearly died in the snow."

Thus Miss Maple, bitterest of spinsters, influenced all unwitting the lives not only of a dog and a curate but of the entire Cole family, and through them endless generations both of dogs and men, as yet unborn. Miss Maple, sitting in her little yellow-curtained parlor, drinking in jaundiced contentment her afternoon's cup of tea, was of course unaware of this. A good thing that she was unaware—she was quite conceited enough already.

§2

After that smiling judgment of Mrs. Cole's, affairs were quickly settled. "Of course it can only be for the night, children. Father will arrange something in the morning. Poor little thing—where did you find him?"

"We saw him from the window", said Jeremy quickly, "and he was shivering like anything, so we called him in to warm him."

"My dear Alice, you surely don't mean——" began Aunt Amy, and the Jampot said:

"I really think, Mum——"

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and Mr. Jellybrand in his rich voice murmured: "Is it quite wise, dear Mrs. Cole?"

With thoughts of Miss Maple she smiled upon them all. "Oh, for one night, I think, we can manage. He seems a clean little dog and really we can't turn him out into the snow at once. It would be *too* cruel. But mind, children, it's only for one night. He looks a good little dog."

When the "quality" had departed, Jeremy's mind was in a confused condition of horror and delight. Such a victory as he had won over the Jampot, a victory that was a further stage in the fight for independence begun on his birthday, might have very awful qualities. There would begin now one of the Jampot's sulks—moods well known to the Cole family and lasting from a day to a week according to the gravity of the offence. Yes, they had already begun. There she sat in her chair by the fire, sewing, sewing, her fat, roly-poly face carved into a masque of deep displeasure. Life would be very unpleasant now. No tops of eggs, no marmalade on toast, no skins of milk, no stories of "when I was a young girl", no sitting up five minutes later", no stopping in the market place for a talk with the banana woman—only stern insistence on every detail of daily life, swift judgment were anything left undone or done wrong.

Jeremy sighed: yes, it would be horrid and, for the sake of the world in general — which meant Mary and Helen, he must see what a little diplomacy would do. Kneeling down by the dog, he looked up into her face with the gaze of ingenuous innocence.

"You wouldn't have wanted the poor little dog to have died in the snow, would you, Nurse? . . . It might, you know. It won't be any trouble, I expect——"

There was no reply. He could hear Mary and Helen drawing in their breaths with excited attention.

"Father always said we might have a dog one day when we were older—and we are older now."

Still no word.

"We'll be extra good, Nurse, if you don't mind. Don't you remember once you said you had a dog when you were a little girl and how you cried when it had its ear bitten off by a nasty dog and how your mother said she wouldn't have it fighting round the house and sent it away and you cried, and cried, and cried, and how you said that p'r'aps we'll have one one day—and now we've got one."

He ended triumphantly. She raised her eyes for one moment, stared at them all, bit off a piece of thread and said in deep, sepulchral tones:

"Either IT goes or I go."

The three stared at one another. The Jampot go? Really go? . . . They could hear their hearts thumping one after another. The Jampot go?

"Oh, Nurse, would you really?" whispered Mary. This innocent remark of Mary's conveyed, in the tone of it, more pleased anticipation than was perhaps polite. Certainly the Jampot felt this; a flood of color rose into her face. Her mouth opened. But what she would have said is uncertain, for at that very moment the drama was further developed by the slow movement of the door and the revelation of half of Uncle Samuel's body, clothed in its stained blue painting smock, and his ugly fat face, clothed in its usual sarcastic smile.

"Excuse me one moment," he said, "I hear you have a dog."

The Jampot rose as good manners demanded, but said nothing.

"Where is the creature?" he asked.

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The new addition to the Cole family had finished his washing; the blazing fire had almost dried him and his hair stuck out now from his body in little stiff prickles, hedgehog fashion, giving him a truly original appearance. His beard afforded him the air of an ambassador and his grave melancholy eyes, the absorbed introspection of a Spanish hidalgo; his tail, however, in its upright, stumpy jocularity betrayed his dignity.

"There he is", said Jeremy with a glance half of terror, half of delight at the Jampot. "Isn't he lovely?"

"Lovely—my word!" Uncle Samuel's smile broadened. "He's about the most hideous mongrel it's ever been my lot to set eyes on. But he has his points. He despises you all, I'm glad to see."

Jeremy as usual with Uncle Samuel was uncertain as to his sincerity.

"He looks a bit funny just now", he explained, "he's been drying on the rug. He'll be all right soon. He wanted to bite Mr. Jellybrand. It *was* funny. Mr. Jellybrand was frightened as anything."

"Yes, that must have been delightful", agreed Uncle Samuel. "What's his name?"

"We haven't given him one yet. Wouldn't you think of one, Uncle Samuel?"

The uncle considered the dog. The dog with grave and scornful eyes considered the uncle.

"Well, if you really ask me", said that gentleman, "if you name him by his character rather than his physical appearance, I should say Hamlet would be as good as anything."

"What's Hamlet?" asked Jeremy.

"He isn't anything just now. But he was a prince who was unhappy because he thought too much about himself."

"Hamlet'll do", said Jeremy comfortably, "I've never heard of a dog called that but it's easy to say——"

"Well, I must go", said Uncle Samuel, making one of his usual sudden departures. "Glad to have seen the animal. Good-bye."

He vanished.

"Hamlet", repeated Jeremy thoughtfully, "I wonder whether he'll like that——"

His attention however was caught by the Jampot's sudden outburst.

"All of them", she cried, "supporting you in your wickedness and disobedience. I won't 'ave it nor endure it, not a minute longer. They can 'ave my notice this moment and I won't take it back, not if they ask me on their bended knees—no, I won't—and that's straight."

For an instant she frowned upon them all—then she was gone, the door banging after her.

They gazed at one another.

There was a dreadful silence. Once Mary whispered: "Suppose she really does".

Hamlet only was unmoved.

Ten minutes later, Rose, the under housemaid entered with the tea things. For a little she was silent. Then the three faces raised to hers compelled her confidence.

"Nurse has been and given notice", she said, "and the Missis has taken it. She's going at the end of the quarter. She's crying now in the kitchen."

They were alone again. Mary and Helen looked at Jeremy as though waiting to follow his lead. He did not know what to say. There was tragedy, there was victory, there was remorse, there was triumph. He was sorry, he was glad. His eyes fell upon Hamlet who was now stretched out upon the rug, his nose between his paws, fast asleep.

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Then he looked at his sisters.

"Well", he said slowly, "it's awfully nice to have a dog—anyway."

Such is the true and faithful account of Hamlet's entrance into the train of the Coles.

The Christmas Pantomime

§1

I am sometimes inclined to wonder whether, in very truth, these Polchester Christmases of nearly thirty years ago were so marvelous as now in retrospect they seem. I can give details of those splendors, facts and figures, that to the onlooker are less than nothing at all—a sugar elephant in a stocking, a box of pencils on a Christmas tree, "Hark the Herald Angels . . . " at three in the morning below one's window, a lighted plum pudding, a postman four hours late, his back bent with bursting parcels. And it is something further, behind the sugar cherries and the paper caps and the lighted tree that remains to give magic to those days—a sense of expectancy, a sense of richness, a sense of worship, a visit from the Three Kings who have so seldom come to visit one since.

That Christmas of Jeremy's eighth year was one of the best that he ever had; it was perhaps the last of the *magical* Christmases. After this he was to know too much, he was to see Father Christmas vanish before a sum in arithmetic, and a stocking change into something that "boys who go to school never have"—the last of the Christmases of divine magic when the snow fell and the waits sang and the stockings were filled and the turkey fattened and the candles blazed and the holly crackled by the will of God rather than the power of man. It would be many years before he would realize that after all in those early days he had been right. . . . .

A very fat book could be written about all that had happened during that wonderful Christmas: how Hamlet caught a rat to his own immense surprise; how the Cole's Christmas dinner was followed by a play acted with complete success by the junior members of the family and it was only Mr. Jellybrand who disapproved; how Aunt Amy had a new dress in which, by general consent, she looked ridiculous; how Mary, owing to the foolish kindness of Mrs. Bartholomew, the precentor's wife, was introduced to the works of Charlotte Mary Young and became quite impossible in consequence; how Miss Maple had a children's party at which there was nothing to eat, so that the children cried with disappointment and one small boy (the youngest son of the precentor) actually bit Miss Maple; how for two whole days it really seemed that there would be skating on the pool and everyone bought skates and then of course the ice broke, and so on, and so on . . . There is no end to the dramatic incidents of that great sensational time.

The theme that I sing, however, is Jeremy's progress and although even Hamlet's catching of a rat influenced his development, there was one incident of this Christmas that stands out and away from all the others—an affair that he will never all his days forget, and that even now, at this distance of time and experience, causes his heart to beat roughly with the remembered excitement and pleasure.

Several weeks before Christmas there appeared upon the town walls and boardings the pictured announcements of the approaching visit of Polchester of Denny's Great Christmas Pantomime, "Dick Whittington". Boxing-night was to see the first performance at our assembly rooms and during every afternoon and evening of the

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next three weeks this performance was to be repeated.

A pantomime had, I believe, never visited our town before; there had of course for many years been the great Christmas pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Drymouth, but in those days trains were not easy and if you wished to attend an afternoon performance at the Drymouth theatre, you must rise very early in the morning by candle-light and return late in the evening—with the cab forgetting to meet you at the station as commanded, and the long walk up Orange street and a headache and a bad temper next day.

It had happened naturally then that the majority of the Polchester children had never set their inquisitive noses within the doors of a theatre; and although the two eldest daughters of the dean, aged ten and eleven, had been once to London and to Drury Lane Theatre, their sense of glory and distinction so clouded their powers of accuracy and clarity that we were no nearer, by their help and authority, to the understanding of what a pantomime might really be.

I can myself recall the glory of those "Dick Whittington" pictures. Just above Martin's, the pastry-cook's (where they sold lemon biscuits), near the Cathedral, there was a big wooden boarding and onto this was pasted a marvelous representation of Dick and his cat dining with the King of the Zanzibar Islands. The King, a mulatto, sat with his court in a hall with golden pillars, and the rats were to be seen flying in a confused flood toward the golden gates, whilst Dick in red plush and diamond buckles stood in dignified majesty, the cat at his side. There was another wonderful picture of Dick asleep at the crossroads, fairies watching over him and London Tower in a lighted purple distance—and another of the streets of Old London with a comic, fat sewing-man, diamond-paned windows, cobble-stones and high pointing eaves to the houses.

Jeremy saw these pictures for the first time during one of his afternoon walks and returned home in such a state of choking excitement that he could not drink his tea. As was ever his way, he was silent and controlled about the matter, asked very few questions and although he talked to himself a little, did not disturb the general peace of the nursery. On Mary and Helen the effect of the posters had been less. Mary was following the adventure of the May family in "The Daisy Chain" and Helen was making necklaces for herself out of a box of beads that had been given her.

When Jeremy said once, "Who was the man in the red trousers with gold on them?" no one paid any attention save Hamlet, who wagged his tail, looked wise and growled a little.

Who, indeed, could tell how he ached and longed and desired? He had a very vague idea as to the nature of a play, they had often dressed up at home and pretended to be different things and people and, of course, he knew by heart the whole history of Dick Whittington; but this knowledge and experience did not in the least force him to realize that this performance of Mr. Denny's was simply a larger, more developed "dressing up" and pretending. In some mysterious but nevertheless direct fashion Dick Whittington was coming to Polchester. It was just as he had heard for a long time of the existence of Aunt Emily who lived in Manchester—and then one day she appeared in a black bonnet and a shawl and gave them wet kisses and sixpence apiece.

Dick Whittington was coming, hav-

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ing perhaps heard that Polchester was a very jolly place. So might come any day Jack and the Beanstalk, Cinderella, Queen Victoria, the man with the hooked nose whose picture appeared every week in the papers (Mr. Disraeli), and God.

There were questions meanwhile that he would like to ask but he was already a victim to that properly English fear of making a fool of himself, so he asked nothing. He dragged out his toy farm and tried to make it a bridge in his imagination between the nursery and Whittington's world. As the farm opened a door from the nursery, so might Whittington open a door from the farm.

He considered Hamlet and wondered whether he knew anything about it. Hamlet in spite of his mongrel appearance, was a very clever dog. He had walked into the house one day from nowhere at all and had settled down in such a way that no one could possibly push him out again. He had his especial corners in the garden, the kitchen and the nursery. He never misbehaved, was never in the way and was able to amuse himself for hours together. Although he attached himself quite deliberately to Jeremy, he did this in no sentimental fashion, and in his animosities toward the Jampot, Aunt Amy and the boy who helped with the boots and the knives, he was always restrained and courteous. He did indeed growl at Aunt Amy but always with such a sense of humor that every one (except Aunt Amy) was charmed; and he never actually supported the children in their rebellions against the Jampot, although you could see that he liked and approved of such things. The Jampot hated him with a passion that caused the nursery to quiver with emotion. Was he not the cause of her approaching departure, his first appearance having led her into a tempest of passion that had caused her to offer a "notice" that she had never for an instant imagined would be accepted? Was he not a devilish dog who with his quiet movements and sly expressions was more than human? "Mark my words", she said in the kitchen, "there's a devil in that there animal—and so they'll find before they're many years older —''Amlet' indeed—a 'eathenish name and a 'eathenish beast."

Her enemy had discovered that in one corner of the nursery there were signs and symbols that witnessed to something in the nature of a mouse or a rat. That nursery corner became the center of all his more adventurous instincts. It happened to be just the corner where the Jampot kept her sewing-machine; and you would think if you came to the nursery as a stranger and saw him sitting, his eyes fixed beamingly upon the machine, his tail erect and his body here and there quivering a little, that from duties of manly devotion he was protecting the Jampot's property. She knew better; she regarded in some undefined way this continued contemplation by him of her possessions as an ironical insult. She did everything possible to drive him from the corner—he inevitably returned, and as he always delicately stepped aside when she approached, it could not be said that he was in her way. Once she struck him —he looked at her in such a fashion that "her flesh crept" . . . She never struck him again.

For Jeremy he became more and more of a delight. He understood so much. He sympathized, he congratulated, he sported, always at the right moment. He would sit gravely at Jeremy's feet, his body pressed against Jeremy's leg, one leg stuck out square,

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his eyes fixed inquisitively upon the nursery scene. He would be motionless, then suddenly some thought would electrify him, his ears would cock, his eyes shine, his nose quiver, his tail tremble. The crisis would pass . . . . he would be composed once more. He would slide down to the floor, his whole body collapsing, his head would rest upon Jeremy's foot, he would dream of cats, of rats, of birds, of the Jampot, of beef and gravy, of sugar, of being washed, of the dog's Valhalla, of fire and warmth, of Jeremy, of walks when every piece of flying paper was a challenge, of dogs that he had known of when he was a puppy, of doing things he shouldn't, of punishment and wisdom, pride and anger, of love-affairs, of his youth, of battle, of settling down, of love-affairs in the future, again of cats and beef, and smells . . . smells . . . smells—again of Jeremy whom he loved . . . And Jeremy, watching him now thus sleeping, and thinking of "Dick Whittington", wondering why it was that a dog would understand so easily, without explanations the thoughts and desires he had, and that all grown-up people would not understand and would demand so many explanations and would laugh at one and pity one and despise one . . .

"I know", he suddenly cried turning upon Helen, "it can be your birthday-treat."

"What can?" she asked.

"Why, going to 'Dick Whittington' —all of us."

Helen had, most unfortunately for herself, a birthday only a week before Christmas, the result being that, in her own opinion at any rate, she never received "proper presents" on either of those two great present-giving occasions. She was always allowed, however, a "treat"—her requests were generally in the nature of food, once of a ride in the train, once even a visit to the Polchester museum . . . it was difficult in those days to find "treats" in Polchester.

"Oh, do you think they'd let us?" she said, her eyes wide.

"We can try", said Jeremy. "I heard Aunt Amy say the other day she didn't think it was right for children to see acting, and mother always does the opposite to what Aunt Amy says, so p'raps it will be all right. I wish Hamlet could go", he added.

"Don't be silly", said Helen.

"It isn't silly", said Jeremy indignantly. "It's all about a cat anyway, and he'd love to see all the rats and things. He wouldn't bark if we told him not to and I held his collar——"

"If Aunt Amy sat next him, he would", said Mary.

"Oh, bother Aunt Amy", said Jeremy.

After this Helen needed a great deal of urging, but she heard that Lucy and Angela, the aforesaid daughters of the precentor, were going and the spirit of rivalry drove her forward.

It happened that the dean himself one day said something to Mr. Cole about "supporting a very praiseworthy effort. They are presenting, I understand, the proceeds of the first performance to the Cathedral Orphanage".

Helen was surprised at the readiness with which her request was granted. "We'll all go", said Mr. Cole in his genial pastoral fashion, "good for us . . . good for us—to see the little ones laugh . . . good for us all."

Only Uncle Samuel said "that nothing would induce him . . . ."

§2

I pass swiftly over Christmas Eve, Christmas day and the day after, al-

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though I should like to linger upon these sumptuous dates. Jeremy had a sumptuous time; Hamlet had a sumptuous time (a whole sugar rat, plates and plates of bones and a shoe of Aunt Amy's); Mary and Helen had sumptuous times in their own feminine fashion.

Upon the evening of Christmas Eve when the earth was snowlit and the street-lamps sparkled with crystals and the rime on the door-steps crackled beneath one's feet, Jeremy accompanied his mother on a present-leaving expedition. The excitement of that! The wonderful shapes and sizes of the parcels, the mysterious streets, the door-handles and the door-bells, the glittering stars, the maid servants, the sense of the lighted house as though you opened a box full of excitement and then hurriedly shut the lid down again—Jeremy trembled and shook, not with cold, but with exalting, completely satisfying happiness.

There followed the stocking, the waits, the carols, the turkey, the Christmas cake, the *tree*, the presents, snapdragon, bed . . . . There followed headache, ill-temper, smacking of Mary, afternoon walk, good temper again, complete weariness, Hamlet sick on the golden cockatoos, Hamlet beaten, five minutes with mother downstairs, bed . . . . Christmas was over.

From that moment of the passing of Boxing-day it was simply the counting of the minutes to "Dick Whittington": six days from Boxing-day; say you slept from eight to seven—eleven hours—that left thirteen hours and six thirteen hours was, so Helen said, seventy-eight. Seventy-eight hours and Sunday twice so long as the other days and that made thirteen more—ninety-one, said Helen, her nose in the air.

The week dragged along, very difficult work for everybody, and even Hamlet felt the excitement and watched his corner with the Jampot's sewing-machine in it with more quivering intensity than ever. The day before the day arrived, the evening before the day—the last supper before the day, the last bed before the day . . . Suddenly like a Jack-in-the-box the day itself.

Then the awful thing happened.

Jeremy awoke to the consciousness that something terrific was about to occur. He lay for a minute thinking—then he was up, running about the nursery floor as though he were a young man in Mr. Rossetti's poetry, shouting: "Helen! Mary! Mary! Helen! . . . It's 'Dick Whittington', 'Dick Whittington'!"

On such occasions he lost entirely his natural reserve and caution. He dressed with immense speed as though that would hasten the coming of the evening. He ran into the nursery, carrying the black tie that went under his sailor-collar.

He held it out to the Jampot who eyed him with disfavor. She was leaving them all in a week and was a strange confusion of sentiment and bad temper, love and hatred, wounded pride and injured dignity.

"Nurse—please—fasten it", he said impatiently.

"And that's not the way to speak, Master Jeremy, and well you know it", she said. "'Ave you cleaned your teeth?"

"Yes", he answered without hesitation. It was not until the word was spoken that he realized that he had not. He flushed. The Jampot eyed him with a sudden sharp suspicion. He was then and ever afterward a very bad hand at a lie . . . .

He would have taken the word back,

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he wanted to take it back—but something held him as though a stronger than he had placed his hand over his mouth. His face flamed.

"You've truly cleaned them?" she said.

"Yes, truly", he answered, his eyes on the ground. Never was there a more obvious liar in all the world.

She said no more; he moved to the fireplace. His joy was gone. There was a cold clammy sensation about his heart. Slowly, very slowly the consciousness stole upon him that he was a liar. He had not thought it a lie when he had first spoken—now he knew.

Still there was time. Had he turned round and spoken, all might still have been well. But now obstinacy held him. He was not going to give the Jampot an opportunity for triumphing over him. After all he *would* clean them so soon as she went to brush Helen's hair. In a moment what he had said would be too late.

But he was miserable. Hamlet came up from the nether regions where he had spent the night, showing his teeth, wagging his tail, and even rolling on the cockatoos. Jeremy paid no attention. The weight in his heart grew heavier and heavier. He watched, from under his eyelids, the Jampot. In a moment she must go into Helen's room. But she did not. She stayed for a little, arranging the things on the breakfast table—then suddenly without a word, she turned into Jeremy's bedchamber. His heart began to hammer. There was an awful pause; he heard from miles away Mary's voice: "Do do that button, Helen, I can't get it", and Helen's "Oh, bother".

Then, like judgment, the Jampot appeared again. She stood in the doorway looking across at him.

"You 'ave *not* cleaned your teeth, Master Jeremy", she said. "The glass isn't touched nor your toothbrush . . . . You wicked, wicked boy. So it's a liar you've become added on to all your other wickedness."

"I forgot", he muttered sullenly, "I thought I had."

She smiled the smile of approaching triumph.

"No, you did not", she said, "you knew you'd told a lie. It was in your face. All of a piece—all of a piece." The way she said this like a pirate counting over his captured treasure was enraging. Jeremy could feel the wild fury at himself, at her, at the stupid blunder of the whole business rising to his throat.

"If you think I'm going to let this pass you're making a mighty mistake", she continued, "which I wouldn't do, not if you paid me all the gold in the kingdom. I mayn't be good enough to keep my place and look after such as you but anyways I'm able to stop your lying for another week or two. I know my duty even though there's them as thinks I don't . . . ."

She positively snorted and the excitement of her own vindication and the just condemnation of Jeremy was such that her hands trembled.

"I don't care what you do", Jeremy shouted. "You can tell anyone you like. I don't care what you do. You're a beastly woman."

She turned upon him, her face purple. "That's enough, Master Jeremy", she said, her voice low and trembling. "I'm not here to be called names by such as you. You'll be sorry for this before you're much older . . . . you'll see."

There was then an awful and sickly pause. Jeremy seemed to himself to be sinking lower and lower into a damp clammy depth of degradation. What must this world be that it could change

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itself so instantly from a place of gay and happy pleasures into a dim groping room of punishment and dismay?

His feelings were utterly confused. He supposed that he was terribly wicked. But he did not feel wicked. He only felt miserable, sick and defiant. Mary and Helen came in, their eyes open to a crisis, their bodies tuned sympathetically to the atmosphere of sin and crime that they discerned around them.

Then Mr. Cole came in as was his daily habit—for a moment before his breakfast.

"Well, here are you all", he cried "ready for tonight? Not breakfast yet? Why now . . ."

Then perceiving, as all practised fathers instantly must, that the atmosphere was sinful, he changed his voice to that of the Children's Sunday Afternoon Service—a voice well known in his family.

"Please, sir", began the Jampot, "I'm sorry to 'ave to tell you, sir, that Master Jeremy's not been at all good this morning—"

"Well, Jeremy", he said, turning to his son, "What is it?"

Jeremy's face raised to his father's was hard and set and sullen.

"I've told a lie", he said, "I said I'd cleaned my teeth when I hadn't. Nurse went and looked and then I called her a beastly woman."

The Jampot's face expressed a grieved, and at the same time triumphant, confirmation of this.

"You told a lie?" Mr. Cole's voice was full of a lingering sorrow.

"Yes", said Jeremy.

"Are you sorry?"

"I'm sorry that I told a lie but I'm not sorry I called nurse a beastly woman."

"Jeremy."

"No, I'm not. She *is* a beastly woman."

Mr. Cole was always at a loss when anyone defied him even though it were only a small boy of eight. He took refuge now in his ecclesiastical and parental authority.

"I'm very distressed—very distressed indeed. I hope that punishment, Jeremy, will show you how wrong you have been. I'm afraid you cannot come with us to the pantomime tonight."

At that judgment a quiver for an instant held Jeremy's face, turning it, for that moment, into something shapeless and old. His heart had given a wild leap of terror and dismay. But he showed no further sign. He simply stood there waiting.

Mr. Cole was baffled as he always was by Jeremy's moods, so he continued:

"And until you've apologized to nurse for your rudeness you must remain by yourself. I shall forbid your sisters to speak to you. Mary and Helen, you are not to speak to your brother until he has apologized to nurse."

"Yes, father", said Helen.

"Oh, father, mayn't he come tonight?" said Mary.

"No, Mary, I'm afraid not."

A tear rolled down her cheek. "It won't be any fun without Jeremy", she said. She wished to make the further sacrifice of saying that she would not go unless Jeremy did, but some natural caution restrained her.

Mr. Cole, his face heavy with sorrow, departed.

At the dumb misery of Jeremy's face the Jampot's heart—in reality a kind and even sentimental heart—repented her.

"There, Master Jeremy, you be a good boy all day and I daresay your

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father will take you after all and we won't think no more about what you said to me in the 'eat of the moment."

But Jeremy answered nothing, nor did he respond to the smell of bacon, nor the advances of Hamlet, nor the flood of sunlight that poured into the room from the frosty world outside.

A complete catastrophe—they none of them had wanted to see this thing with the urgent excitement that he had felt. They had not dreamed of it for days and nights and nights and days as he had done. Their whole future existence did not depend upon their witnessing this as did his.

During that morning he was a desperate creature like something caged and tortured. Do happy middle-aged philosophers assure us that children are light-hearted and unfeeling animals? Let them realize something of the agony which Jeremy suffered that day. His whole world had gone.

He was wicked, an outcast, his word could never be trusted again; he would be pointed at as the boy who had told a lie . . . . and he would not meet Dick Whittington.

The eternity of his punishment hung around his neck like an iron chain. Childhood's tragedies are terrible tragedies because a child has no sense of time; a moment's dismay is eternal; a careless word from an elder is a lasting judgment, an instant's folly is a lifetime's mistake.

The day dragged its weary length along and he scarcely moved from his corner by the fire. He did not attempt conversation with anyone. Once or twice the Jampot tried to penetrate behind that little mask of anger and dismay: "Come now, things aren't so bad as all that. You be a good boy and go and tell your father you're sorry . . . . " or "Well, then, Master Jeremy there'll be another time, I daresay, you can go to the the—ayter . . . ."

But she found no response. If there was one thing that she hated it was sulks. Here they were, sulks of the worst—and so, like many wiser than herself, she covered up with a word a situation that she did not understand and left it at that.

The evening came on; the curtains were drawn. Tea arrived; still Jeremy sat there, not speaking, not raising his eyes; a condemned creature. Mary and Helen and Hamlet had had a wretched day.

The girls went to dress. Seven o'clock struck. They were taken downstairs by nurse who had her evening out. Rose, the under housemaid, would sit with Master Jeremy.

Doors closed, doors opened, voices echoed, carriage-wheels were heard.

Jeremy and Hamlet were left to themselves . . . .

(To be continued)

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SOME RECENT BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BY ANNIE CARROLL MOORE

We have grown very weary of substitutes for realities in writing for children. The trail of the serpent has been growing more and more clearly defined in the flow of children's books from publisher to bookshop, library, home and school: a trail strewn with patronage and propaganda, moralizing self-sufficiency and sham efficiency, mock heroics and cheap optimism—above all with the commonplace in theme, treatment, and language—the proverbial stone in place of bread, in the name of education.

We have all remarked these tendencies, we have regretted them, we have (as I shall presently show) done something to offset them; but in the main, we have continued to accept them until, held up by the shortage of paper and the cost of printing, we are forced to a more discriminating consideration of values in books.

We have been given some very beautiful editions of the books which have been passed on to children from an earlier time. New anthologies of poetry and verse, fresh translations or adaptations of the folk and fairy-tales, the legends and hero tales of other lands are convincing proof of the desire of authors, editors and publishers to make sure that the best resources of literature are freshly presented in varied and attractive form. In this movement the artist-illustrators of England, France, the Scandinavian countries, Russia and America have given notable evidence of their desire to keep faith with childhood and youth and to give life to the subject, as distinguished from the tendency of a few years ago to illustrate primarily for decorative effect. To mention only a few of these books: "The Boys' King Arthur", edited by Sidney Lanier, has been literally born again to a new group of readers in the edition illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Even the Robin Hood of the English ballads, and of Howard Pyle, the artist-author and one-time teacher of Wyeth, has been brought nearer to the boy of our time by Wyeth's vigorous modern touch and free use of color in a series of illustrations for a version of "Robin Hood" less distinctive than that of Pyle.

This power of the artist to illumine not merely the text of the book he illustrates but the subject whether in prose or verse—to create an atmosphere for the reader in which he is moved to the reading of books closed to him before—has given the very breath of life to scores of books on library shelves. It would be nothing short of a calamity to lose, even for the period of the war, such books as the "Joan of Arc" of Boutet de Monvel, "The Golden Goose" or "The Three Bears" of Leslie Brooke, the Picture Books of Randolph Caldecott, "The Arabian Nights" of Maxfield Parrish, the "Peter Pan" of Arthur Rackham, "The Wonder Clock" and other works of Howard Pyle, the "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped" of N. C. Wyeth, the "Christmas Tales of Flanders" of Jean de Bosschère. We have taken a long step forward since 1900 in appreciation and under-

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standing of the work of the artist as a formative and contributory influence in children's reading.

But what of the popular author of the present day? Have we made any advance in this direction? It is very significant that the most popular author of boys' books in our public libraries today—Joseph Altsheler—should be writing over again, with a fresh sense of their reality, the tales of our pioneer life and struggle.

Why don't the boys read Cooper? Some of them do, after they have read "The Young Trailers" and "The Forest Runners" by Altsheler. Many of them do not for the same reason that many of us do not turn to Cooper in an idle hour. But Altsheler is doing what neither Cooper nor any other author has been able to do—he is taking the average American boy into the wilderness that he may realize his heritage in the history of his country and take his place there more intelligently. Boys who clamor for Altsheler read history and biography as a natural and necessary accompaniment. Nor do they neglect "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn", or "The Boys' Life of Mark Twain".

Never in the history of writing for boys has an author attained universal popularity on so broad a foundation of allied interests in reading. I believe the secret of Mr. Altsheler's appeal lies in a deep love of nature, the ability to select from historical sources subjects of strong human interest, a natural gift for story-telling and great modesty. The best of the popular writers for boys are being stirred by a new spirit of desire to be truer to the real nature of the boy, to make a stronger appeal to his sense of justice and fair play.

Boys are rejecting stories of the war, whether written by Altsheler or another author, and are asking, just as we are, for personal narrative. They continue to read stories and histories of other wars, but of this one they would hear only from those who have been "over there". And from this reading of "the real thing" in books, in newspapers and magazines, and in letters from their brothers or friends in the camps and at the front, they are learning very rapidly some of the things which must go into the making of the American soldier of today. They are seeing the difference between the old bluff, bluster and braggadocio fostered by so many writers for boys and the true American spirit. As they have rejected that type of informational book in story form in which scientific or mechanical information is presented by a "fake uncle", and have demanded the most clearly written and up-to-date books on engineering, aeronautics and submarines, so I believe they will reject stories and histories which are not well conceived and well written.

There was a time when the language of his book was considered of small account by the boy, but interest has been awakened to a degree which might surprise us if we did not stop to reflect on how popular Kipling, Stevenson, Dumas, Poe, Bret Harte and other authors have grown in a generation. Language means something now. It is one of the things we are fighting to preserve.

Boys who have read in the morning papers of such wonders as the cruise of the "Emden" and the coming of the "Deutschland" want all the imaginings of a Jules Verne and something more in actuality. Authors must take time to originate new plots and to create heroes so well drawn as to require no words of praise from them—heroes who leave one sure that there are other

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worlds to conquer. Writers for the boys who are to be made ready for the defense of the new America must not continue to feed our provincial tendencies.

This is still more true in writing for girls, because the books ordinarily written for girls are very inferior in theme and treatment to the books written for boys. Nor are there, as yet, encouraging signs among writers for girls that growth and change in girl life and its interests are receiving as thoughtful attention. They are still busy, even in these great days, with self-analysis and the reformation of characters of their own invention. There has been no real creation of girl character since "Rebecca". No girl has been free to live her own life. She has been at the mercy of some author who had her life all mapped out for her before she entered the book and placed her there merely to respond to the popular demand for certified characters, presented singly or in groups of abstractions.

Stories for girls, even when cast in an out-of-door setting, or projected from the old boarding-school to the modern college, continue to be introspective, sentimental, moralizing or didactic. The deluge of "glad books" following in the wake of "Pollyana" has given us pause for reflection. "Pollyana" is more wholesome than "Elsie Dinsmore", but may she not be quite as far from reality? "Understood Betsy" was a hopeful glimpse of what may yet be done by a competent writer, but "Understood Betsy" would have been a better story and would have made a larger appeal to girls had educational theory and practice been left out of it.

Is there not a connection between this poverty in stories of girl life and the lack of literature interesting to girls concerning the lives of women? The actual life of girls and women is so much more interesting than is commonly represented in books written for their reading that it gives us the right to ask something better for the girl of today. She cannot afford to waste her emotions nor her time. She has need of every resource that may fortify her spirit, sharpen her native wit and challenge the full powers of mind and heart to meet life where she finds it.

In her story of "The Blue Aunt" Eliza Orne White has done something better than to write an unusually good story for girls of different ages. She has made a contribution to the literature of American child life which would have delighted Mary Mapes Dodge or Horace E. Scudder. It is such a picture of American family life in the present wartime as could only have been given by one who was herself a child in the time of our Civil War, a born psychologist, an artist in patriotic suggestion and a very good story-teller.

"The Blue Aunt", who comes from Virginia as an unwelcome visitor to her stepbrother's home in Massachusetts and is supposed by little Evelyn —who has heard her father say, "She'll be as blue as indigo"—to be literally blue in color, proves to be a most charming and understanding "Aunt Hilda", with a real love of all children and an absorbing interest in the French orphans. Children under ten years old will look at the chapter headings: The Plaid Dress—Evelyn's War Work—A Safe and Sane Fourth of July—The Birthday Dinner—The Letter from France—and will read the story for its dramatic interest, lively incident and genuine humor. They will be quite unaware that they are hearing very good talk among the grown-ups—

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a rare feature in a child's book—or that the chapter in which Jim and Charley Norcross dispose of the grapes and peaches from the family garden and the apples from Judge Baxter's, for the benefit of the French orphans, has great ethical value. They will be unconscious that the coming of the Blue Aunt from Virginia to Massachusetts in the springtime symbolizes the strengthening of the spiritual union between the South and the North. They will not connect the childhood of the Blue Aunt, who was born in France and lived there until she was seven, with her words: "It seems to me that not to go to France now would be like a soldier who was drafted claiming exemption for a reason that did not hold." They may not realize why Miss Eliza Orne White lighted the bayberry candle on Thanksgiving night and sent the Blue Aunt on her pilgrimage overseas the morning after. But those who wear the blue in France and those who remember it here will not need to be told that this is a book for all who love the children of France and America. It should, and doubtless will, be translated into French and other languages.

"The French love their children," says Alice Meynell, "and by some good luck in their tenderness they have not vulgarized them by bad art. . . . As to the United States, it is surely time that we heard something newer and truer about American children than popular fiction has told us. . . . What I saw of American children was quite different from what is thought to be true of them by English people at home. They were very, and very unexpectedly, childlike. They had lovely, considerate ways, and were readily affectionate."

One must look far to find a more charming picture of an American child than is to be found in "Clematis", by Bertha B. and Ernest Cobb. "Clematis" is written without condescension, yet with full appreciation of the requirement of short sentences and much conversation by children just beginning to read for themselves. So well has this been done, however, that "Clematis" becomes a living child from the moment she is found with her kitten down on Chambers Street by Jim Cuneen, the policeman, through all her experiences at the most humanized Home ever described in a child's book, until she reaches the Alder's farm at Tilton, New Hampshire, and is finally claimed by her own grandfather, who lives in the very country where she so longed to stay. Mr. Alder's farm is a real farm, and the Cobbs write from first-hand knowledge of country life.

In a less attractive edition "Clematis" is being eagerly read by the children of the libraries. I have not seen the illustrations for this text, but the printed page is a model of excellence and will give the book a greatly extended use at a time when the writing and printing of books for young children is receiving deserved and special attention.

A new standard in books for little children just beginning to read for themselves was created when Lucy Fitch Perkins wrote "The Dutch Twins". This artist-author has the rare faculty of conveying information without spoiling her story. Moreover, her use of the English language is as spirited and free as the drawings which accompany the text.

"Do you like to read books telling you how to behave?" I asked a little foreign-born boy in one of our libraries. "No" (with ever-rising inflection), "I can do that for myself. I like such books as 'Dutch Twins' and

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'Mexican Twins' and 'Belgian Twins' and all other twins in different countries. I look now for 'Cave Twins'—it will be a nice book like all twins; I have read 'Dutch Twins' three times—I will now read 'Cave Twins'."

"Cave Twins", I explained, was at that moment on the desk from which all books for children were ordered, but I had read it and found Firetop and Firefly, the twins of Primitive Man, gayer spirits than I had dreamed could exist in those far-off days. I promised to send with it the "French Twins", should that prove also "a nice book like all other twins".

A study of Mrs. Perkins' "Twins" would be illuminating in the writing of books designed to interest older boys and girls in other countries.

I quote from a recent review of "A Boy of Bruges", by Emile and Tita Cammaerts:

> While the book will be read with pleasure and profit by the audience for which it is intended, to some of its older readers who have been thrilled by the sharp vividness and springtime charm of Emile Cammaerts' war-poems, the artistic satisfaction will not seem quite adequate.

Neither in form nor in treatment is this little book any more likely to appeal to boys and girls than to adults.

When we have taken to heart that children and boys and girls in their 'teens are in themselves and of themselves far more interesting than anything which may be written for their benefit or improvement—that writing for their reading is an art, and as such must be cherished, that it can be sustained only by vigorous and informed criticism, we shall have taken a very forward step in education as well as in book production.

That we are not lacking in authors who are writing out of such understanding I have tried to show by the selection of a few titles from the many.

The Blue Aunt. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Clematis. By Bertha B. and Ernest Cobb. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Cave Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A Boy of Bruges. By Emile and Tita Cammaerts. New York. E. P. Dutton and Co.

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YARNS OF SEA AND LAND

By H. W. BOYNTON

Last month I touched on the sad case of the people who can admire only one kind of fiction, and the cheerful case of the people who have been given the freedom of the whole realm. I venture a word even for the tired business man or weary housewife in all of us who have earned a right to their quieting draught before they turn over for the none too certain sleep. As for persons who bolt their first nightcap before breakfast, it is plain enough that they are spoiling a good thing, but so for that matter are the persons who take any other kind of good thing (even the fiction of fact!) at the wrong time or in excessive doses. I don't see how we can afford to despise the pleasant, blameless tipple of the yarn for the mere reason that earlier in the day we have enjoyed the balanced ration of true realism or have tingled to the heady brew of high romance. Why not be human and acknowledge the perfectly obvious fact that one business, if not the main business, of a story-teller is to be entertaining; and that a masterly puppet-show is more respectable than a tenth-rate "Hamlet"—or, let us say, one real Stevenson to be prized above a wilderness of near Dostoyevskys. What Shakespeare and Stevenson both did, for that matter, was to give the public what it wanted—"and then some". I sometimes think the most important thing of all, for critic and public alike, is not what kind of commodity "gets across" the literary counter, but whether it is good of its kind. And the discouraging thing for the critic, for whom quality is so precious a possession, is that the public which adores a yarn seems so often not to know, or to care to know, a good yarn from a bad one.

Here are some good ones of our own, American stories differing greatly in theme and manner, yet all touched with romantic fancy, with the essential remoteness from humdrum and matter-of-fact, and the seemingly spontaneous play of incidents artfully linked, that belong to the yarn well spun. Their remoteness happens to be of place or atmosphere—and not of time—which offers the easiest road to glamour. Frontier life, as usual with us, is the favorite theme—the shifting and vanishing frontiers of ranch and trail and timber-lands, or the permanent frontiers of ocean and the ice-realms of the North. As always with a proper yarn, our concern in most of these is mainly with the struggle between man and nature or man and man. "Heart-interest" has its traditional rights in this kind of fiction, but its observance is secondary, and often almost laughably perfunctory. Jack London used to lug in his lovely ones by the scruff and keep them sternly in their places by the ringside, while the real male business went on, inside the ropes. Stevenson did the same thing in his more courteous fashion. The truth is, your pure yarn cares nothing for woman except as a decorative accessory, and the women of Gilbert Parker or Norman Duncan are as sheer convention as the damsels of Scheherezade. If we were to look

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solemnly to Duncan for evidence, we should have to suppose that all maidens of Labrador are pretty and neat-footed and rosy-cheeked and altogether winsome in the *ingénue* style, which is probably not the fact. But if we really accept his point of view, we do not much care whether they are or not. What takes his fancy is the grim indomitable strife of frail man with the implacable forces that oppose him in "Dr. Grenfell's parish". In a rather limited way it inspires him. I find the two posthumous volumes in which his last stories are collected pretty monotonous reading; I do not find that they justify the publisher's assertion that "to have produced two volumes of such contrasting qualities places Norman Duncan in the *premier* class", or the opinion of Sir William Robertson Nicoll, and Bullen the sea-writer, that their author deserves "a place beside Conrad and Kipling". These tales deal repetitiously with a very few types and situations. For the former, there are the grim skipper, the sturdy boy eager to win his spurs as a knight of the sea, the rosy maid at home, the sea-philosopher, and the skinflint storekeeper who holds them all in his power. The last-named worthy appears in four of these fifteen tales, under such flimsy disguise as that of Pinch-a-Penny Peter of Gingerbread Cove, who dies a second death under the name of Pinch-a-Penny Paul of Sunshine Tickle. As for setting, the story-teller is obsessed by one form of duel between man and hostile nature. Whatever their thread of plot, eight of the yarns are primarily stories of battles between man and the treacherous ice-floes of the northern seas. Taken by themselves, nevertheless, these stories are "gripping" enough. They seize and convey the tragic glamour of the North, and in description their force and beauty are often of a high order. I get an odd impression of close kinship in temper and speech between these sea-folk of Labrador and the rugged, canny, and sententious Britons of Phillpotts's Devon and Cornwall. No doubt their forebears, many of them, may have hailed from that milder Cornish peninsula which is yet the ancient breeder of a sturdy stock.

"The Call of the Offshore Wind" is a sea-yarn of lighter type but superior quality. However "virile" its materials, Norman Duncan's fiction, like Gilbert Parker's, is primarily a fiction of sentiment, of emotion always close to pathos, and little checked by humor. Mr. Paine's sea-stories are more light-hearted and light-handed. He means to entertain and not at all to move or edify, and he knows just how to go about it. A maiden or two must be provided, since they are in the formula, but like the Maine girl of this tale, they may be built of a red sweater, a blush, a smile and a heart of gold, or like her Virginia foil, of lively manners, an arch glance, a drawl —and a heart of gold. The hero's heart is necessarily of oak but the Maine girl prefers it that way. Here also, in a modified form, is the famous skinflint-villain, the grasping ship-owner who lives for the sake of cheating his own men and swallowing all his rivals. And here, for relief, are the salt-water skippers and the "characters" who are not such fools as they look, and who come out very comfortably in the end, like everybody else except the villain. Our hero, Dudley Fenwick, is not of an unknown race. He is the stalwart son of a stalwart family whose fortunes, menaced by circumstance, he is destined to restore. The Fenwicks have been a line of famous ship-builders since the time

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when the American clipper ships went princely upon the seas. Steam has had its way, and Dudley's father dies almost defeated at a losing game, but clinging stubbornly to his motto: "God Almighty's wind is cheaper than steam and always was." Dudley Fenwick, sworn to carry on, finds himself part owner of three ancient Fenwick schooners, with a mortgaged and almost idle shipyard, and no capital. He has served his apprenticeship at sea, and seeks a berth as mate by way of earning enough to keep the yard in commission. By luck he ships aboard one of a royal line of sailing-vessels that still survive in the coastwise trade—the Wetherell line of great six-masters. The chief owner is a woman, a Boston Wetherell who takes pride in the fleet, but leaves its management altogether to (enter the skinflint) one Amos Runlett. He is a self-made man of the Fenwicks' own town, a sharp practitioner who aspires to become a captain of finance. Against him young Fenwick is presently pitted in love and business. Of course Runlett hasn't really a ghost of a show, with Fenwick and the author both after him; but he makes a far better bluff at successful rascality, is less transparently helpless, than most of his kind. The action that concerns this pair and their subordinates, and the group of Virginians who supply an effective contrast to the Down East type and manner, is also much more plausible than in the average yarn. Nevertheless, this is undisguisedly a yarn, with shipwrecks and mutinies at sea, and intrigues ashore to one's heart's content —a relief for the reader who cannot endure mere mechanism, and who is yet quite ready to be diverted from the graver fiction, which is often so much afraid of representing life as a pretty thing that it feels constrained to represent it as a sheer tedious mess.

I was saying elsewhere, the other day, that the important thing with a romancer (or with any other writer, for that matter) is not where he is born but where he finds the home of his imagination. Story-tellers like Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and George W. Cable have dragged a lengthening chain—bound always in creative fancy to the places of their earliest imaginative awakening. Others have been born in exile and have found by chance, perhaps, and late in life, the spot on earth where they, as artists, are most alive. Norman Duncan, for example, was born in Canada, far from the sea. He spent his early manhood as a city man of a sophisticated and desk-driven sort, a newspaper reporter and editor in New York. He wrote some vigorous city stories which were collected under the title "The Soul of the Street". He was commissioned by "McClure's Magazine" to go north and get copy for a group of sea-tales. He got it, in the course of three summers in Newfoundland and one on the Labrador Coast. And it got him, for whatever he did after that, as college professor, traveler, or correspondent, it was in his tales of Labrador that he as an author chiefly lived. We seem to have a more recent instance of the same kind in the author of "Land's End". He was born in North Carolina, and educated in Denver, Boston, Paris and New York; and took root on Cape Cod. He lives in Provincetown and writes of the sea and its people. . . . I have just discovered that he is a Mayflower descendant, which rather spoils the analogy with Norman Duncan: it is a short step from Plymouth to Provincetown. This, at best, is a matter of curiosity. The matter of consequence is that Mr.

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Steele has chosen to live, for a time at least, in a scene that yields the material of his heart's desire. His is not the Cape of legend or survival, the stronghold of Yankee traditions even in its failing days, but the new Cape, with its neglected acres and its shabby dwellings already peopled by a new race of pioneers, the island Portuguese, content and able to live and thrive as our own great-grandfathers did—and as we cannot. Mr. Steele was trained in another art than writing, which helps explain his being the first among writers to see and paint the new romantic touch of exotic color on those old shores which seemed to have settled down to a singularly pale and outworn though quaint provincialism, in the days of "Cape Cod Folks", and to "stay put" in the pages of Joseph T. Lincoln. I have many of the shore-loving Portuguese among my own neighbors, and have come to think a good deal of them as a hardy, thrifty, honest race—peaceable, too, and in character and temperament and even humor, far closer to the American composite than any other Latins we have had experience of. But it hasn't been quite pleasant to see them taking over the old farms and fishermen's houses. I have thought of them as, after all, aliens and interlopers, experimenting with our civilization and our landscape, at our expense. Mr. Steele somehow paints them as a people who already "belong", who are here to live and not merely to tarry, and whose hopes and trials and loves have a romantic atmosphere of their own—here, where their westering ardor and our eastern effeteness so picturesquely meet. These tales are based on minute and sympathetic observation, but they are tales and not merely studies in the form of fiction. His method, perhaps, is primarily like the one Stevenson owned to using: "You may take a certain atmosphere and get action and persons to express it and realize it. I'll give you an example—'The Merry Men'. There I began with the feeling of one of those islands on the west coast of Scotland, and I gradually developed the story to express the sentiment with which the coast affected me." But, like Stevenson, Mr. Steele goes deeper in characterization, makes his people far more real as individuals than the bare code of the yarn demands, and gets action as a means of expressing his atmosphere or "sentiment" as well as his persons. In a tale like "Land's End", or "The Woman at Seven Brothers", or "Ked's Hand", action and character and atmosphere are so fused that it is idle to try to pluck them apart for purposes of analysis. Mr. Steele, unlike Duncan, works upon a small canvas and with a sparing hand. This handful of stories represents the work of several by no means unfruitful years, by an artist rarely conscientious and continent in this day when hasty story-telling has become so profitable a trade.

Well above the level of current yarns on the larger scale, stands "The Ghost Garden", by Amélie Rives. We are told that the typical consumer of the fiction of crime and mystery is quite indifferent to "literary" quality in such work. His taste is for a species of mechanical romance, in which the action is an elaborate contrivance to be admired for its own sake, and only perfunctorily affecting to relate itself to the realities or even probabilities of human nature and society. From his point of view Anna Katharine Green is as good as Poe, or better. Still, the fact remains that the masterpieces in this kind, the great mystery yarns that have held

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more than one generation, are by no means despicable as literature. They possess style and atmosphere, as well as the smooth-running mechanism of plot. As for individual characterization, we may fairly admit it to be superfluous, if not impertinent and obstructive, in this kind of yarn. Prince and princess of fairy-lore, hero and heroine of melodrama, well-nigh exhaust the proprieties and the possibilities of their job by being true to type. Such, and a little more, are the chief romantic figures in "The Ghost Garden"—the princess under a spell, the rescuing hero, and the wicked enchantress. The time is our own, but the necessary remoteness is found in a half-deserted Virginia countryside distinguished only by its single relic of a dramatic past. This is the big old eighteenth-century mansion known by tradition as "Her Wish". It was built by a doting father to please the whim of his only child, and, according to legend, turned out to be so completely "her wish", the perfect physical frame for her violent egotism, that she could not give it up even for the man she in her fashion loved. Pride would not let him abandon his own name and estate for hers, and they parted, with her strange written confession and threat of love: "So fiercely do I love thee", she concludes, "that should an hundred years pass away—yea, a thousand—and my ghost be wandering through the empty air, and thy ghost housed in another body, yet would I draw thee to me; yet would I suck up thy sweet, thy hateful life into my own." In the action of this story, a century and a half later, we are to see her threat almost fulfilled. "Her Wish" has never been permitted to go to ruin, yet has always been under a cloud—haunted, it is believed, by the spirit of its unhappy mistress. Her portrait dominates the house, her grave lies in the centre of the stately garden. The place, for its beauty, has found a new purchaser from time to time, but no one has been able to live there. Nearby dwells a young kinswoman of the present generation, to whom the name of the dead Melany has been given. She knows the whole story, and feels herself to be an object of the dead woman's malevolence. Then comes the youth who is in some sense a reincarnation of the proud lover of old; and the story deals with his struggle against the fell enchantment of the ghost who wills to rob him of his living love—"the quick or the dead" once more, in a new setting and atmosphere. The tale is told very skilfully, with a steady and subtle increment of horror from the moment when we first hear of "Her Wish", beautiful but mournful among its early-falling shadows, to the hour when its substance passes in flame and its baleful influence from the past is no more.

The frontier of our adventure in this story lies on the boundary between this world and "the other", whatever that may be—the same frontier that one finds in "The Castle of Otranto", though we now explore it so much more seriously and delicately. In "Miss Ingalis" we are on the frontier of civilization and barbarism —though we happen to be in New York at the same time. (Our fat friend "Who's Who in America" seems to have perpetrated an uncommonly grim pleasantry in connection with the author of this book, Miss Gertrude Hall. Not content with having buried her two years ago, with the date 1915 on her tombstone, it proceeds in the current number to dance solemnly on her grave, chanting a repetition of the fatal date, and ig-

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noring the phenomenon of "Aurora the Magnificent", which appeared in 1917, and which is now followed by further evidence in "Miss Ingalis" of a writer who, unless the publisher deceives us, is very much alive.) And we move in an atmosphere of mystery and dread, none the less haunting because of the commonplace setting and outward conditions in which the anxious business of the story goes on. As in "The Ghost Garden" we have here a theme such as, with greater elaboration of plot and less attention to anything else, might have qualified in the popular class of pure mechanical romance. But the best mechanical romances, like the best stories of every kind, have not been "pure". Even thrills have to be recognized as of different quality, in the long run. There are cheap thrills for vulgar or unformed tastes, the idle, careless audience of the moment. It is another sort of article that keeps its grip from one generation to another; and its superiority hangs, after all, on "literary" matters of build, manner, description—above all, atmosphere. Therefore "The Pit and the Pendulum" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" will be read when even the memory of Anna Katharine Green and her wooden ingenuities are no more. As it stands, "Miss Ingalis" is chiefly atmospheric; it vaguely recalls the Emily Brontë of "Wuthering Heights". Among certain rather ordinary persons—as one would think—in the New York of every-day (as it looks from the street) with rather limited action, in the mechanical sense, we assist at a very moving and haunting little drama of dread, and love and destiny. The rollicking fun of "Aurora the Magnificent" is quite absent from these pages; one might guess the author to be a trifle solemn—long-faced if anything. But the whole story is in a different key, and its effect depends in no small degree on its consistent maintenance of the mood chosen at the outset. Miss Ingalis is quite unlike the modern girl as recent fiction expounds her. She is a girl of delicate feeling and breeding, ardent of nature and pure of heart—in short, the dutiful Wellsian will feel that he ought to smile at her as a Victorian absurdity—unless he pauses to reflect that she is of a type considerably more frequent and less ridiculous in real life than in "realistic" fiction. She is simply a nice girl in a tight place, and because she is a nice girl, we do not see for a time how she is to get out of it. Because she is so old-fashioned as to be unequipped by nature or inclination for breaking the furniture, jumping out of windows, or bashing the villain in the eye—because there actually exists some feminine mystery about her, we follow her adventure with anxious affection. This may be very wrong of us, and a covert insult to the sex, but—there it is. Perhaps we had better cast the blame on the nature of romance, and on the unmistakable fact that its heroines were Victorian some thousands of years before the birth of the late Queen—as I believe they will be while time and romance continue their friendly relations. What the tight place is, and how the nice girl gets out of it, I shall not give away in ten words, since the charm of the book lies in its skilful revelation before our casual eyes of an unsuspected frontier of romance at our doors.

Harbor Tales Down North. By Norman Duncan. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Battles Royal Down North. By Norman Duncan. Fleming H. Revell Co.

The Call of the Offshore Wind. By Ralph D. Paine. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Land's End, and Other Stories. By Daniel Wilbur Steele. Harper and Bros.

The Ghost Garden. By Amélie Rives. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Miss Ingalis. By Gertrude Hall. The Century Co.

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A SURVEY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE

BY MOISSAYE J. OLGIN

FIRST SERIES (CONCLUDED)

Selected from the Russian literature of the nineteenth century and reflecting the development of Russian creative genius and Russian thought, as well as the changes in social conditions

N. A. NEKRASOV (1821-1877)

Poet. One of the most typical representatives of the Russian "Intelligentzia" whose heart was constantly aching with the sufferings of the people. Being the son of a landlord and a member of the nobility, he despised slavery and branded the humiliation of the peasants. Being unable completely to identify himself with the exploited and downtrodden classes, he despised himself and branded his own, often imaginary, vices. Being a poet of great lyrical vehemence, he often wrote journalistic stuff in verse, or political satires, or scourging feuilletons. All his works, personal as well as political, lyrical as well as narrative, are marked with a deep sincerity of pain, realism of description, clarity of expression and power of emphasis. Apollon Grigoryev speaks of "the sledge-hammer of Nekrasov's emotions which strikes outright with might and main", and I. S. Turgenev says that "Nekrasov's poems, concentrated in one focus, are scorching".

Nekrasov himself calls his Muse "the Muse of revenge and of grief", and it was through his works that generations of young Russians learned to hate oppression, to abominate autocracy, to understand the common people and to sympathize with the toiler. While Pushkin was a source of beauty and serene fancy Nekrasov gave his readers the stinging touch of excruciating reality; while Pushkin resembled a colorful flower-bed in a frame of marble statuary, Nekrasov was a strong, salty breeze of a heaving sea. And there were times when Nekrasov was more cherished by the progressive Russian "Intelligentzia" than even Pushkin or Lermontov.

1. Lyrical Poems.—It was only in the last decade that particular attention was called to the short lyrical poems of Nekrasov which up to that time were overshadowed by his more bulky and more readable socio-political poems. Lovers of poetry were charmed by the penetrative sincerity of those personal confessions, by the music of their language, by the grip of their pain. In poetical value those poems often surpass the more known objective works.

2. "Who Lives Well in Russia" (1869-1874).—Seven peasants assembled, the poet says, and began to argue as to who lives well in Russia. Opinions differed. One said, the landlord; another, the fat merchant; a third, the priest; a fourth, the government's official; a fifth, the Tzar. The peasants made a bet. They decided to go over Russia from end to end and to find out who is the happiest one. Thus the poet created a framework for a broad and vivid description of Russia, which his work finds just a year or two after the abolition of serfdom. The work is written in the tone of folk-lore. Miracles happen in it as in any of the popular fairy-tales. Yet "Who Lives Well in Russia" is full of striking realism, of keen observation. Interwoven as it is with lyrical digressions, with narratives of human lives, with contemplations of the fate of the Fatherland, it is unique in Russian literature.

"A picture, colorful as Russia herself, unrolls before us; melancholy and pity breathe from all its corners."—*P. Weinberg.*

3. "Red Nose Frost" (1864).—A powerful description of the peasants' family life in a poor village, and a study in peasant character. Nekrasov wanted to reveal before the eyes of the world some of the hidden treasures of the human heart and intelligence which lie buried under the débris of poverty and misfortune. The poem is unsurpassed in vigor of style and in sublimity of feeling.

4. "Russian Women".—If the heroine of "Red Nose Frost" comes from the very bottom of the people's sea, the Princess Volkonskaya and the Princess Trubetzkaya in the "Russian Women" come from the top. Essentially, however, all three women are the same. They are strong and tender, sensitive and unbending in their self-sacrifice for what is dearest to them. Princess Volkonskaya and Princess Trubetzkaya belong to the most charming feminine portraits in Russian poetry.

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(For further reading, Nekrasov's "Railroad", "Contemplations at the Mansion Door", "Children", may be recommended.)

COUNT ALEXEY TOLSTOI (1817-1875)

Poet and dramatist. Contrary to the main current of Russian literature, Alexey Tolstoi was less concerned with social problems or with the actual life of the people than with beauty for beauty's sake. He called himself "a bard who beauty's banner carried high". His slogan was "row fearlessly in the name of the beautiful, against the current". As to the two warring camps, the Westerners and Slavophiles, he declared he was "no fighter in either camp, only a casual guest". The same thing may be said of his relation to the two camps of progressivism and conservatism in Russia. Neither was his realm. What attracted him most was a beautiful word-picture, a refined emotion expressed in a harmonious rhythm, an attractive story well told. Yet he was thoroughly national. He was imbued with the spirit of folk-lyricism. He drew upon the rich resources of ancient folk-poetry. He looked upon Russia through the prism of old folk-songs and heroic legends. His legends and ballads of old Russian life are national gems.

"As a poet Tolstoi showed that a man can serve pure art and yet not disconnect it from the moral meaning of life, that art must be free from things base and false, but not from ideal contents and relation to life. As a thinker, he expressed in a remarkably clear and harmonious poetical form the old but forever true Platonico-Christian conception of the world. As a patriot, he stood for the very thing our country needs most—and, moreover, he himself represented the ideal he stood for—the live power of a free personality."—*Vl. Solovyev.*

1. Lyrical Poems. "In his lyrical poems A. Tolstoi charms with the ear-caressing musical quality of his form as well as with the crystal-clear, chaste quality of his inspirations."—*Th. D. Batushkov.*

2. Dramatic Trilogy: (a) "The Death of (Ivan) The Terrible" (1866); (b) "Tzar Theodore" (1868); (c) "Tzar Boris" (1870).

"The trilogy has been denoted as national drama because it lets us feel 'the national traits of character and national conception of the world', and because it put forward one of the main problems of our history, the problem of autocracy, which it represented in three different manifestations: in the person of a despot, cruel and obsessed; in the person of a Tzar possessed of high moral qualities but lacking will-power and enlightened views; and in the person of a Tzar who had a strong will and enlightened views, but lacked the 'moral sanction'."—*Th. D. Batushkov.*

It must be remarked, however, that all three parts of the trilogy represent, first of all, tragedies of human souls. Not autocracy is the main object of interest, but the conflicts in the characters of personalities. A. Tolstoi was a poet "who principally derived his inspirations from the data of personal experience".

G. I. USPENSKY (1843-1902)

An observer of Russian life who used his literary talent to depict the lower strata of the people, primarily the peasants, in a form that was a blending of fiction and journalism, story and social study. As a Narodnik, Uspensky saw in the Russian village the possibilities of a complete, harmonious life based on a just social order; as an observer with an uncommonly penetrative eye, Uspensky never failed to notice the disintegration of the patriarchal social order in the village community and the changes that ensued; as a writer with a compelling facility and sincerity of expression, he gave utterance to all his notions, doubts, beliefs and moods, drawing an endless number of sketches of individuals, localities, types, scenes, conversations, happenings, always aware of the ugliness and cruelty of the life he depicted, and always longing for beauty. Uspensky's works are no pleasant reading. They are sometimes uncouth as the moujiks he presents. They have the slow movement of an ox-team over muddy black-earth roads. And they are as passionately unhappy as was their author who ended his life in an insane asylum. Yet Uspensky possessed a great artistic talent, and his grip over the reader is very strong. The work of Uspensky was a force that compelled Russia to think and to loathe the misery of her conditions.

1. "In the Grip of the Earth" (1882).

2. "The Village Diary".

"'In the Grip of the Earth' (and also 'The Village Diary') is a sort of treatise written in a half-literary, half-journalistic way. The facts are taken from real life, from immediate observation, and underwent only a slight literary modeling. The conclusions from this material are drawn in the prosaic form of a discussion. The aim of these discussions is to show that the psychology of the peasantry, particularly their morality, is a

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world in itself, a world foreign to us, which we can never understand unless we trace its connection with the peasant's labor, with the conditions of his agricultural life, with the requirements of the peasant economy; in a word, with the grip of the earth which is being cultivated by the peasant and feeds him." —*D. N. Ovsyaniko-Kulikovsky.*

M. E. SALTYKOV (SHCHEDRIN) (1826-1889)

Satirist. A high governmental official prior to devoting himself to literature; knew bureaucracy from the inside; possessed an enormous talent for reducing to absurdity the objects of his satire. There is something venomous, implacable, almost cruel, almost uncanny in the way he follows every crevice in the soul of his victim, exposing meanness, vulgarity, inefficiency, hypocrisy, ridiculing, castigating, branding with mockery, and laughing, laughing. . . . Compared with Shchedrin, Gogol appears almost tame. Shchedrin is never sad; he never sheds tears, either open or hidden. Shchedrin is grim. He is serious. He is masterful. Only after a while the reader realizes the grotesqueness of this serious face, and a gruesome gaiety takes hold of him. Shchedrin is a realist. Hardly ever has a Russian writer descended as deeply as Shchedrin into the mire of human minds and into the filth of social conditions. He shared with Gogol his contempt for the bureaucrat and the noble landlord, but he discovered in Russia a new type that was only an embryo in Gogol's times: the modern, "real Russian", bourgeois.

Shchedrin's manner was a result of the press censorship in Russia. It was the necessity of preserving an innocent appearance, of talking in a detached way about things that hurt most, of hinting and alluding to topics which could not be discussed, at the same time keeping the tone of loyalty and devotion to the existing powers, that shaped Shchedrin's form. His most satirical and most effective volumes are those in which he speaks the language of a bureaucrat.

1. "The Family Golovlev" (1880).— The story of the decadence of a noble family, perhaps the strongest arraignment of the nobility ever written in Russian. Porfiri Golovlev, the main figure, combines voracious greed with oily piety, demoniacal sensuality with a righteous appearance, vicious cruelty with suavity of manner, frightful hollowness of soul with constant moral preaching. The choking, gravelike odors of decaying flesh are rising from this monstrous book, which, in spite of its exaggerations, bears a sinister resemblance to real life. "Judas" Golovlev, as the name of the "hero" is known in Russia, became a black symbol. It has been applied to many a known leader in Russia, and it fitted well. Shchedrin's analytical power and overwhelming realism reach in this book a climax. Being a book of social criticism, it represents one of the most valuable studies in human nature.

2. "Monrepos the Refuge" (1878-9).— This is the history of the advent of modern capitalism in Russia over the débris of the feudal order which received its mortal blow with the abolition of serfdom in 1861. The merchant Razuvayev, the hero of capitalist accumulation, the unscrupulous manipulator who feels the entire district as his personal domain, the "strong man" who disdains both the noble gentleman of the mansion and the "free" agricultural laborer, viewing them as so many flies who are doomed finally to land in his spider's net of money power—this new type makes in "Monrepos" his first appearance in Russian literature.

(Other valuable works of Shchedrin are "History of a City", "Sketches of a Province Town", "Male and Female Pompadours", "Letters to My Aunt".)

TH. M. DOSTOYEVSKY (1821-1881)

Picture a country, vast, powerful, endowed with limitless natural riches, yet lacking ease and comfort; a country torn by the most picturesque and powerful contrasts, yet passionately dreaming of harmony and beauty; a country struggling against the leaden floods of gloom that threaten to choke every living thing, yet seeing visions of pure white light and rapturous joy. Picture a life where the dominant factor is cruelty; cruelty of an autocratic government using the whip and the lash and the fist and the bayonet and the sabre and the dungeon to crush its peaceful, innocent citizens; cruelty of landlords using the rod as a means of ruling their serfs, and of factory employers "crushing the skulls" of their workers; cruelty of rural communities inflicting corporal punishment on their respectable members, and of military units where the practice of physical tortures developed into an art and the most refined methods of painful humiliation were devised; cruelty of parents, of schools, of husbands, of farm managers, of judges, of priests; cruelty of poverty, of bad roads, of primitive nature, of disorganizations, of dirt, mud, filth. Picture a people of a hundred millions afflicted with a profound reli-

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gious spirit and craving for their God; thousands of convents scattered over the plains of two continents where, among lazy and good-for-nothing impostors, there live individual monks of the purest and most sublime moral and religious attainments, ascending to the highest sunlit peaks of faith and devotion and eternal peace; hosts of plain folks, men, women and children, strong and infirm, rich and poor, leaving their homes every spring for a long pilgrimage by foot to the holy places, walking from village to village in colorful clusters, sleeping nights in the open air and wandering for months and months through rain and hail and dust and mud in the hope to fall prostrate before the holy ikon and to unload the burden of sins that weighs so heavily on their conscience. Picture a class of intellectual, well-educated people who have absorbed all the cultural and spiritual ideas of their time and who are woefully aware of the discrepancies between their ideal conceptions and the brutal reality that stares mockingly into their faces from near and far. Picture one of those intellectuals who has received a very careful and thorough European education; a thinker who is irresistibly drawn to philosophical, primarily metaphysical reasoning, living the problems of the conscience, of good and evil, of God and man, of time and eternity and things "beyond" in a more acute and suffering way than do ordinary mortals live the problems of their personal happiness; an artist with the most piercing eye, with the most vivid imagination, with the keenest and finest ear, with the deepest understanding of human psychology and with an ability to fathom the abysses of human mind beyond the surface of "common sense"; a responsive soul who can hear the cry of a child in the night when it is cruelly beaten by a cruel, ignorant mother, the sigh of agony of a man whose daughter is selling her body to earn a meager living for him and his family, the chatter of the teeth of the insane when he is tormented by his infernal visions, and who drinks the cup of suffering of humanity so deeply that the entire world appears to him in a white heat of pain; a constructive genius who has the power to put all his visions, queries, doubts, anguish, rebellions, analyses, curses, blessings into broad, powerful, scourging pictures saturated with elements of reality, of human life, human nature. Let this genius be sentenced to death for no fault of his. Let him be put on the scaffold and made to listen to his death sentence only to be later "pardoned" to serve a number of years in chains in the mines of Siberia together with highwaymen and murderers; let him, besides, develop epilepsy and be ever tormented by the expectation of an attack and by all the terror that accompanies the fits of his disease. Let this man loose upon a country pictured above, let him create great monumental works giving expression to his own soul as influenced by the surrounding world —and you will, perhaps, have an idea of Theodore Dostoyevsky.

People outside of Russia do not like to read Dostoyevsky. "He is too morbid", they say, "he may be very talented, but he is too dark and gruesome". True it is that Dostoyevsky is no amusing reading. Moreover, some of his scenes may appear incredible to those who judge Russia by the standards of comfortable Western civilization. Dostoyevsky does not try to make his writings palatable. He heaps one shocking picture on the other, he tops one excruciating scene by another, as if the entire world were turning insane. Yet the man who has gone through the purgatory of Dostoyesvky's novels emerges with a greater soul, with a wiser mind, with a wealth of unmatched experiences that give new meaning to the world. It is for this reason that Dostoyevsky has grown to be ever more valued and read and commented upon by the thinking Russians. Now Dostoyevsky looms up on the spiritual horizon of Russia larger than, perhaps, any of the great.

"One finds in Dostoyevsky everywhere the human personality extended to the last limits, growing, developing from the very dark, elemental, animal-like roots to the uppermost illuminated heights of spirituality; everywhere one finds the struggle of a heroic will against the elemental power of self-conscious, refined sensuality; against the elemental power of the people, the state, the political influences; finally, against the elemental power of metaphysical and religious mysteries. Passing through the crucible of this struggle, through the fire of red-hot passions and still more red-hot consciousness, the kernel of the human personality remains undestroyed, it reveals itself—and all Dostoyevsky's heroes contrast themselves to the elemental powers that absorb them.

"His main works are in reality neither novels nor epics; they are tragedies. He has no rivals in the art of gradually intensifying, accumulating, deepening and fearfully concentrating the tragic action. There comes a moment for all Dostoyevsky's heroes when they cease 'feeling their own body'. These creatures are by no means bodyless or bloodless; they are not ephemeral. Yet the highest elation,

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the utmost tension of their spiritual life, the most heated passions not of heart and emotions, but of mind, intellect, conscience, give them this freedom from their bodies, they produce, as it were, the supernatural lightness, the spirituality of the flesh. Due to their high spirituality, all Dostoyevsky's heroes live an incredibly accelerated life; they do not walk like ordinary mortals, they are flying, and in their very destruction they experience the rapture of this terrible flight, since it carries them into the abyss.

"Dostoyevsky's heroes are, first of all, clever people. Through them we can see how abstract thoughts can be passionate, how metaphysical premises and conclusions can be rooted not only in our intellect, but also in our hearts, emotions, will. Their crimes are irresistible conclusions from dialectics. They feel deeply because they think deeply; they suffer enormously because they cogitate enormously; they dare to will because they dare to think. The most abstract thought is at the same time the most passionate: this is the thought of God. All Dostoyevsky's heroes are 'tormented by God'.

"To make the hidden sides, the powers latent in the depths of human souls, reveal themselves, Dostoyevsky needs a certain degree of pressure of moral atmospheres which under conditions of present 'real' life never, or almost never, are to be found: he needs either the rarified, icy air of abstract dialectics, or the fire of elemental, animal-like passion. These experiments sometimes yield totally novel states of the human soul, which seem to be impossible, unnatural, like the liquid state of the air. Dostoyevsky's so-called 'psychology' reminds of a vast laboratory equipped with the finest, most exact instruments and mechanisms to measure, investigate, analyze human souls."—*D. S. Mereshkovsky.*

1. "Crime and Punishment" (1866).—Through the processes of pure reasoning a man comes to the murder of a fellow human being. The man is honest. He is an idealist. He is a thinker. He despises conventional morals. He challenges society by challenging his own deeply rooted moral conceptions. There are, he says, human lives that are worth nothing, less than nothing. They are injurious to society. They are parasites pure and simple. Why should I not be permitted to go and kill such a person, even if it is an old helpless decrepit woman, and take away her money which I can use for some progressive purpose? The man dares. He kills the woman. What will become of him? What mental processes will he go through? This is the main problem Dostoyevsky set out to solve in this novel. "People call me a psychologist", Dostoyevsky once wrote about himself. "This is not true. I am only a realist of a higher order, that is to say, I am depicting all the depths of the human soul."

2. "The Idiot" (1868).—The man thus labeled is not an idiot at all. He is wiser than many a wise man. He has been ill up to a mature age, suffering from a kind of mental disease. Now he is well. He returns to society, a rich, independent man. But he returns with a soul so sensitive that it seems nude. His impressions have a freshness and a spontaneity unknown to civilized men. His ideas of right and wrong, of the proper and the improper, are dictated by a moral sense that is as responsive and tremulous as would be a living being stripped of its skin. He is a child, he is a sage, he is a saint. How would he react if he were put in a company not of dull commonplace people, but of men and women of the hottest passions and the darkest gropings? Dostoyevsky introduces a gallery of such men and women. The novel is a string of tragic scenes unsurpassed in dramatic power. It leads up to a climax that is haunting.

3. "The Brothers Karamazov" (1879-80).—The ripest and most monumental of Dostoyevsky's works. Here all the tendencies and currents of his creative searchings are concentrated and deepened. The voluminous novel represents a momentous tragedy constructed with unusual technical skill. The numerous figures are located around the main event so as to make a complete whole. The psychological vivisection, the cruel dipping into the most obscure corners of human souls, the uncanny joy at pursuing the victim of the artist's acrid stare, coupled with a human sympathy and compassion for suffering human beings as profound and tender and all-embracing as only suffering can produce, mark this work—more abundantly than, perhaps, all the works of Dostoyevsky.

"The most harrowing of all philosophico-religious problems is here tackled: how can we reconcile the faith in an all-powerful and all-benevolent God with the existence of evil, cruelties, bestiality in the world, particularly with the most unjust fact of children's tortures? Ivan is revolting against the idea of universal harmony achieved at a price of endless sufferings, primarily of innocent victims. He rejects the 'truth' thus attained, he declares beforehand that the truth is not worth such a price. It is not a theoretical theologico-philosophical discussion as

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to the proofs of God's existence; it is a burning question of life and moral consciousness. The question is put so sharply and in such a daring manner that no evading it and no superficial answer becomes possible."—*D. N. Ovsyaniko-Kulikovsky.*

(Other works of Dostoyevsky indispensable for the student of his talent: "Memories from the Dead House", "Netotchka Nezvanova", "The Obsessed".)

L. N. TOLSTOI (1828-1910)

"With a feeling of awe you approach Tolstoi—so tremendous and masterful he is: with a feeling of timid admiration you stand at the foot of this human mountain. The Cyclopean structure of his spirit overpowers the student.

"It is the naturalness, the almost primæval character and elemental power of his works that strike most. He is the eternal pupil of life, forever learning something new; his soul is full to its brim; it is a vessel of beauty, artistically carved, precious in its simplicity. He can identify himself with every soul, he remembers and understands everything, he includes all objects, big and small, in the vast sphere of his observations, he transforms himself into everybody and everything, and all sensations, however fleeting, experienced by him or by others, he puts into an artistic form that stays forever. . . . His creative cyclopædism gives him access to human beings, to animals, and even to the soul of a dying tree; you cannot resist the authenticity with which he pictures all the experiences of all the living creatures in God's world. Being no *littérateur*, he has no literary specialty. He approaches every subject with equal ease, and the diameter of his creative area is astounding. From Napoleon to Kholstomer (the horse)—all this tremendous psychological distance he passes with equal strength, never fatigued, never strained, never artificial. The dreams of a child falling asleep, and the last visions of a dying person, the debut of a little girl who is in love for the first time, and the nights of the old Prince turning on the hard bed of senility—all this Tolstoi understood and lived through and incorporated into pieces of art, and better than any artist in the world has he shown that nothing is lost in the soul; he showed how endlessly rich life is, how every drop of dew glistens and sparkles in it with a fulness of color. . . .

"From amid all this, from amid the trivial, ordinary, trifling, rises the sublime, the beautiful, the great, stirring the soul with the purest emotions. Without an obvious purpose, without aiming at effects, he attains the most sublime results; amid every-day life, out of the material of every-day occurrences, he gives us a holiday of spirit; out of prose he creates fragrant poetry, and you are thankful to him, and you send him your blessings."—*J. Eichenwald.*

1. "Anna Karenine" (1875-77).—The Song of Songs of love-stories. Tolstoi personally disapproves of Anna's love for Vronsky. Anna is a married woman, and, according to Tolstoi's moral conception, she should not have left her husband and child for the sake of her love. Yet Tolstoi, the artist, is infinitely stronger than Tolstoi the moralist. His narrative of the emotional developments is their justification; his sketches of the character of Anna, her husband, Vronsky and the others make events appear inevitable. Tolstoi tells the story of human weaknesses and human inconsequence with so much fondness that it seems almost impossible to identify the author of "Anna Karenine" with the old, stern-looking, implacable man we know so well from his portraits. Here as elsewhere Tolstoi, the artist, is utterly humane; his own ideas do not cloud his vision; his philosophic conceptions remain in the background so long as he anatomizes actual life. "Tolstoi was more of a pagan than any of our writers," said a famous Russian critic. His greediness for life in its concrete manifestations made him dread the reverse—death. In "Anna Karenine" we have a streak of this dread which pursued Tolstoi all through his works.

Still, "Anna Karenine" is infinitely more than a story of love, life and death. It is one of the few works wherein the thinking elements of the Russian nobility are pictured with broad, frank strokes. It is a colorful panorama of the upper class of Russia in the second half of the nineteenth century. Tolstoi was hardly partial, though his sympathy with his own class was most natural. He pictures both virtues and weaknesses of high society, and the student of Russian social conditions will have to acquaint himself with the personages of the novel just as well as with historic or sociological data. It is conceivable that he will see more through "Anna Karenine" than through piles of dry material.

The novel, however, is even more than a social study. It touches the broader principles of existence. It is saturated with pure thought. It gropes for a solution of the meaning of life. The individual, the social, and the universal are subtly combined into an organic whole.

2. "War and Peace" (1865-69).—"The author faced a tremendous task. The

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scene of action in the novel is the whole of Europe, from the Volga to Austerlitz; equal participants in the action are great armies of hundreds of thousands, and a little girl, Natasha; the 'great Napoleon,' and the captive soldier, Platon Karatayev. The battle of Borodino, and a hunting party; the movements of huge masses of armed men, and the hardly perceptible movements of a human soul; the slaughter of innumerable thousands, and the fleeting grief of an individual; the meeting between Alexander and Napoleon, and the meeting between Pierre and Natasha—all those historical and 'romantic' occurrences are combined into one great tangle of life. To be able to untangle this wealth of events, to draw out the novel into one straight line, it required to find the meaning of all, to see clearly how everything happened, what were the moving forces, the psychological grounds, why things shaped themselves one way and not another. Once faced with all these questions, Tolstoi was naturally compelled to inquire into the philosophical foundations both of the historical and psychological parts of the novel. 'War and Peace' thus became an artistic, historic and philosophic epic whose elements are inseparably intertwined."—*R. V. Ivanov-Razumnik.*

"War and Peace" is, first of all, an artistic biography of several men and women at the beginning of the nineteenth century. A number of very young Russians, almost children, members of the upper class, are introduced in the first chapters of the novel, and the author proceeds to follow their lives, through all the hazards and vicissitudes of a turbulent historic epoch, up to the time of their full maturity when their mental powers reach a climax. The lives of those people often cross and clash, forming the romantic and dramatic part of the novel. "War and Peace" is, thus, one of the rare works that picture the growth and development of an entire generation. The subtlety of the psychological analysis is not hampered by the great number of personages and the overwhelming amount of material to be handled.

A second element is the national life of Russia. Hardly any representative of any class in Russia, from the serfs and the village reeve to the Emperor and his advisers, is omitted in this work. In fact, it was the clear purpose of Tolstoi to review the entire society of Russia in a moment of her hardest trial. The picture drawn is both broad and vivid, true to life and shot through with spirit.

A third element is the series of historical events: battles, diplomatic relations, military drives, the invasion of Russia by Napoleon, the burning of Moscow, the retreat and annihilation of the French army. The latter events are represented with so much vigor and clarity that one is almost inclined to think this narrative one of the best sources of the history of 1812 in Russia.

3. "Resurrection" (1900). — In this novel Tolstoi aimed at picturing the moral regeneration of a person steeped in wrong. Prince Nekhludov, the rich man, the bon-vivant, realizes the evils of his life. The seduction of young Katya, the peasant girl, which led her downhill to vice and misery and finally to a trial for participation in murder, is Nekhludov's heaviest sin. Nekhludov repents and is ready to change his life. The actual center of the novel and its greatest artistic achievement, however, is not the figure of Nekhludov, but the prison life in which Katya is involved.

"Resurrection" gives a number of descriptions of prison types, both criminal and revolutionary, that palpitate with reality. Katya's long and dreary journey to Siberia, together with a band of political prisoners, her gradual change under the influence of more intelligent and human companions, her timid love for one of the revolutionaries and the first rays of hope that illuminate this sorely tried young heart still capable of the best human emotions are the strongest parts in the novel.

(The student of Tolstoi will read every literary work of his with equal joy and profit. Particular attention should be called to "Childhood, Adolescence, Youth", which is a kind of artistic autobiography; to "The Cossacks", an early story wherein many of Tolstoi's later philosophical doubts and queries are expressed; "Sebastopol Stories", forming almost personal memories in which the author, then a young man, laid down his experiences as an officer in the Crimean campaign; "The Kreutzer Sonata", in which sexual love and pleasure for pleasure's sake are strongly condemned; "The Death of Ivan Ilitch" and "Man and Master", both dealing with the problem of death; a number of short-stories written for the masses in plain language; all the posthumous works of which "The Living Corpse" is, perhaps, the most remarkable. Brilliant descriptions, conversations, characteristics are scattered in Tolstoi's "prose" discourses, such as "Confessions", "What is Art?" "What, Then, Shall We Do?" and others. No complete understanding of Tolstoi's artistic manner is possible without recourse to those "prose" works.)

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V. G. KOROLENKO (1853—)

A story writer. His talent is of a rather narrow scope, but it is full of that noble idealism which makes the reader love and trust the author. Charm and simplicity of expression are combined in his works with a luminous honesty. The caressing hand of a father is felt in all of Korolenko's stories.

1. "Siberian Stories" (1901).—An exile to Eastern Siberia for many years, Korolenko had an opportunity to make first-hand studies of what was, perhaps, the hardest experience of progressive Russian intellectuals. Yet, in these frost-breathing stories there is no hatred, no bitterness, not even against the officials. They are rather good-natured, clever and colorful observations of a God-forsaken corner of the world, where people live under the most primitive conditions.

2. Short-Stories.—Korolenko's stories are all very readable and attractive. Attention is called to "Yom Kippur", which is permeated with sympathy for the oppressed Jew; "Makar's Dream", breathing pity for the ignorant and poor Siberian peasant; "The Old Bellman", an idyl of rural life; "The Murmuring Forest", where among the mystery of green shadows a drama of love and jealousy leads to a cruel end; and "In Bad Society", picturing the types of outcasts in a small town in Southern Russia. The characters and nature depicted in most of these stories belong to Southern Russia (Ukrainia), though Korolenko writes in the Great Russian language.

3. "The Blind Musician" (1886).—History of a gifted child born blind and groping its way to a conception of the world. The entire book is a psychological study borne on a spirit of love to the afflicted. The story is set in a frame of rural surroundings, and the fragrance of Ukrainian fields and groves fills it with tender sadness.

N. K. MIKHAYLOVSKY (1842-1904)

Sociologist, publicist and critic. One of the leading minds of Russia for three decades. As early as the 'seventies he worked out his famous "formula of progress", which became the topic of heated discussions among Russian thinkers. "Progress", he wrote, "is a gradual approach to the fullest and most many-sided division of labor among the organs and the least possible division of labor among human beings. Immoral, unjust, injurious, unreasonable is all that hampers this movement. Moral, just, reasonable and useful is only that which lessens the variegated character of society, thus increasing the variety of its individual members." The last two sentences of the formula indicate that Mikhaylovsky considered the subjective attitude of reasoning human beings one of the important factors in the progress of society, as counteracting the blind mechanical processes. This "subjective sociology" of which Mikhaylovsky was the strongest adherent made him the target of numerous attacks of another sociological school, the Marxists.

Being in the foremost ranks of social thought, Mikhaylovsky necessarily devoted part of his attention to literature as one of the expressions of Russian life. In this respect he differed little from other leaders.

1. "A Cruel Talent" (1882).—This is, perhaps, the strongest of Mikhaylovsky's critical essays; a scathing accusation of Dostoyevsky for the excesses of cruelty one finds in his works. Mikhaylovsky blames the horrors of prison life for having made Dostoyevsky a fiend of cruelty. The critic fails to see that behind the pictures of cruelty there is a heart agonizing with love for the sufferers and with a cry for justice. The essay is one-sided, yet it adds to the understanding of the great writer.

2. G. I. Uspensky (1888).—A critical survey of Uspensky's literary character and sociological tendencies with which Mikhaylovsky is in full accord. The essay is written with deep sympathy for the unfortunate "seeker of the truth".

(Other critical essays: "On Turgenev", "On Shchedrin", "The Right and Left of Count L. Tolstoi".)

S. J. NADSON (1862-1887)

Poet. A son of the gloomy 'eighties—the nightmare-like period in recent Russian history; a singer of the "Intelligentzia's" melancholy and broken hopes. In Nadson's poetry everything is sombre, subdued, shrouded in the atmosphere of graves. Tiredness marks Nadson's young Muse. It is a wounded Muse, craving for happiness yet ever afraid even of a ray of sunshine, afraid to betray the eternal life-companion, grief.

"Lyrical Poems".—Nadson's poems do not sparkle with vivid colors. It is the vehemence of his lamentations, his animated declamation that is their greatest value. Notwithstanding artistic defects, Nadson has grown to be one of the most beloved poets read by young and old.

A. P. TCHEKHOV (1860-1904)

Fundamentally, Tchekhov is of a happy disposition. He loves life. He loves fun, merriment, laughter. He is fond of

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every creature that lives and thrives on earth. He would like to feel that the world is all sunlit, full of wonders, and that great masses of people are celebrating in it some festive holiday.

Fundamentally, Tchekhov is a good friend. He would like to have a witty, animated and serious talk with clever persons who have a keen eye for the occurrences of life. He could tell so many curious, funny, sad and pointed things about human relations, provided the listeners would be as sympathetic and alive as he is. At the same time he would smile a wise smile and think that life is worth living.

Yes, fundamentally Tchekhov has a desire and an aptitude for a beautiful, thoughtful, peaceful and spirit-ful life akin, perhaps, to the carefree existence of ancient Greek wizards. Yet he resembles a tropical plant that opened its blossoms in the dreary air of a northern country. He was a son of the 'eighties in Russia. Surrounding life was more than sad. It was horror-stricken. The "Intelligentzia" was afraid not only to revolt, but even to be dissatisfied. People made attempts to adapt even their psychology and their ideology to brutal political and social environments. That was the time when the dominating theory was, "No broad aspects; no universal aspirations; do your little bit of work in your tiny corner, and don't stir". That was the time of broken wills, of well-meaning creatures without backbones, of shedding tears over one's own weakness and still finding in this very weakness a justification for one's nasty existence. That was the time of no hope, no prospect, no way out of misery.

Tchekhov, the sun-loving and fun-loving young artist, opened his eyes to find himself in the midst of this horror-smitten ugliness. It did not break him, because his sense of life was too strong. It did not make him even gloomy, because his sense of humor and witticism was inexhaustible. It only made him subdued. He did not become a hater of life, yet a strain of melancholy sounds all through his work.

Tchekhov became a wise observer with a wistful smile and an aching heart. He resembled a jovial, strong fellow bedridden by an incurable disease, who sees every detail of life more clearly and with a sounder judgment than the healthy ones, but cannot suppress the everlasting nagging pain in all his body. Tchekhov's soul is full of forgiveness. He is never irritated. He does not curse, nor bless. He is like a father who sees the follies of his children and cannot help being amused over the trifles they are concerned with. He has a better insight into the reality of things than the little children—humanity at large—he can tell about them so many interesting details, but he certainly would not weep nor suffer on their account.

Tchekhov is delicate and truthful, elegiac and humorous, soft and penetrating, musical and crisp. The range of his observations is vast. The people he describes belong more to the present time, as he is more of a city inhabitant than were the classicists. His art of description is both subtle and striking. There is almost magic in the way he contrives to draw a picture in a few seemingly simple lines. He is never tiresome. Russians who have read his stories many a time find a peculiar delight in opening a volume of his at random and reading away for hours. He is the writer who is a friend, and whom the reader grows to love with a tender, admiring and bashful love. At the same time none is as modest in his writing as is Tchekhov.

A strange fate pursued this man. It was on the eve of the revolution in Russia, when waves of energy were rolling through the soil of the formerly sad country and life acquired a new, luminous meaning. Tchekhov, the bright-eyed, pure-hearted, sad friend, unwillingly responded. A note of faint hope crept into his song. His stories began to breathe fresh, invigorating air. But those were his last stories. Tchekhov died in the summer of 1904, one year before the revolution.

It is very difficult to make a selection of his stories or plays, and it is difficult to characterize each of them in a few words. "It is impossible, and it were sinful to analyze, thread after thread, the precious fabric of Tchekhov's works", wrote a distinguished Russian critic, J. Eichenwald. "Such operation would destroy the very fabric, as if you would blow away the golden dust from the wings of a butterfly. The contents of Tchekhov's works cannot be told at all; one has to read them. Reading Tchekhov means to drink his lines, to be afraid of omitting a word, because notwithstanding its simplicity—dear, noble simplicity—every word contains an artistic point of observation, some unusually striking personification of nature and things, a wonderful detail of human character".

One has to read two or three collections of Tchekhov's stories to gain an insight into his talent. Special attention is called to "A Tiresome Story" (1891), "Ward Number Six" (1892), "Peasants" (1897), "In the Hollow" (1900), "Three Sisters", play (1900), "Cherry Orchard", play (1903), "The Archbishop" (1902).

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ITALY'S WOMAN WRITERS

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

One of the most pleasant and profitable literary by-products of the war will doubtless be an increased interest in the letters of our ally, Italy. Outside of the colleges, Italian literature as a whole has been neglected by us of the United States. Of course, we are all more or less familiar with the name of D'Annunzio and a few other moderns, yet as a nation we are quite unaware of the rich field that awaits us not only in the province of fiction, but also in poetry and the drama. Forgetting, for the moment, names that have become standards, there is a host of writers, both male and female, that would well repay closer acquaintance. In the drama, Roberto Bracco, chief of the "feminist" school; Marco Praga, Enrico Butti, Sabatino Lopez and Dario Niccodemi deserve special mention; in the novel and tale two men in particular stand out as meriting close attention: Luciano Zuccoli, one of the "best sellers" of Italy's largest publishing house, and Luigi Pirandello, philosophical humorist, compared by some, for his engaging manner, to Boccaccio who has been perhaps his chief inspiration. Immediately behind them come such widely read writers as Guido da Verona, Ugo Ojetti and Enrico Corradini. In the realms of criticism Italy has produced, in Giovanni Papini, one of the most caustic and egocentric characters that contemporary letters can show.

What part does the Italian woman play in modern Italian literature?

In order to appreciate fully the answer to this question, it is necessary to understand the position that woman has occupied in Italy until very recent times. Such an understanding comes with difficulty to the American woman, who has for so long enjoyed a freedom that has been denied to her Latin sisters. It must be remembered, in this connection, that the Italian woman has had to contend with Oriental inheritances of the race as well as with Spanish influence. Those who are even superficially acquainted with any of the Spanish "point of honor" plays know what a cramped, superidealized, yet degraded position woman has been forced to occupy in that country for ages. The situation has been very little different in Italy, where woman has for long been segregated in what has aptly been called a "moral harem". Education of the higher sort has been denied her; indeed, how long is it since women, in this country, have been permitted to enter colleges and to study for the professions?

Of course, such a state of affairs, even in the most backward of countries, was bound to result in a reaction. In Spain that reaction was visible upon the stage in the plays of Echegaray, who, in the matter of the "point of honor" may be said to represent a transitional epoch. When we come to Jacinto Benavente, greatest of the living Spanish dramatists, and by some looked upon as the greatest dramatist alive, the

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"point of honor" attitude is wiped out entirely. A similar reaction in Italy is represented by the excellent dramas of Roberto Bracco, who, perhaps with greater vehemence and more certain effect than any of Italy's woman writers, has handled the case for the gentler sex. It would hardly be exaggerating the state of affairs, indeed, if one offered the opinion that Bracco has gone too far for the Italian woman. He is an advanced spirit—too advanced for even some of the English militants, let alone the feminists of Italy, where the woman's movement has not reached the militant stage and in the opinion of more than one commentator, never will reach that stage.

What is certain is that a change for the better in woman's position is taking place in Italy; the great war should be of no small aid to that much desired end. Such matters adjust themselves slowly, and each country is a law unto itself. In considering the work of the women who have definitely found a place in Italian letters it must, however, be remembered that they have accomplished this in the face of numerous obstacles, social no less than material. It would be entirely too optimistic not to expect that the lack of educational opportunities and the presence of a decidedly masculine outlook upon things would show itself in the work of the woman writers. So strongly do these influences appear, indeed, that the two chief woman novelists of Italy—Matilde Serao and Grazia Deledda, both of whom early achieved a great reputation and are still active in their labors—have been found in their earliest and best work to have adopted the masculine standpoint quite unconsciously. For the first signs of revolt we look not to them but to such prominent—if less permanent—figures, as the widely read Neera, Roselli, Jolanda and others.

Italian critics—of course most of them are men—are forever complaining of the lack of culture exhibited in the writing even of the best of the women. One of the latest of these, who in fact disclaims the existence of any feminine literature in Italy at all, is Lorenzo Gigli, in his "Il Romanzo Italiano". When we have listened to Signor Gigli we have heard the worst that can be said. Let us, then, get over with it quickly, so that we may consider the women themselves. Gigli, of course, thinks highly of Matilde Serao and of Grazia Deledda. He finds in them certain distinguishing qualities that more than compensate for the error they committed in being born women. Perhaps their lack of early training may appear here and there, but this is more than made up for by their spontaneous powers. For Serao's early works Gigli has especial praise because they do not reveal their feminine authorship. Regarding the work of the Italian woman novelists and tale writers as a whole, he finds them deficient in psychological skill, lacking in a sense of color, not highly original in invention, not possessed of a strong sense of the relationship between surrounding and individual. In one particular, at least, it is not hard to disagree with him, because in this country we suffer more or less from a similar ailment; the too gentle criticism of women as writers, he asserts, is not a yellow, but a "rosy" peril! Gallantry is all very well for the *salon;* it has no place in the critical columns of serious literary journals.

All of Gigli's animadversions may

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or may not be true of woman as a sex employed in writing novels; it is just as true, however, that the mere fact of one's being a man does not exempt him from the same faults. And one does not have to go to Italy for proof of that!

Matilde Serao, apart from the dominant position she occupies in Italy's feminine literature, is a most remarkable personality. Here is a pen-portrait of her painted by Ugo Ojetti when she was at the height of her powers:

"This remarkable woman every day writes, in addition to her purely literary labors, several columns of her newspaper, and two or three pages of the novels that she publishes, under pseudonymns, in the popular journals. She is often in the composing room until three in the morning; she never misses a 'first night', nor any of the public or private banquets where all shower her with affectionate enthusiasm; she administers her patrimony, watches over her numerous children lovingly, edits a second journal—a literary one, makes a flying trip to Rome upon every political occasion, dictates correspondence, parliamentary articles with a clearness of mind and a precision of judgment possessed by few veteran journalists. Moreover, she delivers lectures annually at Naples, Rome and Florence, and yet finds time to go to Paris, to visit even Palestine and the tomb of Jesus, and to weep there so sincerely that she returns fired with mysticism . . ."

Incidentally the career of Serao offers one very good suggestion as to how to get rid of a persistently adverse critic. When her work first appeared a certain Edward Scarfoglio, a man of great influence, attacked it in no uncertain terms; our undaunted heroine — married him!

Even in the earlier days of her fame the greatest of Italy's woman writers was not averse to confessing her own shortcomings. "I know that my style is incorrect", she said at one time. "I don't know how to write! Certainly I admire those who write well, but I must confess that if, perchance, I felt capable of developing into a stylist, I would not try. I believe that the living force of my language—not very precise to be sure—and the peculiar phrases I use make my work throb with warmth. Well, isn't warmth the very sign of life, and, not only, of immediate life? There are examples of work marked by just such a character, which escape the ravages of time more than any others. Take, for example, Verga, de Roberto, Capuana and myself. We are accused of incorrectness. Very well. But we have a public that follows us and reads us. . . ."

The work of Matilde Serao—that part of it which is most certain of survival—is intimately associated with Naples, just as Grazia Deledda stands in Italian letters for Sardinia. In general it might be said for both of these writers that the closer they remain to their native soil the more powerful and enduring is their work. The wonderful picture of Naples that Serao gives in her "Land of Cockayne", the insight into the inner significance of the corroding gambling instinct, mingled as it is with superstition, together with that poverty of environment which generates poverty of mind, is thrown upon our mental screen most vividly and is not soon forgotten; this one book, which has prompted comparison, from French critics, with Balzac, represents a triumph of woman in Italian

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literature. If Matilde Serao had done nothing else, her fame would rest secure upon the basis of this book alone. But she has done much else, perhaps too much. The length of the women's individual volumes and their unconscionable prolixity, is an old complaint in Italy.

Prominent in Serao's other work stand such novels as "The Conquest of Rome", and such shorter tales as "On Guard" (*All'erta Sentinella!*) and "The Ballet-Dancer" (*La Ballerina*). For those who merely echo the plaint that women are not psychologists, a reading of the last-mentioned tale would dispel certain preconceived notions. One cannot deny that the woman writers at least know the souls of women, however much their masculine creations may seem lacking in truth to life as men see it.

The prominence of Serao and Deledda is closely related to the question of the regional novel in Italy, where the marked difference of life and thought in the various districts renders these regions a source of vivid interest, literary as well as geographical. A similar set of conditions obtains in Spain, where the regional novel has been carried to the heights of enduring literary worth by writers like Blasco Ibáñez, who is most himself and at his best when treating of his beloved Valencia. Mere lists of names are nothing; it would be useless to clutter this page with an array of the complete works of Matilde Serao and Grazia Deledda; many of them, even most of them, will be forgotten together with the vast majority of books that have been written; what is important to remember, after reading the books that procured for them the secure niche in the history of Italian letters which they enjoy, is that they attained that eminence by virtue of indomitable qualities of mind and personality at a time when the Italian woman was subjected to the most retrogressive influences.

This holds particularly true of the career of Grazia Deledda, whose natural gifts amply made up for her lack of learning. Best known of her works are "The Old Man of the Mountain", "Elias Portolu", and "Nostalgia". The last two treat of the eternal problems that arise between man and woman, at the same time tending to belie the accusation that women writers have a weak sense of the relations between places and the people that inhabit them; the first, in a sense, is a work of deep symbolism, in which the faith of the blind old man, who makes his journey down the mountain to the village, unaided, trusting in the guidance of a higher power, meets an ironic fate when he falls into the abyss. Grazia Deledda's strongest point is her fearless exposition of the multitudinous sensations that fill the heart of woman, or as one noted critic, Dino Mantovani, puts it, "in the courageous expression of that which the more refined authors cannot and dare not express through fear of appearing vulgar". But Deledda's intimate acquaintance with her people has taught her that so-called vulgarity and poetry of the soil are often identical. Something of this poetry informs her best work, which, like that of Matilde Serao, was not slow to find its way into other tongues.

Of the movement toward a fuller life for woman little, as has already been noted, finds its way into the work of Serao and Deledda. And judging from the works of those

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women who have treated the numerous aspects of the question in their books, a fuller life to women in Italy signifies not precisely the same thing as that which it connotes to a progressive woman in England or these United States. That most readable of France's woman critics who hides behind the masculine pseudonym of Jean Dornis, says in her delightful book on the Italian novel, that there will be no sex-war in Italy. The women ask that they advance from the position of objects of passion to that of companions in love; which, compared with some of the less modest American and English manifestoes that were in evidence before the war eclipsed them, sounds not only just, but even timid.

Thus, in Neera's works we find a most sympathetic study of the old maid in Italian society. The author herself may have been led to this particular province by her own early sense of the disadvantages of ugliness to a woman; lest this appear a most unchivalrous statement, let us quote the famous lines that the future novelist scribbled at the age of nine: "I am nine years old; I am ugly; my mother always scolds me". Neera early became sensitive to the position of the middle-class woman in Italy, handicapped by lack of culture and by the double standard of morality. "The two sexes", she has written, "do not know each other well enough. That union of spirits which would prove so salutary to the two parties is altogether lacking. Men and women come together only for entertainment: to dance, eat, chat . . . They meet upon grounds where imposture is continual, where each appears different from what he or she really is . . ." Neera is, more or less, transitional; she has little sympathy for those women who aspire to the professions, believing that such aspiration is indulged at the cost of the greater passions of motherhood and companionship; she combats the exclusive worship of feminine beauty.

From this point of view to Roselli's opposition to the cult of physical virginity, to the mere love of body as opposed to that of the soul, is a far cry. Such an attitude as Roselli's is more in consonance with the daring theses of Bracco's plays, one of which, "Maternità", goes so far as to call man useless to woman after he has served his function as begetter of children.

Between the views of Neera and of Mme. Roselli come the numerous works by such well-known woman writers as Jolanda, Dora Melegari, Cordelia (wife of the noted publisher Trèves), the Lombrosos (daughters of the noted criminal psychologist, one of whom, Gina, is married to the much read historian, Guglielmo Ferrero), Sibilla Aleramo, Luigi San Giusto (who has been called an Italian Humphry Ward), Clarice Tartufari, Fulvia, Ida Finzi, and the group of younger women represented by such names as Carola Prosperi, Ubertis Gray (Teresah), Paolo Drigo, and others. In the theatre the Italian woman does not appear to have been very successful as yet. And naturally, if we were devoting our chief attention to poetry, we would have had much to say of a woman like Ada Negri, who has moreover written some notable collections of short-stories.

Thus Jolanda preaches the poetic idea of not giving one's self to the beloved man, but remaining forever a desire in his dreams; Melegari demands the free development of in-

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telligence and conscience upon the part of woman; Cordelia writes in favor of divorce; Clarice Tartufari opposes the social vices of her day. Nor does this attitude upon the part of the Latin woman writers confine itself to Italy. When we glance over the literary activities of women in the Spanish and Portuguese American nations, for instance, we find them concerned with similar preoccupations. There is among women a natural tendency, it seems, to put the house in order, whether that house be of the domestic or the national variety. Perhaps it is more than coincidence, for example, that our own "Uncle Tom's Cabin", as well as the two Spanish counterparts of the great anti-slavery novel ("Sab", by Gertrudis Gomez de Avellaneda and "Aves Sin Nido"—Birds Without a Nest—by Clorinda Matto) are all by women. So, too, Serao's classic upon the Neapolitan gambling instinct is paralleled by the Peruvian novel "Las Consequencias", by Cabello de Carboneros, a gifted woman whose novel "Blanca Sol" has been termed a Peruvian "Madame Bovary".

Even from what little has been indicated here with regard to the activities of woman writers in the Italy of today, a new Italy may be readily foreseen. With opportunities for education more widespread and with woman's position toward man readjusted to something more like an equitable one, we may hope for successors to Serao and Deledda that may even surpass these natural artists by adding to their unquestioned spontaneity that element of culture the absence of which critics of Italian literature, within and without the peninsula, unite in lamenting.

Luciano Zuccoli at one time expressed the fear that the field of the novel in Italy would be monopolized by the woman authors; since the expression of that opinion conditions have changed, and they may be now changing in a direction to give new reasons for that fear. The Italian novel, strictly speaking, is little more than a century old. And it is no small feat for Italy's women to have given in that time, in the face of discouraging difficulties, at least two names that have crossed the borders of the nation, and a score of others who have attained large reading publics and have pointed the way to greater expectations.

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PRINTED PLAYS AND PRINTED CRITICS

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Dean Briggs once said of a certain prominent but pompous personage, that he was the only man in America who could strut sitting down. George Jean Nathan is the only dramatic critic who can thumb his nose in a paragraph of print. At least, he is the only one who can get away with such an ungentlemanly gesture;—Mr. Nathan's criticisms have long been regularly accepted by the editor of "The Smart Set". He is the Peck's Bad Boy of dramatic reviewing, throwing custard pies at the heads of Cherished Idols, rattling the hoop-stick of paradox along the fence palings of Tradition in blithe disregard of the sensitive nerves of the spinsters in the garden, using bad language with a smirk and a swagger, kicking amiable old gentlemen in the shins, pleased as Punch with every new toy he finds in the dictionary, utterly devoid of reverence or reticence, noisy, bad-mannered—and diabolically clever. You will find both the bad manners and the cleverness in full measure in his latest book, "The Popular Theatre".

Mr. Nathan's literary bad manners are probably carefully cultivated. They have all the air of calculation. When he shies a custard pie at Professor Brander Matthews or the Drama League, his aim is too good to be accidental. This leaves you, the reader, in a perplexed state. You are extremely loath to endorse such treatment of an estimable professor, who has long and honorably served American letters, or of estimable ladies who have worked hard and unselfishly for a better stage, according to their lights; but, nevertheless, it is almost impossible to resist the appeal of a well-aimed custard pie reaching its mark. Witness the popularity of Mr. Charles Chaplin. You are sorely tempted to send young Georgie upstairs to sit in a closet, and then to carry him up a large hunk of layer cake.

He aims the first pie on the first page. "To an appreciable extent the persistent poverty of our national stage may be said to be due to the dissemination and promiscuous swallowing of the second-hand theory of such well-meaning but naïve old gentlemen as the Messrs. Brander Matthews, Richard Burton and troupe —the theory, to wit, that the theatre is essentially a democratic institution, and must so remain or perish from the earth. Imposing structures of conscientious piffle have been reared upon this foundation. The gospel has been hung around the neck of the college boy, disembogued in the lecture chamber, cuckooed by the Drama Leaguers. And yet, at bottom, one finds it as absurd and inutile as the paragrandine or the New York State Adultery Act."

He then goes on to show—no difficult task—that the "democratic" theatre, in the sense of the popular theatre, has been responsible for most of the piffle; and the aristocratic theatre, in the sense of the theatre supported by the more intellectual few, or even, perhaps, by the readers,

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has been responsible for the perpetuation of the divine spark. He pricks the inflated bubble of Le Bon's "mob psychology" in the playhouse, a theory which had just enough of truth to make it appealing, and which carried critics like Clayton Hamilton clear off their feet. He plunges into the whole subject of the popular theatre, chiefly as it exists on Broadway, and says a great many wise and true things about it, chiefly in a very snappy but undignified and occasionally offensive way. He revels in paradox, and he pushes his trick of piling up unexpected similes by the dozen to a point that makes the reader weary, so evident is his effort to be clever. But it must be admitted that he is never dull; when he can think of no other way to surprise you, he says he liked Alan Dale's play. And it must also be admitted that, on the whole, he excels most of our critics in his refusal to make excuses for piffle, and he has soonest reached the comfortable knowledge that the popular theatre is chiefly a thing to laugh at, not to take seriously. His style is too forced and flippant to give his book any enduring life, but behind the flippancy is what Mr. Cohan would call "a bean", and what he has to say is usually mercilessly to the point.

A critic of so different a stamp that one can imagine no greater joy than to introduce the two at luncheon, is Archibald Henderson, whose book, "European Dramatists", has now gone into a fifth edition, with a new chapter added on the work of Arthur Schnitzler. Mr. Henderson could no more be flippant than Mr. Nathan could testify at a Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. With him life is real, life is earnest, or at least the drama is, and Bernard Shaw is its goal. That is the way, of course, to regard the matter, especially if your book is to reach a fifth edition. Personally, we resent, a little, two things about this book, though neither of them is its intense seriousness. One is the portrait of the author as a frontispiece to a volume about Ibsen, Shaw, Strindberg, Schnitzler and the like. It gives no tangible aid to our understanding of the place these worthies occupy in modern letters and philosophy, nor does it suggest that shrinking humility which should belong to the lowly dramatic critic. The other thing we object to is the smoke screen of words with which the author veils his attack upon our unintelligence or our preconceptions. When a critic has at you with the following, you are bewildered and uncertain where to strike back:

"The supreme goal of the great literature of our era has been and remains the expression, in some form of final artistic denotement, of the struggle of the ego at self-realization. This recurrent note in the eternal symphony of life rings out again and again in the authentic, harmonic intuitions of the superman of contemporary thought, philosophy and art. This dyonisian searching after the divine in the human, this headlong struggle for the exaltation of the individual soul to the heights of superhuman conquest and super-moral ethics, is the sign manual of the dæmonic dissonance and spiritual chaos of today."

We had supposed that the struggle of the human soul less for self-realization than social realization was also a sign of the times, even in the works of Shaw. But we will let that pass. By the time he reaches Schnitzler Mr. Henderson is less concerned with dæmonic dissonances than an appre-

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ciation of the delicate nuances of the Austrian physician-playwright's one-act dramas. His chapter takes up only the one-act pieces, and them necessarily but briefly. It is, however, warmly appreciative of their underlying values, and gives a much juster idea of Schnitzler than most of us have gained from the scanty specimens of his work (chiefly "Anatol") acted in America. Here, too, as in all his chapters, Mr. Henderson's biographical material is full, accurate, and employed, as it should be, to explain the dramas under discussion. It is really a pity that we cannot arrange that luncheon for Messrs. Henderson and Nathan. If the former could give the latter some of his thoroughness, and the latter give the former some of his "pep", both might be made temporarily uncomfortable, but would ultimately be improved as critics.

Turning from dramatic critics to dramas, we find before us "a reincarnation play" by Algernon Blackwood and Violet Pearn, called "Karma". This work, so the jacket informs us, shows "Mr. Blackwood's remarkable genius for the unusual". Unfortunately, it shows nothing of the sort. Rather, it shows that the drama is no place for the unusual, unless the dramatist happens to be of a rare and peculiar type. Not, to be sure, that there is really anything unusual in the fictional use of reincarnation; but it may be admitted that a theory of reincarnation, while interesting as speculation and possibly capable of illusive illustration in a novel, is rather difficult to swallow in the cold, merciless glare of the footlights. When we see a familiar actress as an Egyptian dancing girl, an Athenian wife 300 B.C., a Florentine of the Renaissance, and finally as a neurasthenic Englishwoman, we are much less aware of the transmigrations of her soul between acts than of the activity of her maid. The truth is that the stage is less illusive than any other art medium, more chained to the anchor of fact, in spite of all our fine talk. The managers have a superstition that no "dream play" ever succeeds, a superstition not without a firm foundation of experience. Even "Hannele" and "The Phantom Rival", each a fine play of its kind, cannot be called popular. Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella", even, perplexed many people, or perhaps we might better say annoyed them. We overheard one woman in the audience sigh, "Oh, dear, I do wish this play was more probable!" Even to handle so simple a matter as a dream, common to everybody's experience, the stage is too clumsy a medium, too brutally realistic and leaving too little to the individual imagination. How much more difficult, then, is it for the stage to handle a reincarnation theme, and bring any conviction. The chief figure in "Karma", the wife of an Englishman who has been in the Egyptian colonial service, is a woman who is "spoiling his life" because she cannot bring herself to go back to Egypt, and yet who loves him so much that she cannot bear to be separated from him. She is expecting a great nerve specialist, but the doctor who comes is a mysterious person who gives her to see herself in three former incarnations, each vision forming an act of the play. In each she ruins the life of the incarnation of her present husband, and in each case because her "love" is selfish. Then she comes to, cured, and goes back to Egypt, letting her husband resume his chosen work. The individual episodes, to be sure, are well

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handled, but they are exactly alike in purpose; there is no cumulative interest, either as showing how the lady grew better or worse in her various lives, or as providing a suspense for the next act; and the result is monotony. The attempt in the prologue and epilogue to create an atmosphere of the supernatural and to win conviction for the strained theme is quite inadequate for the task. Mr. Blackwood may have a genius for the supernatural in novels, but he has none in plays.

"General Post", by J. E. Harold Terry, on the other hand, is preeminently a play for the practical theatre, and a jolly one. It is a "war play", but the General of the title, as those who saw the production in New York will recall, is our old friend whose name we shouted in that childish game of changing places. The theme is the perennially popular one of love triumphant over the caste system. Tom Robertson was not unaware of its pulling power, and how many before him, from gifted artists to the authors of those stories which used to fill "The Fireside Companion"! In this case, the high-spirited daughter of a belted earl loves her father's tailor. What passion could be more hopeless? But along comes the Great War, and in its alchemy the true gold of the tailor is discovered, he becomes the Colonel of the very regiment in which the earl's son is enlisted, he becomes a hero, and ultimately he wins both the war and the girl. The theme is old and trite. So is the theme of Cinderella. It all depends upon how the thing is done. Mr. Terry writes with ample knowledge of the practical theatre, with some pleasant sense of character, and with constant brightness and good breeding. He has, too, a pretty knack of so preparing his stage directions for the printed play that they stimulate and amuse the reader, making the task of visualization easy. If all the so-called war plays could contain as little war and as much entertainment as "General Post", we could contemplate the coming theatrical season with less terror.

It is a curious fact of psychology in wartime—though perhaps only in greater degree than in peace time—that while some of the grimmest and most terrible books about war have been among the most successful (as "Under Fire"), the opposite is true in the theatre. Certain war plays of a grim realism or tense terror have been tried on the stage, but the outcome is almost certain public neglect. We have war plays in plenty—more than plenty, indeed—but for the most part they are compounded of melodrama, saccharine romance, some farce, a great deal of jingo, and even so they infrequently succeed unless the humor is considerable and not radically different from what we are accustomed to. This would seem to indicate that men and women look to the playhouse for mental relief much more than they look to books; and therefore it makes the task of the dramatist who wishes to compete with writers in the book world on their own plane of seriousness, doubly hard in such a time as this.

No doubt Bosworth Crocker, author of "Pawns of War", has endeavored to secure a production for that drama. But we are not surprised at his (or her) apparent failure. "Pawns of War" is most certainly not a mental relief at the present crisis. It is a tense, terse, and pitiful tragedy of the Belgian invasion, showing the havoc wrought within a single household by the invaders' rule of reprisals.

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The play is not epic in scope, but restricted; neither is it concerned at all with character study or the spiritual effect of conduct and events. In such a sense it is thin drama, and unheroic tragedy. It is not a purge. It merely discloses the natural train of circumstances that ends in the death of a father and his two sons, the madness of the mother, and the lonely, terrible despair of the daughter. It is a bald narrative, in dramatic form, with the subject-matter so horrible that your response is a shudder of nausea. It is another of those matter-of-fact documents that Germany will have to explain to generations yet unborn.

Therefore we are glad it is printed. But we cannot agree with Mr. Galsworthy in his brief introduction, that it "should play extremely well". Perhaps it should, but it won't. Your collective audience, sitting in the theatre, couldn't stand it; it is too stark and murderous. Not a sympathetic character in it—that is, not a Belgian—has even a chance for his life. Gathered together in a theatre, we do not seem able, or at any rate willing, to face such unrelieved realism, lacking in all elements of heroic contest. And no doubt our instinct is a sound one, based on the ancient law of self-preservation. More than ever now when the real world is so wrong, we have to keep the playhouse for an ideal world.

Of a quite different kidney is "The Title", a comedy by Arnold Bennett, who has made comparatively few contributions to the stage, but in those few has displayed a delicate sense of comedy that puts a considerable strain on his actors, but results, when the actors are competent, in unusual entertainment. "The Title" is only remotely a war play, and only rather remotely a satire on the worthlessness of those titles handed out by the British Government upon each New Year's day. It is much more a satire on the epigram of one of the characters—"there are *no* principles in married life". This husband is offered a title, which on principle he wishes to refuse. His wife has a great desire to be called "My lady", and doesn't propose that he shall refuse. Does he or does he not?—that is the plot of the play. But it would be a little unkind to this gossamer web of wit and sparkle to call it even a satire on married life. It is enough to say that without Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" it would probably not have been written; that should describe it sufficiently. This type of play is difficult to act successfully, demanding as it does a highly polished, light, seemingly artless, comic touch. In America, too, its subject-matter might perplex. But given the right conditions, "The Title" should indeed "play extremely well". With "The Honeymoon", "What the Public Wants" and "The Great Adventure", as well as this new work, a considerable Arnold Bennett repertoire awaits the energetic stock company or Little Theatre.

Wars come, and wars go, but Euripides endures. The classics abide in their serenity—in which abode they are too infrequently disturbed. But Samuel A. Eliot, Jr., has been dusting several. In the introduction to his book, "Little Theatre Classics" (the first of a projected series), he truly says that most seriously conducted Little Theatres crave on their programs some touch of novelty, distinction, above all of imagination, especially in a form which they may embellish with the new stage-craft. Such plays are difficult to get in the present, but they exist in the past, and, after

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all, it is often the old play which is best adapted to the new stage-craft, because it was written for a simpler stage, and had to come to grips directly with the imagination of its audiences. Mr. Eliot, therefore, has sought to condense and adapt certain dramatic classics to fit them for the time and space demands of the modern small "art" theatres, and to supply them with copious notes and directions, largely drawn from his own experience as a producer in such theatres. In this first volume he puts forward a Greek tragedy, called "Polyxena", from the "Hecuba" of Euripides; a Christmas Miracle play, condensed from the long Pageant of the Shearmen and Tailors in the Coventry cycle; a condensed version of "Doctor Faustus"; "Ricardo and Viola", being the romantic sub-plot of Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Coxcomb"; and a one-act version of Sheridan's rather feeble farce, "St. Patrick's Day". Probably Mr. Eliot himself would not expect any two people to agree that he has chosen the best possible classics for his purpose, with the sole exception of "Doctor Faustus", which is marvelously adapted to imaginative, or what the new stage-craft calls "stylized" production, and which the present reviewer has seen acted by no less than three different bands of amateurs, one of them entirely feminine, and yet never fail to hold an audience in its magic spell. However, Mr. Eliot's personal choice of plays is less important than the thing he is trying to do, which is new, wise and holds great promise. Not only are our Little Theatres the present refuge of the imaginative, but they are our only present chance at a repository of the classics. It may not be completely satisfying to condense Euripides or Sheridan into an hour's traffic, or even less. But it is better than no Euripides at all. And in the Little Theatres' search for true imagination, for real poetry, for something spiritually more flame-like than the ordinary play of the hour, it is a wise and keen thing to direct their gaze back to the great treasures of the past. It promises a still larger usefulness for these hopeful theatrical institutions. We heartily congratulate Mr. Eliot, even if we do find his one-act version of "St. Patrick's Day" even more mirthless than the entire work. Sheridan tailored it for a particular actor, and that proceeding worked no better then than now.

Barrett Clark, in his introduction to his translation of two dramas by Romain Rolland, informs us that the author of "Jean-Christophe" is the author, also, of no less than sixteen plays. The two he presents for our study do not cause us to wonder that the world has remained in ignorance of this fecundity. Rolland wrote most, or many, of his plays almost twenty years ago, to supply a repertoire for a "People's Theatre" which he dreamed. They should be new plays, for a new playhouse, free from all aristocratic taint. Plot, suspense, a marching story, he evidently regarded as aristocratic embellishments. But herein was his first and greatest error. Plot, suspense, a marching story, far from being aristocratic embellishments, are the primitive features of drama which unite all "classes" in the theatre. It takes a very sophisticated audience indeed to get along without them—a G. B. Shaw audience, say. These two dramas of the Revolution—one concerned with the pure birth of freedom and the fall of the Bastile, one with the bitter jealousies of Danton, Robespierre, and their fellows, which

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sent La Patrie into the arms of Napoleon—are colossal in their total disregard of the elements which differentiate a stage story from all others. If the fall of the Bastile was as tame as in Rolland's play, we should be sorry indeed. No, "the people" know better. They would, therefore, far rather see the fall depicted by Griffith on the screen than by such a drama. Neither could they conceivably be much interested in the three acts of talk which is "Danton", in spite of the vivid character drawing. There is no play here, and you may be sure there will be plays in a "People's Theatre", or it won't last long. Nothing Rolland writes, of course, can lack facets of interest; it is bound to have intellectual solidity, and intense spiritual sincerity. But nobody can create a repertoire for a "People's Theatre" unless he realizes that we are all people in the playhouse, and go there first and foremost for the peculiar pleasures of drama. In short, he has to be a dramatist; and Romain Rolland, though a very great man, shows no signs whatever in these two plays that he is a dramatist or is ever likely to become one.

Pawns of War. By Bosworth Crocker. Little, Brown and Co.

The Title. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company.

Little Theatre Classics, vol. i. By Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. Little, Brown and Co.

The Popular Theatre. By George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf.

European Dramatists. By Archibald Henderson. Stewart and Kidd.

Karma, a Reincarnation Play. By Algernon Blackwood and Violet Pearn. E. P. Dutton and Co.

General Post, a Comedy in Three Acts. By J. E. Harold Terry. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Fourteenth of July; Danton. By Romain Rolland, translated with an introduction, by Barrett H. Clark. Henry Holt and Co.

THE GOAL

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Incarnate passion from her fiery birth,
Against herself she strives, poor, blindfold Earth,
To gain at last that unimagined boon,
The silver-cold Nirvana of the Moon.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

Is American publishing genius inductive or deductive? To what extent is the achievement of our publishing houses due to conscious selection or unconscious growth?

These are some of the interesting questions suggested by the recent government restriction on the number of titles each house may issue in the coming year. For the first time probably in the history of book publishing in the United States have the publishers been confronted with a very clean-cut problem. Says the government: "Here, my dear sir, are forty-eight volumes of blank paper. You may select forty-eight manuscripts to fill them. Go to it. God bless you!"

Rather interesting problem, is it not? And decidedly interesting to the observer of books and their makers. What *will* the publishers put in them —or, as Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee might phrase it, in what garments of the literary wardrobe will each publishing house array itself for its stroll down Broadway, U. S. A.? What manuscriptural vestment will it sew together as an outward, visible sign of inward literary emotion? Will Scribner come to us in the frock coat and genial person of Henry van Dyke? Shall we raise our hat to Doubleday in the figure of Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, escorted by Kipling, with Michael O'Halloran and Kim walking hand in hand behind? Will Harper pass us on a broncho bound for the U. P. trail? Will Houghton Mifflin exhale the subtly blended atmospheres of Emersonian letters, the department of state and university halls? To what extent have the present characteristics of our publishers been deliberately aimed at in years past so that their possession today represents an accomplished purpose?

The problem of conscious and selective publishing has always confronted our magazines. Now for the first time it seems likely to confront our book-makers. The magazine editor has a very definite space to fill. He can not run over. He must preserve a balance, a tone, and a quality which fit the expressed purpose of his publication. The book editor, on the other hand, while unquestionably responding to the predilections of his firm and the traditions of his list, has been infinitely more free heretofore. Ten books more or less were a financial problem rather than a problem of editorial policy. And it is doubtful whether any publisher, apart from specialized groups or sets of books, kept steadily in mind the *couleur d'ensemble*. Certainly none in the past would have declined two or three otherwise acceptable books simply because they over-emphasized his fiction, his biography, his poetry, or what not.

And yet under the new government plan some such elimination of acceptable material will have to take place if a list is to preserve its balance and express the house it represents. That is why the publishers' announcements for the next twelvemonth will have more than ordinary interest. In effect the problem is a test and each editorial department will have to

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formulate a concrete definition of its publishing ideal and assign its values to the various kinds of books before either acceptance or rejection can be intelligently determined. And the woven patterns ought to be highly expressive.

Now that the government is closely watching the output of paper and when all users are being asked to take extraordinary pains to curtail waste, the figures that show the American consumption take on real interest to the layman. Let us look at the output of August, 1918. Newsprint was used to a total of about 97,000 tons; book paper, 65,000 tons.

If the book publishers used 3,500 tons of this product, that would be equivalent to 7,000,000 pounds, surely enough to make eight million books in the month, or ninety-six million in a year. That is probably an overstatement of the output of books, including school books, subscription sets, Bibles and other specialties, as well as the usual book trade publications.

In other words, the book publishing business does not use much over five per cent of the entire supply of what is classified as book paper; the rest goes to periodicals, trade and society journals, catalogues, posters and job printing of all sorts. If book publishing ceased altogether, it would not help an acute paper shortage very much.

It is interesting to note in connection with this situation that careful estimates of the numbers of newspapers and periodicals printed in this country seem to show that the average family uses about six hundred newspapers and periodicals a year, while of books the same family may use about two.

Attention has been called again, in a recently published critical biography of an American novelist, to the fact that many celebrated writers at first mistakenly felt their vocation to be that of the "artist", as the term is popularly understood. There is, indeed, something fascinating to the inquiring mind, and doubtless of psychological significance, in the fact. Hazlitt, for instance, and the author of "The Way of All Flesh", and many others, all went at the world in the belief that they were called to interpret it in the medium of paint. Thackeray is, of course, the most illustrious instance. But there is almost no end to the cases in which a desire to draw is found to have been lurking in an author's past. Booth Tarkington set out to be an illustrator—Robert W. Chambers likewise. O. Henry had an itch for making pictures before he found himself. "The Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris", just published, presents a number of diverting sketches made by "Uncle Remus". And, quite as the critic referred to remarks, "the spirited illustrations Gilbert Chesterton has made for the books of his friend, Mr. Belloc, leave no doubt that he would have been as much of an *enfant terrible* as an illustrator as he is a journalist".

All this by way of comment on Arnold Bennett as an artist. Shan F. Bullock reports in a recent number of his always interesting London letters to the Chicago "Evening Post":

> I see that a book called "A Floating House", by Ionides and J. B. Atkins of the Spectator, is announced as being illustrated from water-color drawings by Arnold Bennett. Bennett, of course, is no novice as an artist. He once told me that painting in water colors interested him as much as, and perhaps more than, editing or writing. I have never seen any of his paintings. I am

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told they are good. Last winter whilst in Dublin he and George Russell (AE) happened to come together in a house wherein was a fine collection of AE's pictures. It was rather amusing to see the two great men going round the walls, the one discoursing and the other listening to some frank and, on the whole, generous criticism.

Mr. Bullock adds that H. G. Wells also can sketch.

That experiment, the impulse forward, are passing, unknown to England, into the vital hands of the younger American poets, is an idea elaborated at some length in an article in a recent issue of "The Saturday Review". This friendly observer of us continues:

"Inspiration here is a dead and lifeless thing. America is producing book after book of fresh and exultant vision, young as any Elizabethan, just as definitely original. The restless future is a willing captive in its hands. While we, in England, praise our immaturities, blind to outside loveliness, experiment with them is at point to pass into achievement. Vividness, vitality and concentration, beauty and originality of expression, if these are the essentials of modern poetry, and I believe they are, look for them in the work of Amy Lowell, H. D., John Gould Fletcher, Sandburg, Frost, and many another writer. What have we to put beside their strength, the audacity of their richness, but an apathy born of outworn tradition, some expression of a past we so imperfectly explore? It is not an hour for laughter, for indifference; the books are there, there is no barrier of language. Truly the time is ripe for a re-discovery of America."

Some people, perhaps, who have little time to read are apt to believe that "Prussian militarism" is only a "bugaboo", or at its best an expression of German politics in present times. Well, there was Vittorio Alfieri, who wrote about one hundred and fifty years ago, ranking third among the poets of Italy.

In entering Prussia he said that it looked to him "nothing but a continuous large-sized sentry-post".

"Rabelais should be living at this hour—only a man of his size—and there has never been another than he—could write successfully about a thing like this war; his method is the only method to fit such a subject." So says a writer in the issue of "The Saturday Review" just come to hand. He continues: "The little fellows of today and tomorrow and the day after will continue to produce their authoritative, their ornamental and their popular histories of the dirty business, but not one of them will have the brains to burlesque it on the grand scale." And then he continues, more or less effectively, to develop his startling theme that "all war is essentially comic".

It is a new and thrilling warfare that Captain Trounce presents in his "Fighting the Boche Underground". "This trench tunneling and mine laying", he says, "requires a different form of bravery: that unemotional courage which results from strong self-control, determination and perseverance of purpose. The personnel of these engineer-mining regiments usually work in twos and threes, or in small groups, cramped in narrow galleries, sometimes 20, sometimes 200, feet below the surface; and often immediately under or beyond the enemy's front trenches. On numerous occasions they silently force their way underground, despite great dif-

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ficulties and risk, to within a few feet of the enemy sappers, hardly daring to breathe. A cough, a stumble, or a clumsy touch only are necessary to alarm the enemy, cause them to fire their charge, and thus send another party of opposing soldier miners to the 'Valhalla' of modern fighting men. In this war, enormous charges of the highest and deadliest explosives known to man are used. Instant annihilation follows the slightest mistake or carelessness in handling such frightful compounds. Always is there excitement in abundance, but its outward manifestation is of necessity determinedly suppressed. No struggle with a living and resourceful enemy comes to stimulate the soldier mining-engineer; only a ghostly adversary has he to contend with, one who is both unresponsive and invisible until the final instant."

Ben Kutcher, a young Russian artist whose illustrated edition of "A House of Pomegranates" has just been published, is now with the camouflage corps at Washington. The Kutcher book also contains a characteristic piece of writing by H. L. Mencken.

The publication of "The Little Wilful Princess" by David Cory inaugurates a new series of Little Wilful Princess stories, profusely illustrated with black and white drawings.

Ralph D. Paine, author of "The Call of the Offshore Wind" and "The Fighting Fleets", has just been appointed Federal Fuel Administrator for part of the State of New Hampshire and has also been nominated for the Legislature.

A third impression of "Uncle Remus Returns", ten hitherto unpublished stories by Joel Chandler Harris, has been announced.

Lawrence Perry in "Our Navy in the War" presents a record of the achievements of the navy in all its activities, including the marines, camouflage, etc.

The meeting at the threshold of Hell of an art collector, a blind man hanged for murder and Fishhouse Mary is the entertaining situation which starts off the title poem in "Outcasts in Beulah Land and Other Poems" by Roy Helton, a southern mountaineer who came to the northern cities.

"Lost Island", the story for boys by Ralph Henry Barbour and H. P. Holt recently published, has an unusual record for a juvenile. Published as a serial in "St. Nicholas" in this country, it is now running similarly in the English magazine "Little Folks", while book publication in an English edition will follow. Arrangements for publication in Australia are under way.

John H. Lovell's "The Flower and the Bee: Plant Life and Pollination", recently published, presents the function of bees, beetles, flies and other insects in the pollination of flowers. It contains 119 characteristic illustrations.

Professor Charles J. Galpin, director of country life work at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, whose "Rural Life" is a fall publication, tells how once, as a young teacher, he completely lost the art of sleep. He left the schoolroom and sought the boon of sleep in close touch with

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the soil. He bought a farm in the sand-barrens and lived among the dwellers of "The Skims", earning his bread by the sweat of his brow along with the other sub-marginals—the people whose tools had broken handles, whose wagons were toggled-up with hay-wire, whose horses were blind in one eye, whose children greedily whittled raw potatoes between meals, whose eyes would not close in sleep. It took three years, he says, to dig sleep out of "The Skims".

Some lovers of the fitness of things have much regretted that Howard Pyle never made a set of illustrations for "Treasure Island". Now, however, an edition of the immortal book, illustrated by a real seafaring man and an able artist, has just been published. George Varian, the illustrator, is the son of a sea-captain and himself followed the sea all through his youth. This story of the sea and buried treasure, Mr. Varian says, always fascinated him, and he longed to interpret it in pictures. So strong a hold had this desire upon him that, without an order, he started a set of pictures.

"Our Flag Afloat" is the title Reginald Wright Kauffman has given to the record of his experiences as accredited correspondent with the United States fleet in French waters under Admiral Wilson. Mr. Kauffman tells of the marvelous organization ashore, and of every branch of the service afloat, from the marines to the mother-ship, and describes how our men are convoyed across the Atlantic. As "Our Flag Afloat" has to do only with our fleet based on France, it doesn't conflict with Ralph Paine's recent book on the navy. Mr. Kauffman is now at his home in Columbia, Pennsylvania.

The volume of Woodrow Wilson's "Addresses and Messages", edited with an introduction by Albert Bushnell Hart, is reported to be attracting more interest than any other of the sixteen new titles recently added to that very popular series, the Modern Library.

A second edition within two weeks is the record of Henry Malherbe's "The Flame That Is France", the book that won the Goncourt Prize in Paris for 1917, awarded the previous year to the author of "Under Fire".

Owen Johnson's novel, "Virtuous Wives", goes on the screen with Anita Stewart in the rôle of Amy Forrester, the spoiled heroine.

"The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution", Alice Stone Blackwell's story of Catherine Breshkovsky, was recently announced as in its sixth printing.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's output of German intrigue novels is likely to be somewhat curtailed, as, it is said, the popular English novelist is now engaged in important war work for the British government. One of Mr. Oppenheim's 1917 novels, "The Cinema Murder", has just been published in England under the title of "The Other Romilly".

Almost any small town may, if its people wish, have some sort of pageant, or a Community or Little Theatre of its own. Miss Constance Mackay, the noted pageant producer, shows how cheaply and with what comparative ease these joys may be made in her compact and suggestive "Patriotic Drama in Your Town".

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"Wasp Studies Afield", scheduled for publication last spring, and delayed by wartime difficulties of one sort and another, is not a laboratory book. The authors watched their wasps working and playing, building and burrowing, killing their prey, and storing their nests with provisions for their young.

"Are you a stagnuck?" is a question which is being asked by Boni and Liveright, publishers of the Modern Library, in a little booklet they have recently distributed. According to them, a "stagnuck" is a person who thinks that Gorky is a brand of caviar; Balzac the name of a mining stock; John Macy the proprietor of a department store; "The Way of All Flesh" a sex book; and Ellen Key the author of "The Star Spangled Banner". They claim that it is impossible to be a stagnuck if one reads good books—presumably theirs.

Private Charles Divine's book of wartime verses, "City Ways and Company Streets", is now in a third edition.

One of the character sketches in the novel by Maria Thompson Daviess, "The Golden Bird", is of a pedigreed fowl which gives the book its title. This bird, a leading character in the story, is a white leghorn of illustrious feathered descent, one of the prides of Miss Daviess's farm in Tennessee, Sweetbriar. This bird, Miss Daviess, who is an ardent suffragist, has christened Equal Franchise.

"The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke" has gone into its twenty-first printing.

"Rupert Brooke: a Memoir", consisting largely of extracts from Brooke's unpublished letters, and a few poems not contained in his "Collected Poems", arranged by Edward Marsh, his intimate friend and literary executor, is also among this year's later publications.

The fact that 33 per cent of the men at the healthiest age have been found unfit for military service is held by "The Journal of the American Medical Association" to call for immediate reform of sanitation and the care of personal health among the American population. Two works have been prepared by experts to meet this very problem. They are available for use by the layman as well as the professional. They are "The Hygiene of the Eye", by William Campbell Posey, M. D., and "Home and Community Hygiene", by Jean Broadhurst of Columbia University.

Gogu Negulesco, author of "Rumania's Sacrifice", in 1912 was appointed Prefect of the Department of Prahora. In 1914 he was elected General Inspector of Prefectures, and in August of the same year General Secretary to the Ministry of the Interior. In 1907 he was elected to Parliament, and since then has been continuously reelected either to the Chamber or to the Senate. Senator Negulesco, who is at present in this country, believes that Rumania could have rendered greater service to the cause of the Allies by remaining neutral.

The loss of our one poet of great promise, killed in the war, gives us a heightened interest in a volume soon to be published in England,

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"For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War", by A. St. John Adcock. It tells something of the lives and personalities of forty-four such poets and reveals from their poems the ideal for which they fought and the hope in which they died.

The fourth, and last, volume in the series of "The Books of the Small Souls", written by the Dutch novelist, Louis Couperus, is called "Dr. Adriaan", and like its predecessors, is translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

A third large printing of Dorothy Canfield's "Home Fires in France", was, it is said, called for before publication, while Margaret Widdemer's "You're Only Young Once", a novel of youth and love when there was no war, also soon achieved a third large printing.

The fifty-second edition of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was recently announced.

Mrs. Alice M. Williamson has won another championship. She and the staff of her household at Park Palace, Monte Carlo, have won the prize for the greatest number of Red Cross bandages made in a given period.

In the same letter came word to the effect that Mrs. Williamson has left Monte Carlo for Paris with her husband, who has been seriously ill. Mrs. Williamson's new book, "Every Man's Land", has just been published.

Valentine Williams, author of "The Man With the Club-Foot", and a lieutenant in the British army, has been in London for a few months recovering from wounds received in action in Flanders. His publishers received a letter from him a few weeks ago which concluded with this paragraph:

"We had a roaring Fourth of July, and the King and all the royal family went and rooted at the ball game. I was along, too, and enjoyed it immensely. This Anglo-American alliance is destined to be a far bigger thing, even, than this war—that's another thing we have to thank William for."

The greater part of "What is the German Nation Dying For?" it is said, was written while the author was in Germany, and some of the chapters after he had taken refuge in Switzerland, the whole covering a period of two or three years.

In a private letter Henri Barbusse announces that he, Romain Rolland and others are to edit a new Socialist paper in Paris. His interest in affairs American and particularly in those relating to our industrial problems is attested by his request for a copy of André Tridon's "The New Unionism" which he will review. "The New Unionism" is a survey of the growth of Syndicalism the world over, the American manifestation being the bewildering organization known as the I. W. W.

James Joyce's first book was a lyric sequence entitled "Chamber Music". There is not the faintest suggestion in these love poems of the qualities that enter into "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man", the volume responsible for the Joyce cult. "Chamber Music" was first brought out in America in an unauthorized edition. Mr. Huebsch now

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announces an edition approved by Mr. Joyce.

Lillian D. Wald writes of "Out of the Shadow", by Rose Cohen: "I have read the pages of this book with stirrings of the emotions. The story is told wonderfully well and cannot fail to interest deeply a good many different kinds of readers. I venture to predict that it will fascinate, but also prick and prod, and that it will be accepted as a social document transcending in value many volumes that have been brought forth by the academically trained searchers for data on the conditions that the writer has experienced."

"I have known the author for many years", Miss Wald continues, "and sensed some of her hardships—not all, I fear and I regret. As I read her story and visualized the dainty little creature with her long blond braids, it seemed incredible that one so young could have escaped destruction. The book seems to me to be a challenge to all of us to do more, and to be more alert that America may gather in the best that the stranger brings to us."

Frederick R. Halsey, who recently died in his seventy-second year at his home in New York, was widely known as a collector of books and rare prints. He began his career as a lawyer. He retired many years ago and devoted himself to his passion as a bibliophile.

Mr. Halsey's library, one of the finest in the country, was sold in 1915 to George D. Smith and was added to the great library of Henry E. Huntington, the *premier* book collector. This library contained 20,000 volumes of English and American literature and was especially rich in first editions of American authors. Mr. Huntington paid $750,000 for it.

Mr. Halsey's collection of old prints was sold in 1917 and 1918 through the Anderson Galleries. It filled eleven catalogues and has not yet been finished. The proceeds of the sale exceeded by far the record of previous print sales in America.

Mr. Halsey collected not only for rarity but with æsthetic discrimination. He was a trustee of the New York Public Library and had long served as chairman of the library's committee on prints. He was one of a committee of two or three, chosen because of his great knowledge of books, to build the Widener memorial at Harvard University.

"The Ship Building Industry", by Roy Willmarth Kelly and Frederick J. Allen, is a fall publication. The authors are the director and assistant director of the Harvard Vocational Bureau, and the book has been prepared with the authority and assistance of the "fleet corporation". Charles M. Schwab has written the preface.

Christopher Morley's reminiscences of the early days of American letters are always interesting history. Seldom is so venerable an experience combined with so sprightly a style. The other day, turning over the voluminous files of his mind, he apparently came upon these dusty recollections concerning Robert Cortes Holliday, author of "Walking-Stick Papers":

"Anyway, in February, 1916, he turned up in Garden City, Long Island, where I first had the excitement of clapping eyes on him. Some of the adventures of that spring and summer may be inferred from 'Memories of a Manuscript' (one of the 'papers'). Others took place in the austere lunch cathedral known at the press of

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Doubleday, Page and Company as the 'garage'; or on walks that summer between the Country Life Press and the neighboring champaigns of Hempstead. The full story of the Porrier's Corner Club, of which Mr. Holliday and myself are the only members, is yet to be told. As far as I am concerned, it was love at first sight. This burly soul, rumbling Johnsonianly upon lettered topics, puffing unending Virginia cigarettes, gazing with shy humor through thick-paned spectacles —well, on Friday, June 23, 1916, Bob and I decided to collaborate in writing a farcical novel. It is still unwritten, save the first few chapters: I only instance this to show how fast passion proceeded."

Continuing, Mr. Morley writes of the papers: "And if you should require an accurate portrait of their author, I cannot do better than quote what Grote said of Socrates—

" 'Nothing could be more public, perpetual, and indiscriminate as to persons, than his conversations. But as it was engaging, curious, and instructive to hear, certain persons made it their habit to attend him as companions and listeners.' "

The new volume of Raemaekers's Cartoons portrays the part which America has played and is playing in the war. A feature of this collection, which is called "America in the War", is that each cartoon is faced with a page of specially contributed comment by some eminent living American. Among the contributors are William Dean Howells, Booth Tarkington, Vice-President Marshall, Postmaster-General Burleson, Senator Lodge, William Jennings Bryan, John Burroughs, Lyman Abbott, James W. Gerard, Myron T. Herrick, Admiral Peary, Gertrude Atherton, Robert W. Chambers, John Philip Sousa, etc.

John Morgan Richards, who has just died at Steep Hill Castle in the Isle of Wight at the age of seventy-seven, was well known in English commercial circles, but his reputation in literature was mainly built upon the fact that he was the father of Mrs. Craigie, who was known under the pseudonym of John Oliver Hobbes, and in that for some years he was the proprietor of "The Academy" newspaper. The London "Times" presents the information that it was he who first introduced the cigarette into popular use in England.

Barrett H. Clark, well-known lecturer and translator of French plays, including Romain Rolland's just published "Fourteenth of July" and "Danton", author of "The British and American Drama of Today", etc., is now wearing the khaki as Dramatic Director at Camp Humphreys, Virginia. In a recent letter he says: "We have many professionals from New York, and some hundreds of singers and vaudevillians, though it is our first purpose to create an amateur spirit. On one program we have John M. McFarlane (who played the part of John Dowie in Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" in New York two seasons ago), two Pennsylvania Dutch miners, a prize-fighter, a farmer. No distinction was made in making up the program, and no one was announced for what he used to be in civil life. Democracy in art, eh?"

Still another book of spiritualism which the war has brought forth, and which is said to be very popular in England, is a little volume called "Christ in You", purporting to be the result of the automatic writing of a

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psychic. The book has just been published in this country.

An interesting fact relating to "Out of the Shadow", an account of the spiritual Americanization of an emigrant girl, by Rose Cohen, is that the illustrations to the book were made by Walter Jack Duncan, now Captain Duncan of the Engineers, one of the eight artists commissioned by the War Department to make for preservation in Washington a pictorial record of the scenes where the American army is fighting and will fight. These pictures were the last work done by Duncan in this country, and were finished and delivered to the publishers the day before he sailed for France.

A curious coincidence is that last spring, before he had any idea of becoming a part of the army, Mr. Duncan made his first military picture, the design on the jacket of Lieutenant J. Harvey Douglas's book "Captured".

Mr. Duncan came from Indianapolis a number of years ago in company with his friend, Robert Cortes Holliday, author of "Walking-Stick Papers", to study at the Art Students' League. The two were later favored pupils of the late John H. Twachtman. Mr. Holliday undertook to care for Duncan's furniture while he was away, but ruefully admits that more or less of it has been eaten by a celebrated Airedale terrier of the name of Tristram Shandy.

In "Herself—Ireland" Elizabeth O'Connor, Mrs. Tay Pay, tells a story about Labouchere, the famous journalist and statesman.

"At his villa in Florence, after a dinner-party, when the guests were assembled in the library, a distinguished General of the English Army stood by the mantelpiece smoking and flicking the ashes into a small coral-coloured object. Mr. Labouchere watched him with mischievous eyes until the receptacle was heaping full; then he said:

" 'General, do you know what you have been using as an ash-receiver? My teeth.' * * * * But it's of no consequence. I've got twenty-six other sets of false teeth; there is no reason why one of them shouldn't be converted into an ash-tray.'

"He used to say that wherever he went he had teeth made, hoping they would be more comfortable than the last ones."

In a recent letter to her publishers Miss Constance D'Arcy Mackay, whose eighth drama book, "Patriotic Drama in Your Town", has just been brought out, says: "I am writing pageants and ceremonials for the War Camp Community Service, not producing them. You see my position is that of dramatic adviser to the War Camp Community Service for the country at large, so I would not have time to actually produce anything, but only occasionally to oversee things. It's very strenuous, but hugely interesting work.

"For the first time in history, army and navy, church and hospital are looking to imaginative recreation as an ally, are one in declaring that drama is what the soldier and sailor off duty must have."

It is said that Irene Rutherford McLeod is a poet who was "picked", as it is expressed on the track, by Masefield, W. L. George and other English lights a few years ago. Her third book, "Before Dawn", is to be published by B. W. Huebsch.

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How many authors will hold up their right hands and say that they have been to business college? Peter B. Kyne will, and he is just as proud of it as he is of the fact that he is now going to war college as a Captain of the 144th Field Artillery in a training area somewhere in France, while his new book, "The Valley of the Giants", is a picture of his earlier life in the Redwoods of northern California.

Rev. Frank W. Boreham's books are said to be eagerly looked for in Great Britain, and his American publishers report a large and increasing demand for his essays. The first of his books to be published in America was "The Other Side of the Hill". "The Golden Milestone", "The Luggage of Life" and "The Silver Shadow" are just now available.

Wilbur Daniel Steele, author of "Land's End", is with the English fleet writing a series of articles for "The Cosmopolitan", each dealing with some phase of our naval life in foreign waters. At the invitation of Admiral Wilson he will visit the United States naval forces operating with the French forces.

Edna Ferber, author of "Cheerful by Request", writes from the top of a peak of the Rocky Mountains: "I am watching the aspens turn gold and ought to feel a slacker—but I don't."

Bolton Hall, the author of "The Halo of Grace" (previously issued as "The Mastery of Grace"), is a New York lawyer and publicist, several times president of the Single Tax Association. He has written six or seven other books on owning land, among them "Three Acres and Liberty".

Miss Norma Lorimer, author of "There Was a King in Egypt", was for some years secretary to Douglas Sladen, the English novelist and globe-trotter, and she accompanied him on all his journeys.

Someone, the other day, asked Harold S. Latham how he came to write a book for boys. "That is what 'Under Orders: The Story of Tim and the Club' is, isn't it?"

"Yes", Mr. Latham answered, "and I wrote it because I like boys, and have had a great deal to do with them all my life. When I was about sixteen I was a boys' club leader, and ever since then I have had more or less to do with boys in that capacity. For the past four or five years I have been director of a club of over one hundred boys, ranging in years from thirteen to twenty-one."

Amélie Rives, or Princess Troubetzkoy, author of "The Ghost Garden", is a cousin of Thomas Nelson Page. Her first work at sixteen, a sonnet, appeared in "The Century"; and a few years later an anonymous story of hers was accepted for "The Atlantic" by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, then the editor, who thought the author was a man.

In connection with the much-discussed relationship between Amélie Rives and Hallie Erminie Rives—of which matter this column recently quoted from the work of the late Dr. Alexander Brown, a reputed genealogical authority—Princess Troubetzkoy points out that Dr. Brown's error consists in assigning a common grandparent to the two novelists who does not appear in the family records of Amélie Rives. The solution of this problem THE BOOKMAN leaves to those more learned in Virginia genealogy.

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